PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

THE CLOCK MAKER

BY

SAM. SLICK

LONDON: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE AND ROUTLEDGE.

THE

CLOCKMAKER

OR,

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

SAMUEL SLICK,

OF SLICKVILLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN A STEAMER,"
"SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND,"
ETC., ETC.

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SLICK'S LETTER.

[After these Sketches had gone through the press and were ready for Publication, we sent Mr. Slick a copy; and shortly afterwards received from him the following letter, which characteristic communication we give entire.]—EDITOR.

To MR. HOWE.

SIR,—I have received your letter, and note its contents.—I aint over half pleased I tell you; I think I have been used scandalous, that's a fact. It warn't the part of a gentleman for to go and pump me arter that fashion, and then go right off and blart it out in print. It was a nasty, dirty, mean, action, and I don't thank you nor the Squire a bit for it. It will be more nor a thousand dollars out of my pocket. There's an eend to the Clock trade now, and a pretty kettle of fish I've made on it, havn't I? I shall never hear the last on it, and what am I to say when I go back to the States? I'll take my oath I never said one half the stuff he has sot down there;

and as for that long lockrum about Mr. Everett, and the Hon. Alden Gobble, and Minister, there aint a word of truth in it from beginnin to eend. If ever I come near hand him agin, I'll larn him ———— but never mind, I say nothin. Now there's one thing I don't cleverly onderstand. If this here book is my '*Sayins and Doins*,' how comes it yourn or the Squire's either? If my thoughts and notions are my own, how can they be any other folks's? According to my idee you have no more right to take them, than you have to take my clocks without payin for 'em. A man that would be guilty of such an action is no gentleman, that's flat, and if you don't like it you may lump it—for I don't valy him, nor you neither, nor are a blue-nose that ever stept in shoe-leather, the matter of a pin's head. I don't know as ever I felt so ugly afore since I was raised: why didn't he put his name to it as well as mine? When an article han't the maker's name and factory on it, it shows it's a cheat, and he's ashamed to own it. If I'm to have the name, I'll have the game, or I'll know the cause why, that's a fact! Now folks say you are a considerable of a candid man, and right up and down in your dealins, and do things above board, handsum—at least so I've hearn tell. That's what I like; I love to deal with such folks. Now 'spose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half the books myself, tu. I'll tell you how I'd work it? I'd say, 'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, but it tante mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some says it's the Gineral's and some say it's the Bishop's, and some says it's Howe himself; but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise child that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-noses considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither, but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and

although it aint altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartin; for there are some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever see'd. It's nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is jist 5*s.* 6*d.*, but I'll let you have it for 5*s.*, because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always ax a sixpence more than the price, and then bate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see'd one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap.

Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used handsum atween you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book, arter that fashion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spec. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove aint an old shoe to be trod on, and I think a sartain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I'm mistakened, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

SAMUEL SLICK.

Pugnose's Inn, River Philip, Dec. 25, 1836.

P.S.—I see in the last page it is writ, that the Squire is to take another journey round the Shore and back to Halifax with me next Spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast, but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, afore we start. I concait he'll rise considerably airly in the mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be

wide awake for him next hitch, that's a fact. I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks. and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks would transport him there; you couldn't rub out Slick, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would I'd make it worth your while, you may depend.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROTTING HORSE.

I WAS always well mounted. I am fond of a horse, and always piqued myself on having the fastest trotter in the Province. I have made no great progress in the world, I feel doubly, therefore, the pleasure of not being surpassed on the road. I never feel so well or so cheerful as on horseback, for there is something exhilarating in quick motion; and, old as I am, I feel a pleasure in making any person whom I meet on the way put his horse to the full gallop, to keep pace with my trotter. Poor Ethiope! you recollect him, how he was wont to lay back his ears on his arched neck, and push away from all competition. He is done, poor fellow! the spavin spoiled his speed, and he now roams at large upon 'my farm at Truro.' Mohawk never failed me till this summer.

I pride myself, (you may laugh at such childish weakness in a man of my age,) but still, I pride myself in taking the conceit out of coxcombs I meet on the road, and on the ease with which I can leave a fool behind, whose nonsense disturbs my solitary musings.

On my last journey to Fort Lawrence, as the beautiful view of Colchester had just opened upon me, and as I was contem-

plating its richness and exquisite scenery, a tall thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes, on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me; and drawing up, said, I say, Stranger, I guess you started early this morning, didn't you? I did, sir, I replied. You did not come from Halifax, I presume, did you? in a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genu*ine* Yankee. And which way may you be travelling? asked my inquisitive companion. To Fort Lawrence. Ah! said he, so am I, it is *in my circuit.* The word *circuit* sounded so professional, I looked again at him to ascertain whether I had ever seen him before, or whether I had met with one of those nameless, but innumerable limbs of the law, who now flourish in every district of the Province. There was a keenness about his eye, and an acuteness of expression, much in favour of the law; but the dress, and general bearing of the man, made against the supposition. His was not the coat of a man who can afford to wear an old coat, nor was it one of 'Tempest and More's,' that distinguish country lawyers from country boobies. His clothes were well made, and of good materials, but looked as if their owner had shrunk a little since they were made for him; they hung somewhat loose on him. A large brooch, and some superfluous seals and gold keys, which ornamented his outward man, looked 'New England' like. A visit to the States had, perhaps, I thought, turned this Colchester beau into a Yankee fop. Of what consequence was it to me who he was—in either case I had nothing to do with him, and I desired neither his acquaintance nor his company—still I could not but ask myself who can this man be? I am not aware, said I, that there is a court sitting at this time at Cumberland? Nor am I, said my friend. What then could he have to do with the circuit? It occurred to me he must be a Methodist preacher. I looked again, but his appearance again puzzled me. His attire might do—the colour might be suitable —the broad brim not out of place; but there was a want of that staidness of look, that seriousness of countenance, that expression, in short, so characteristic of the clergy.

I could not account for my idle curiosity—a curiosity which, in him, I had the moment before viewed both with suspicion and disgust; but so it was—I felt a desire to know who he

could be who was neither lawyer nor preacher, and yet talked of his *circuit* with the gravity of both. How ridiculous, I thought to myself, is this; I will leave him. Turning towards him, I said, I feared I should be late for breakfast, and must, therefore, bid him good morning. Mohawk felt the pressure of my knees, and away we went at a slapping pace. I congratulated myself on conquering my own curiosity, and on avoiding that of my travelling companion. This, I said to myself, this is the value of a good horse; I patted his neck—I felt proud of him. Presently I heard the steps of the unknown's horse—the clatter increased. Ah, my friend, thought I, it won't do; you should be well mounted if you desire my company; I pushed Mohawk faster, faster, faster,—to his best. He outdid himself; he had never trotted so handsomely—so easily—so well.

I guess that is a considerable smart horse, said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in, to prevent his horse passing me; there is not, I reckon, so spry a one on *my circuit.*

Circuit, or no circuit, one thing was settled in my mind; he was a Yankee, and a very impertinent Yankee too. I felt humbled, my pride was hurt, and Mohawk was beaten. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

Yes, continued he, a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty fair trotter, too, I guess. Pride must have a fall—I confess mine was prostrate in the dust. These words cut me to the heart. What! is it come to this, poor Mohawk, that you, the admiration of all but the envious, the great Mohawk, the standard by which all other horses are measured—trots next to Mohawk, only yields to Mohawk, looks like Mohawk—that you are, after all, only a counterfeit, and pronounced by a straggling Yankee to be merely a 'pretty fair trotter!'

If he was trained, I guess that he might be made to do a little more. Excuse me, but if you divide your weight between the knee and the stirrup, rather most on the knee, and rise forward on the saddle, so as to leave a little daylight between you and it, I hope I may never ride *this circuit again,* if you don't get a mile more an hour out of him.

What! not enough, I mentally groaned, to have my horse

beaten, but I must be told that I don't know how to ride him; and that, too, by a Yankee. Aye, there's the rub—a Yankee what? Perhaps a half-bred puppy, half yankee, half blue-nose. As there is no escape, I'll try to make out my riding-master. *Your circuit*, said I, my looks expressing all the surprise they were capable of—your circuit, pray what may that be? Oh, said he, the eastern circuit—I am on the eastern circuit, sir. I have heard, said I, feeling that I now had a lawyer to deal with, that there is a great deal of business on this circuit—pray, are there many cases of importance? There is a pretty fair business to be done, at least there has been, said he, but the cases are of no great value—we don't make much out of them, we get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit. What a beast, thought I, is this; and what a curse to a country, to have such an unfeeling pettifogging rascal practising in it—a horse jockey, too, what a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business.

That is a superior animal you are mounted on, said I—I seldom meet one that can keep pace with mine. Yes, said he, coolly, a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom. I hesitated: this man who talks with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases, and making profit out of them, cannot be offended at the question—yes, I will put it to him. Do you feel an inclination to part with him? I never part with a horse, sir, that suits me, said he—I am fond of a horse—I don't like to ride in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose. Is it possible, I thought, that he can know me? that he has heard of my foible, and is quizzing me, or have I this feeling in common with him? But, continued I, you might supply yourself again. Not on *this circuit*, I guess, said he, nor yet in Campbell's circuit. Campbell's circuit—pray, sir, what is that? That, said he, is the western—and Lampton rides the shore circuit; and as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses, that Lampton tells me, a man from Aylesford once sold a hornless ox there, whose tail he had cut and nicked, for a horse of the Goliath breed. I should think, said I, that Mr. Lampton must have no lack of cases among such enlightened clients. Clients, sir! said my friend. Mr. Lampton is not a lawyer. I beg pardon, I thought

you said he rode the *circuit*. We call it a circuit, said the stranger, who seemed by no means flattered by the mistake—we divide the Province, as in the Almanack, into circuits, in each of which we separately carry on our business of manufacturing and selling clocks. There are few, I guess, said the Clockmaker, who go upon *tick* as much as we do, who have so little use for lawyers; if attornies could wind a *man up again*, after he has been fairly *run down*, I guess they'd be a pretty harmless sort of folks.

This explanation restored my good humour, and as I could not quit my companion, and he did not feel disposed to leave me, I made up my mind to travel with him to Fort Lawrence, the limit of *his circuit*.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

I HAD heard of Yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and bible pedlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a blue-nose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

What a pity it is, Mr. *Slick* (for such was his name), what a pity it is, said I, that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of *clocks*, could not also teach them the value of *time*. I guess, said he, they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four year old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothin in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about "*House of Assembly*." If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owin to the Bank; and

if he runs into debt, and is sued, why he says lawyers are a cuss to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell *you*

But how is it, said I, that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone, Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur.* But here is Deacon Flint's, said he, I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said, he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said, If I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why there aint such a location in all New England. The Deacon has a hundred acres of dyke.—Seventy, said the Deacon, only seventy. Well seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it.—Interval, we call it, said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.—Well, interval, if you please, (though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms,) is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth 3,000 or 4,000 dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid 15,000 dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding machine on it: the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and ——. Too old, said the Deacon, too old for all those speculations.—Old, repeated the Clockmaker, not you;

why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see, now a-days, you are young enough to have—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased, he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed; saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone, Now that is what I call "*soft sawder.*" An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pastur, without looking at him; or, said he, looking rather archly, if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, *if he could.* Now I find—Here his lecture on "*soft sawder*" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. Jist come to say good bye, Mrs. Flint.—What, have you sold all your clocks?—Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the concarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have jist one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles, it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine superfine, but I guess I'll take it back; and beside, Squire Hawk might think it kinder harder that I didn't give him the offer. Dear me, said Mrs. Flint, I should like to see it; where is it? It is in a chist of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport. That's a good man, said Mrs. Flint, jist let's look at it.

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gawdy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock, he too thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man, he had a

watch—he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it an't for sale, said Mr. Slick; and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it. Mrs. Flint said, that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. It's no consarn of mine, said Mr. Slick, so long as he pays me what he has to do, but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under 40 dollars. Why it an't possible, said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, why as I'm alive, it is 4 o'clock, and if I hav'nt been two blessed hours here—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll set it a goin, and put it to the right time.

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

That, said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, that I call '*human natur!*' Now that clock is sold for 40 dollars—it cost me jist 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal—nor will the Deacon larn, until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we never had, but when once obtained, it isn't in '*human natur*' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to '*soft sawder*' to get them into the house, and to '*human natur*' that they never come out of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE SILENT GIRLS.

Do you see them are swallers, said the Clockmaker, how low they fly? Well, I presume, we shall have rain right away, and them noisy critters, them gulls; how close they keep to the water down there in the Shubenacadie; well, that's a sure sign. If we study natur, we don't want no thermometer. But I guess we shall be in time to get under cover in a shingle-maker's shed, about three miles ahead on us.

We had just reached the deserted hovel, when the rain fell in torrents.

I reckon, said the Clockmaker, as he sat himself down on a bundle of shingles, I reckon they are bad off for inns in this country. When a feller is too lazy to work here, he paints his name over his door, and calls it a tavern, and as like as not, he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself—it is about as easy to find a good inn in Halifax, as it is to find wool on a goat's back. An inn, to be a good concarn, must be built a purpose, you can no more make a good tavern out of a common dwelling-house, I expect, than a good coat out of an old pair of trowsers. They are eternal lazy, you may depend—now there might be a grand spec made there, in building a good Inn and a good Church. What a sacrilegious and unnatural union, said I, with most unaffected surprise. Not at all, said Mr. Slick, we build both on spekilation in the States, and make a good deal of profit out of 'em too, I tell you. We look out a good sightly place, in a town like Halifax, that is pretty considerably well peopled with folks that are good marks; and if there is no rael right down good preacher among them, we build a handsome Church, touched off like a New-York liner, a rael takin-lookin thing—and then we look out for a preacher, a crack man, a regilar ten-horse-power chap—well, we hire him, and we have to give pretty high wages, too, say twelve hundred or

sixteen hundred dollars a year. We take him at first on trial for a Sabbath or two, to try his paces, and if he takes with the folks, if he goes down well, we clinch the bargain, and let and sell the pews; and I tell you it pays well and makes a rael good investment. There were few better specs among us than Inns and Churches, until the Railroads came on the carpet—as soon as the novelty of the new preacher wears off, we hire another, and that keeps up the steam. I trust it will be long, very long, my friend, said I, ere the rage for speculation introduces "the money-changers into the temple," with us.

Mr. Slick looked at me with a most ineffable expression of pity and surprise. Depend on it, sir, said he, with a most philosophical air, this Province is much behind the intelligence of the age. But if it is behind us in that respect, it is a long chalk ahead on us in others. I never seed or heard tell of a country that had so many nateral privileges as this. Why there are twice as many harbours and water powers here, as we have all the way from Eastport to New Or*leens*. They have all they can ax, and more than they desarve. They have iron, coal, slate, grindstone, lime, firestone, gypsum, freestone, and a list as long as an auctioneer's catalogue. But they are either asleep or stone blind to them. Their shores are crowded with fish, and their lands covered with wood. A government that lays as light on 'em as a down counterpin, and no taxes. Then look at their dykes. The Lord seems to have made 'em on purpose for such lazy folks. If you were to tell the citizens of our country that these dykes had been cropped for a hundred years without manure, they'd say, they guessed you had seen Col. Crockett, the greatest hand at a flam in our nation. You have heerd tell of a man who couldn't see London for the houses, I tell you, if we had this country, you could'nt see the harbours for the shippin. There'd be a rush of folks to it, as there is in one of our inns, to the dinner table, when they sometimes get jammed together in the door-way, and a man has to take a running leap over their heads, afore he can get in. A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth 2,000 dollars; well, he sold it to a watch-maker for 50 cents—the little critter didn't know no better. *Your people are just like the nigger boy, they don't know the valy of their diamond.*

Do you know the reason monkeys are no good? because they chatter all day long—so do the niggers—and so do the blue-noses of Nova Scotia—it's all talk and no work; now, with us it's all work and no talk—in our ship-yards, our factories, our mills, and even in our vessels, there's no talk—a man can't work and talk too. I guess if you were to the factories to Lowel we'd show you a wonder—*five hundred galls at work together all in silence.* I don't think our great country has such a rael nateral curosity as that—I expect the world don't contain the beat of that; for a woman's tongue goes so slick of itself, without water power or steam, and moves so easy on its hinges, that it's no easy matter to put a spring stop on it, I tell you—it comes as natural as drinkin mint julip.

I don't pretend to say the galls don't nullify the rule, sometimes at intermission and arter hours, but when they do, if they don't let go, then it's a pity. You have heerd a school come out of little boys, Lord its no touch to it; or a flock of geese at it, they are no more a match for 'em than a pony is for a coach-horse. But when they are to work, all's as still as sleep and no snoring. I guess we have a right to brag o' that invention—we trained the dear critters, so they don't think of striking the minutes and seconds no longer.

Now the folks to Halifax take it all out in talkin—they talk of steam-boats, whalers, and railroads—but they all eend where they begin—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my latitude, if I was to say they beat the women kind at that. One feller says, I talk of goin to England—another says, I talk of goin to the country—while a third says, I talk of goin to sleep. If we happen to speak of such things, we say, 'I'm right off down East;' or 'I'm away off South,' and away we go, jist like a streak of lightnin.

When we want folks to talk, we pay 'm for it, such as ministers, lawyers, and members of congress; but then we expect the use of their tongues, and not their hands; and when we pay folks to work, we expect the use of their hands, and not their tongues. I guess work don't come kind o' nateral to the people of this province, no more than it does to a full bred horse. I expect they think they have a little *too much blood* in 'em for work, for they are near about as proud as they are lazy.

Now the bees know how to sarve out such chaps, for they have their drones too. Well, they reckon its no fun, a making of honey all summer, for these idle critters to eat all winter—so they give 'em Lynch Law. They have a regular built mob of citizens, and string up the drones like the Vixburg gamblers. Their maxim is, and not a bad one neither, I guess, 'No work, no honey.'

CHAPTER IV

CONVERSATIONS AT THE RIVER PHILIP.

It was late before we arrived at Pugnose's Inn—the evening was cool, and a fire was cheering and comfortable. Mr. Slick declined any share in the bottle of wine, he said he was dyspeptic; and a glass or two soon convinced me that it was likely to produce in me something worse than dyspepsy. It was speedily removed, and we drew up to the fire.

Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood, which lay on the hearth, and, after musing some time, said, I guess you've never been to the States. I replied that I had not, but that before I returned to England, I proposed visiting that country. There, said he, you'll see the great Daniel Webster—he's a great man, I tell *you;* King William, number 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator—he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon h'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked—he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most partikilar cute Lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once, tho' This Quaker, a pretty knowin old shaver, had a case down to Rhode Island; so he went to Danel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he, Lawyer Webster, what's your fee? Why, says Daniel, let me see, I have to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company—and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention, and I don't see how I can go to Rhode

Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you'd be willin to give.

Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this, for he could not do without him, no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all—at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? Why, says Danel, I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet peaceable people who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em, except goin the whole figur for Gineral Jackson, and that everlastin' almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers, I hope they'll go the Webster ticket yet—and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford, say 1,000 dollars.

The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heerd this; but he was pretty deep too; so, says he, Lawyer, that's a great deal of money, but I have more cases there, if I give you the 1,000 dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you? Yes, says Danel, I will to the best of my humble abilities. So down they went to Rhode Island, and Danel tried the case and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, What will you give me if I get the great Danel to plead for you? It cost me 1,000 dollars for a fee, but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you—so he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars, jist one hundred dollars more than he gave. Danel was in a great rage when he heerd this; What, said he, do you think I would agree to your lettin me out like a horse to hire? Friend Danel, said the Quaker, didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine. Danel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. Well, says he, I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow—so he went good-humouredly to work and pleaded them all.

This lazy feller, Pugnose, continued the Clockmaker, that

keeps this inn, is goin to sell off and go to the States; he says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there; I guess he'll find his mistake afore he has been there long. Why our country aint to be compared to this, on no account whatever: our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnose, as lazy, as ugly, made that cold thin soil of New-England produce what it does? Why, sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the King. We rise airly, live frugally, and work late: what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence—a fellow that finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; Why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to 'em, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no Lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can airn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging of a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overseer, We don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of a month I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose it took to bleedin, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

It is a land, sir, continued the Clockmaker, of hard work. We have two kinds of slaves, the niggers and the white slaves. All European labourers and blacks who come out to us, do our hard bodily work, while we direct it to a profitable end; neither rich nor poor, high nor low, with us eat the bread of idleness. Our whole capital is in active operation, our whole population is in active employment. An idle feller, like Pugnose, who runs away to us, is clapt into harness afore he knows where he bees, and is made to work; like a horse that refuses to draw, he is put into the Team-boat; he finds some afore him, and others behind him, *he must either draw*, or be *dragged to death.*

CHAPTER V

JUSTICE PETTIFOG.

In the morning the Clockmaker informed me that a Justice's Court was to be held that day at Pugnose's Inn, and he guessed he could do a little business among the country folks that would be assembled there. Some of them, he said, owed him for clocks, and it would save him a world of travellin, to have the Justice and Constable to drive them up together. If you want a fat wether, there's nothin like penning up the whole flock in a corner. I guess, said he, if General Campbell knew what sort of a man that are magistrate was, he'd disband him pretty quick: he's a regular suck-egg—a disgrace to the country. I guess if he acted that way in Kentucky, he'd get a breakfast of cold lead some mornin, out of the small eend of a rifle, he'd find pretty difficult to digest. They tell me he issues three hundred writs a year, the cost of which, includin that tarnation Constable's fee, can't amount to nothin less than 3,000 dollars per annum. If the Hon. Daniel Webster had him before a jury, I reckon he'd turn him inside out, and slip him back again, as quick as an old stocking. He'd paint him to the life, as plain to be known as the head of Gineral Jackson. He's jist a fit feller for Lynch law, to be tried, hanged, and

damned, all at once—there's more nor him in the country—there's some of the breed in every county in the province, jist one or two to do the dirty work, as we keep niggers for jobs that would give a white man the cholera. They ought to pay his passage, as we do with such critters, tell him his place is taken in the Mail Coach, and if he is found here after twenty-four hours, they'd make a carpenter's plumb-bob of him, and hang him outside the church steeple to try if it was perpendikilar. He almost always gives judgment for plaintiff, and if the poor defendant has an off-set, he makes him sue it, so that it grinds a grist both ways for him, like the upper and lower millstone.

People soon began to assemble, some on foot, and otners on horseback and in waggons—Pugnose's tavern was all bustle and confusion—Plaintiffs, Defendants, and witnesses, all talking, quarrelling, explaining, and drinking. Here comes the Squire, said one; I'm thinking his horse carries more roguery than law, said another; They must have been in proper want of timber to make a justice of, said a third, when they took such a crooked stick as that; Sap-headed enough too for refuse, said a stout-looking farmer; May be so, said another, but as hard at the heart as a log of elm; Howsomever, said a third, I hope it won't be long afore he has the wainy edge scored off of him, any how. Many more such remarks were made, all drawn from familiar objects, but all expressive of bitterness and contempt.

He carried one or two large books with him in his gig, and a considerable roll of papers. As soon as the obsequious Mr. Pugnose saw him at the door, he assisted him to alight, ushered him into the "best room," and desired the constable to attend "the Squire." The crowd immediately entered, and the constable opened the court in due form, and commanded silence.

Taking out a long list of causes, Mr. Pettifog commenced reading the names—James Sharp versus John Slug—call John Slug; John Slug being duly called, and not answering, was defaulted. In this manner he proceeded to default 20 or 30 persons; at last he came to a cause, William Hare versus Dennis O'Brien—call Dennis O'Brien; Here I am, said a voice from the other room—here I am, who has anything to say to Dennis O'Brien? Make less noise, sir, said the Justice, or I'll

commit you. Commit me, is it, said Dennis, take care then, Squire, you don't commit yourself. You are sued by William Hare for three pounds for a month's board and lodging, what have you to say to it? Say to it, said Dennis, did you ever hear what Tim Doyle said when he was goin to be hanged for stealing a pig? says he, If the pig hadn't squeeled in the bag, I'd never have been found out, so I wouldn't—so I'll take warnin by Tim Doyle's fate; I say nothin, let him prove it. Here Mr. Hare was called upon for his proof, but taking it for granted that the board would be admitted, and the defence opened, he was not prepared with the proof. I demand, said Dennis, I demand an unsuit. Here there was a consultation between the Justice and the Plaintiff, when the Justice said, I shall not nonsuit him, I shall continue the cause. What, hang it up till next Court—you had better hang me up then at once—how can a poor man come here so often—this may be the entertainment Pugnose advertises for horses, but by Jacquers, it is no entertainment for me—I admit, then, sooner than come again, I admit it. You admit you owe him three pounds then for a month's board? I admit no such thing, I say I boarded with him a month, and was like Pat Moran's cow at the end of it, at the lifting, bad luck to him. A neighbour was here called, who proved that the three pounds might be the usual price. And do you know I taught his children to write at the school, said Dennis. You might, answered the witness.—And what is that worth? I don't know.—You don't know, faith, I believe you're right, said Dennis, for if the children are half as big rogues as the father, they might leave writing alone, or they'd be like to be hanged for forgery. Here Dennis produced his account for teaching five children, two quarters, at 9 shillings a quarter each, £4 10*s*. I am sorry, Mr. O'Brien, said the Justice, very sorry, but your defence will not avail you, your account is too large for one Justice, any sum over three pounds must be sued before two magistrates. But I only want to offset as much as will pay the board. It can't be done in this shape, said the magistrate; I will consult Justice Doolittle, my neighbour, and if Mr. Hare won't settle with you, I will sue it for you. Well, said Dennis, all I have to say is, that there is not so big a rogue as Hare on the whole river, save and

except one scoundrel who shall be nameless, making a significant and humble bow to the Justice. Here there was a general laugh throughout the Court. Dennis retired to the next room to indemnify himself by another glass of grog, and venting his abuse against Hare and the Magistrate. Disgusted at the gross partiality of the Justice, I also quitted the Court, fully concurring in the opinion, though not in the language, that Dennis was giving utterance to in the bar room.

Pettifog owed his elevation to his interest at an election. It is to be hoped that his subsequent merits will be as promptly rewarded, by his dismissal from a bench which he disgraces and defiles by his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

ANECDOTES.

As we mounted our horses to proceed to Amherst, groups of country people were to be seen standing about Pugnose's inn, talking over the events of the morning, while others were dispersing to their several homes.

A pretty prime superfine, scoundrel, that Pettifog, said the Clockmaker; he and his constable are well mated, and they've travelled in the same gear so long together, that they make about as nice a yoke of rascals as you'll meet in a day's ride. They pull together like one rope reeved through two blocks. That are constable was cen almost strangled t'other day; and if he hadn't had a little grain more wit than his master, I guess he'd had his wind-pipe stopped as tight as a bladder. There is an outlaw of a feller here, for all the world like one of our Kentucky Squatters, one Bill Smith—a critter that neither fears man nor devil. Sheriff and Constable can't make no hand of him—they can't catch him no how; and if they do come up with him, he slips through their fingers like an eel; and then, he goes armed, and he can knock out the eye of a squirrel with a ball, at fifty yards hand runnin—a rigilar ugly customer.

Well, Nabb, the constable, had a writ agin him, and he was cyphering a good while how he should catch him; at last he hit on a plan that he thought was pretty clever, and he scheemed

for a chance to try it. So one day he heard that Bill was up to Pugnose's Inn, a settlin some business, and was likely to be there all night. Nabb waits till it was considerable late in the evenin, and then he takes his horse and rides down to the inn, and hitches his beast behind the hay stack. Then he crawls up to the winder and peeps in, and watches there till Bill should go to bed, thinkin the best way to catch them are sort of animals is to catch 'em asleep. Well, he kept Nabb a waitin outside so long, with his talkin and singin, that he well nigh fell asleep first himself; at last Bill began to strip for bed. First he takes out a long pocket pistol, examines the priming, and lays it down on the table, near the head of the bed.

When Nabb sees this, he begins to creep like all over, and feel kinder ugly, and rather sick of his job: but when he seed him jump into bed, and heerd him snore out a noise like a man drivin pigs to market, he plucked up courage, and thought he might do it easy arter all if he was to open the door softly and make one spring on him afore he could wake. So round he goes, lifts up the latch of his door as soft as soap, and makes a jump right atop of him, as he lay on the bed. I guess I got you this time, said Nabb. I guess so too, said Bill, but I wish you wouldn't lay so plaguy heavy on me—jist turn over, that's a good feller, will you? With that, Bill lays his arm on him to raise him up, for he said he was squeezed as flat as a pancake, and afore Nabb knew where he was, Bill rolled him right over, and was atop of him. Then he seized him by the throat, and twisted his pipe, till his eyes were as big as sarcers, and his tongue grew six inches longer, while he kept makin faces, for all the world like the pirate that was hanged to Monument Hill, at Boston. It was pretty near over with him, when Nabb thought of his spurs; so he just curled up both heels, and drove the spurs right into him; he let him have it just below his cruper; as Bill was naked, he had a fair chance, and he ragged him like the leaf of a book cut open with your finger. At last, Bill could stand it no longer, he let go his hold, and roared like a bull, and clappin both hands ahind him, he out of the door like a shot. If it hadn't been for them are spurs, I guess Bill would have saved the hangman a job of Nabb that time.

The Clockmaker was an observing man, and equally communicative. Nothing escaped his notice; he knew every body's genealogy, history and means, and like a driver of an English Stage Coach, was not unwilling to impart what he knew. Do you see that snug-looking house there, said he, with a short scarce garden afore it? that belongs to Elder Thomson. The Elder is pretty close-fisted, and holds special fast to all he gets. He is a just man and very pious, but I have observed when a man comes near about too good, he is apt, sometimes, to slip ahead into avarice, unless he looks sharp arter his girts. A friend of mine to Connecticut, an old sea captain, who was once let in for it pretty deep by a man with a broader brim than common, said to me, "Friend Sam," says he, "I don't like those folks who are too d—n good." There is, I expect some truth in it, tho' he needn't have swore at all, but he was an awful hand to swear. Howsomever that may be, there is a story about the Elder that's not so coarse neither.

It appears an old Minister came there once to hold a meetin to his house—well—arter meetin' was over, the Elder took the minister all over his farm, which is pretty tidy, I tell you: and he showed him a great Ox he had, and a swingeing big Pig, that weighed some six or seven hundred weight, that he was plaguy proud of, but he never offered the old minister anything to eat or drink. The preacher was pretty tired of all this, and seein no prospect of being asked to partake with the family, and tolerably sharp set, he asked one of the boys to fetch him his horse out of the barn. When he was taking leave of the Elder, (there were several folks by at the time) says he, Elder Thomson, you have a fine farm here, a very fine farm, indeed; you have a large Ox too, a very large Ox; and I think, said he, I've seen to day, (turnin and lookin him full in the face, for he intended to hit him pretty hard,) *I think I have seen to-day the greatest Hog I ever saw in my life.* The neighbours snickered a good deal, and the Elder felt pretty streaked. I guess he'd give his great pig or his great ox either if that story had'nt gone wind.

CHAPTER VII.

GO AHEAD.

WHEN we resumed our conversation, the Clockmaker said, "I guess we are the greatest nation on the face of the airth, and the most enlightened too."

This was rather too arrogant to pass unnoticed, and I was about replying, that whatever doubts there might be on that subject, there could be none whatever that they were the most *modest;* when he continued, We go a-head, the Nova Scotians go astarn. Our ships go ahead of the ships of other folks, our steam-boats beat the British in speed, and so do our stage-coaches; and I reckon a rael right down New York Trotter might stump the univarse for "going ahead." But since we introduced the Railroads, if we don't go "ahead" its a pity. We never fairly knew what goin the whole hog was till then; we actilly went ahead of ourselves, and that's no easy matter I tell you. If they only have edication here, they might learn to do so too, but they don't know nothin'. You undervalue them, said I, they have their College and Academies, their grammar schools and primary institutions, and I believe there are few among them who cannot read and write.

I guess all that's nothin', said he. As for Latin and Greek, we don't valy it a cent; we teach it, and so we do paintin and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead on 'em, even in them are things. As for readin, its well enough for them that has nothin to do, and writin is plaguy apt to bring a man to States prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. Cypherin is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher, he is sure to get rich. We are a "calculatin" people, we all cypher.

A horse that wont go ahead, is apt to run back, and the more you whip him the faster he goes astarn. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been runnin back so fast

lately, that they have tumbled over a *Bank* or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owin to the *Banks*. I guess if they won't look ahead for the futur, they'll larn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand 'em.

A bear always goes down a tree *starn foremost*. He is a cunnin critter, he knows tante safe to carry a heavy load over his head, and his rump is so heavy, he don't like to trust it over hisn, for fear it might take a lurch, and carry him heels over head to the ground; so he lets his starn down first, and his head arter. I wish the blue-noses would find as good an excuse in their rumps for running backwards, as he has. But the bear "*cyphers*," he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he "*calculates*" if he carried them up in the air, they might be top heavy for him.

If we had this Provinee we'd go to work and "cypher" right off. Halifax is nothin without a river or back country: add nothin to nothin, and I guess you have nothin still—add a Railroad to the Bay of Fundy, and how much do you git? That requires cyphering—it will cost 300,000 dollars, or 75,000 pounds your money—add for notions omitted in the addition column, one third, and it makes even money—100,000 pounds. Interest at 5 per cent 5,000 pounds a year, now turn over the slate and count up freight.—I make it upwards of 25,000 pounds a year. If I had you at the desk, I'd show you a bill of items. Now comes "*subtraction;*" deduct cost of engines, wear and tear, and expenses, and what not, and reduce it for shortness down to 5,000 pounds a year, the amount of interest. What figures have you got now? you have an investment that pays interest, I guess, and if it don't pay more, then I don't know chalk from cheese. But suppose it don't, and that it only yields $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, (and it requires good cypherin, I tell you, to say how it would act with folks that like goin astarn better than goin ahead,) what would them are wise ones say then? Why the critters would say it won't pay; but I say the sum ant half stated.

Can you count in your head? Not to any extent, said I. Well, that's an eternal pity, said the Clockmaker, for I should

like to show you *Yankee Cypherin.* What is the entire rael estate of Halifax worth, at a valeation? I really cannot say. Ah, said he, I see you don't cypher, and Latin and Greek won't do; them are people had no railroads. Well, find out, and then only add ten per cent to it, for increased valy, and if it don't give the cost of a railroad, then my name is not Sam Slick. Well, the land between Halifax and Ardoise is worth ————nothing, add 5 per cent to that, and send the sum to the College, and ax the students how much it comes to. But when you get into Hants County, I guess you have land worth comin all the way from Boston to see. His Royal Highness the King, I guess, hasn't got the like in his dominions. Well, add 15 per cent to all them are lands that border on Windsor Basin, and 5 per cent to what butts on basin of Mines, and then what do you get? A pretty considerable sum I tell you —but it's no use to give you the *chalks*, if you can't keep the *tallies.*

Now we will lay down the schoolmaster's assistant and take up another book, every bit and grain as good as that, although these folks affect to sneer at it—I mean human natur. Ah! said I, a knowledge of that was of great service to you, certainly, in the sale of your clock to the old Deacon; let us see how it will assist you now. What does a clock want that's run down? said he. Undoubtedly to be wound up, I replied. I guess you've hit it this time. The folks of Halifax have run down and they'll never go to all etarnity, till they are wound up into motion; the works are all good, and it is plaguy well cased and set—it only wants a *key.* Put this railroad into operation, and the activity it will inspire into business, the new life it will give the place, will surprise you. It's like liftin a child off its crawling, and putting him on his legs to run—see how the little critter goes ahead arter that. A kurnel, (I don't mean a Kurnel of militia, for we don't valy that breed o' cattle nothin—they do nothin but strut about and screech all day like peacocks) but a kurnel of grain, when sowed, will stool into several shoots, and each shoot bear many kurnels, and will multiply itself thus—4 times 1 is 4, and 4 times 25 is 100, you see all natur cyphers, except the blue-noses.) Jist so, this here railroad will not perhaps beget other railroads, but it will

beget a spirit of enterprise, that will beget other useful improvements. It will enlarge the sphere and the means of trade, open new sources of traffic and supply—develop resources—and what is of more value perhaps than all—beget motion. It will teach the folks that go astarn or stand stock still, like the state-house in Boston, though they do say the foundation of that has moved a little this summer, not only to go "*ahead,*" *but to nullify time and space.*

Here his horse (who, feeling the animation of his master, had been restive of late) set off at a most prodigious rate of trotting. It was some time before he was reined up. When I overtook him, the Clockmaker said, this old Yankee horse, you see, understands our word "go ahead" better nor these blue noses.

What is it, he continued, what is it that 'fetters' the heels of a young country, and hangs like a 'poke' around its neck? what retards the cultivation of its soil, and the improvement of its fisheries?—the high price of labour, I guess. Well, what's a railroad? The substitution of mechanical for human and animal labour, on a scale as grand as our great country. Labour is dear in America, and cheap in Europe. A railroad, therefore, is comparatively no manner of use to them, to what it is to us—it does wonders there, but it works miracles here. There it makes the old man younger, but here it makes a child a giant. To us it is river, bridge, road, and canal, all one. It saves what we han't got to spare, men, horses, carts, vessels, barges, and what's all in all—time.

Since the creation of the univarse, I guess it's the greatest invention arter man. Now this is what I call "cypherin" arter human natur, while figures are cypherin arter the "assistant." These two sorts of cypherin make idication—and you may depend on't, Squire, there is nothing like folks cypherin, if they want to go "ahead."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PREACHER THAT WANDERED FROM HIS TEXT.

I GUESS, said the Clockmaker, we know more of Nova Scotia than the blue-noses themselves do. The Yankees are further ahead than most folks; they can een a most see round tother side of a thing; indeed, some on them have hurt their eyes by it, and sometimes I think that's the reason such a sight of them wear spectacles. The first I ever heerd tell of Cumberland was from Mr. Everett of Congress; he know'd as much about it as if he had lived here all his days, and may be a little grain more. He is a most splendid man that—we class him No. 1, letter A. One night I chanced to go into General Peep's tavern at Boston, and who should I see there but the great Mr. Everett, a studying over a map of the Province of Nova Scotia. Why it aint possible! said I—if that aint Professor Everett, as I am alive! why how do you do, Professor? Pretty well, I give you thanks, said he; how be you? but I aint no longer Professor; I gin that up, and also the trade of Preachin, and took to Politics. You don't say so, said I; why what on airth is the cause o' that? Why, says he, look here, Mr. Slick. What *is* the use of reading o. the Proverbs of Solomon to our free and enlightened citizens, that are every mite and morsal as wise as he was? That are man undertook to say there was nothin new under the sun. I guess he'd think he spoke a little too fast, if he was to see our steam-boats, railroads, and India rubber shoes—three inventions worth more nor all he knew put in a heap together. Well, I don't know, says I, but somehow or another I guess you'd have found preachin the best speculation in the long run; them are Unitarians pay better than Uncle Sam (we call, said the Clockmaker, the American public Uncle Sam, as you call the British John Bull).

That remark seemed to grig him a little; he felt oneasy like and walked twice across the room, fifty fathoms deep in thought,

at last he said, which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch? Why, says I, I've been away up south, a spekelatin in nutmegs. I hope, says the Professor, they were a good article, the rael right down genu*ine* thing. No mistake, says I,—no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first chop, but why did you ax that are question? Why, says he, that etarnal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a eargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put half a bushel of good ones into each eend of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the rael thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one with his teeth;* and that he never thought of doing of, until he was first *bit himself.* Well, it's been a standin joke with them are southerners agin us ever since.

It was only t'other day at Washinton, that everlastin Varginy duellist General Cuffy, afore a number of senators, at the President's house, said to me, Well, Everett, says he—you know I was always dead agin your Tariff bill, but I have changed my mind since your able speech on it; I shall vote for it now. Give me your hand, says I, General Cuffy; the Boston folks will be dreadful glad when they hear your splendid talents are on our side—I think it will go now—we'll carry it. Yes, says he, your factories down east beat all natur; they go ahead on the English a long chalk. You may depend I was glad to hear the New Englanders spoken of that way—I felt proud, I tell you—and, says he, there s one manufacture that might stump all Europe to produce the like. What's that? says I, lookin as pleased all the while as a gall that's tickled. Why, says he, the facture of wooden nutmegs; *that's* a cap sheef, *that* bangs the bush—its a real Yankee patent invention. With that all the gentlemen set up a laugh, you might have heerd away down to Sandy Hook—and the General gig gobbled like a great turkey cock, the half nigger half alligator like looking villain as he is. I tell you what, Mr. Slick, said the Professor, I wish with all my heart them are damned nutmegs were in the bottom of the sea. That was the first oath I ever heerd him let slip: but he was dreadful ryled, and it made me feel ugly too, for its awful to hear a minister swear; and the only match I know for it, is to hear a regular sneezer of a sinner quote scriptur. Says I,

Mr. Everett, that's the fruit that politics bear; for my part, I never seed a good graft on it yet, that bore anything good to eat or easy to digest.

Well, he stood awhile looking down on the carpet, with his hands behind him, quite taken up a cypherin in his head, and then he straightened himself up, and he put his hand upon his heart, jist as he used to do in the pulpit (he looked pretty I tell you), and slowly liftin his hand off his breast, he said, Mr. Slick, our tree of liberty was a most beautiful tree—a splendid tree—it was a sight to look at; it was well fenced and well protected, and it grew so statcly and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the globe to see it. They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well, the mobs have broken in and tore down the fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallus tree. I am afeered, said he, I tremble to think on it, but I am afeered our ways will no longer be ways of pleasantness, nor our paths, paths of peace; I am, indeed, I vow, Mr. Slick. He looked so streaked and so chop-fallen, that I felt kinder sorry for him; I actilly thought he'd a boo-hood right out.

So, to turn the conversation, says I, Professor, what are map is that I seed you a studyin' over when I came in? Says he, it's a map of Nova Scotia. That, says he, is a valuable province, a rael clever province; we han't got the like on it, but its most plagily in our way. Well, says I, send for Sam Patch (that are man was a great diver, says the Clockmaker, and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of agin till t'other day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the Susy Ann Whaler, saw him in the South Sea. Why, says Captain Enoch to him, why Sam, says he, how on airth did you get here? I thought you was drowned to the Canadian lines. Why, says he, I didn't get *on* airth here at all, but I came right slap *through* it. In that are Niagara dive I went so everlastin deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came in these parts. If I don't take the shine off the Sea Sarpent when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.) Well, says I, Professor, send for Sam Patch, the diver, and let him dive down and stick a torpedo in the bottom of the Province, and blow it up; or if that won't do, send for some of

our steam tow-boats from our great Eastern cities, and tow it out to sea; you know there's nothin our folks can't do, when they once fairly take hold on a thing in airnest.

Well that made him laugh: he seemed to forget about the nutmegs, and says he, That's a bright scheme, but it won't do; we shall want the Province some day or another I know, and I guess we'll buy it of King William; they say he is over head and ears in debt, and owes nine hundred millions of pounds starlin—we'll buy it, as we did Florida. In the meantime we must have a canal from Bay Fundy to Bay Varte, right through Cumberland neck, by Shittyack, for our fishing vessels to go to Labradore. I guess you must ax leave first, said I. That's jist what I was cyphering at, says he, when you came in. I believe we wont ax them at all, but jist fall to and do it; *its a road of needcessity.* I once heard Chief Justice Marshall of Baltimore say, If the people's highway is dangerous—a man may take down a fence—and pass through the fields as a way of *needcessity;* and we shall do it on that principle, as the way round by Isle Sable is dangerous. I wonder the Nova Scotians don't do it for their own convenience, said I, it wouldn't make a bad speculation that. The critters don't know no better, said he. Well, says I, the St. John's folks, why don't they? for they are pretty cute chaps them.

They remind me, says the Professor, of Jim Billings. You knew Jim Billings, didn't you, Mr. Slick? O yes, said I, I knew him. It was him that made such a talk by shippin blankets to the West Ingies. The same, says he. Well, I went to see him the other day at Mrs. Lecain's Boardin House, and says I, Billings, says I, you have a nice location here. A plagy sight too nice, said he. Marm Lecain makes such an eternal touss about her carpets, that I have for to go along that everlasting long entry, and down both staircases, to the street door to spit; and it keeps all the gentlemen a runnin with their mouths full all day. I had a rael bout with a New Yorker this mornin, I run down to the street door, and afore I seed any body a comin, I let go, and I vow if I didn't let a chap have it all over his white waistcoat. Well, he makes a grab at me, and I shuts the door right to on his wrist, and hooks the door chain taught, and leaves him there, and into Marm Lecain's

bed-room like a shot, and hides behind the curtain. Well, he roared like a bull, till black Lucretia, one of the house helps, let him go, and they looked into all the gentlemen's rooms and found nobody—so I got out of that are scrape. So, what with Marm Lecain's carpets in the house, and other folks' waistcoats in the street, its too nice a location for me, I guess, so I shall up killoch and off to-morrow to the *Tree* mont.

Now, says the Professor, the St. John's folks are jist like Billings, fifty cents would have bought him a spit box, and saved him all them are journeys to the street door—and a canal to Bay Varte would save the St. John's folks a voyage all round Nova Scotia. Why, they can't get at their own backside settlements, without a voyage most as long as one to Europe. *If we had that are neck of land in Cumberland, we'd have a ship canal there, and a town at each eend of it as big as Portland.* You may talk of Solomon, said the Professor, but if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, neither was he in all his wisdom equal in knowledge to a rael free American citizen. Well, said I, Professor, we are a most enlightened people, that's sartain, but some how or another I don't like to hear you run down King Solomon neither; perhaps he warn't quite so wise as Uncle Sam, but then said I, (drawin close to the Professor, and whispering into his ear, for fear any folks in the bar room might hear me,) but then, said I, may be he was every bit and grain as honest. Says he, Mr. Slick, there are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others agin, who blart right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.

And with that he turned right round, and sot down to his map, and never said another word, lookin as mad as a hatter the whole blessed time.

CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE FEEDING.

Did you ever heer tell of Abernethy, a British doctor? said the Clockmaker. Frequently, said I, he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice. Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that, he replied, he treated the Honble. Alden Gobble, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that are again. I'd a made him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potatoe field. He'd a found his way of the hole in the fence a plagy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.

His manner, said I, was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest and so straightforward, that no person, was, I believe ever seriously offended with him. *It was his way.* Then his way was so plagy rough, continued the Clockmaker, that he'd been the better, if it had been hammered and mauled down smoother. I'd a levelled him as flat as a flounder. Pray what was his offence? said I.

Bad enough you may depend. The Honble. Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great oneasiness arter eatin, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. What's the matter with you? said the Doctor, jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—what's the matter, with you? said he. Why, says Alden, I presume I have the dyspepsy. Ah! said he, I see; a Yankee swallered more dollars and cents than he can digest. I am an American citizen, says Alden, with great dignity; I am Secretary to our Legation at the court of St. James. The devil you are, said Abernethy; then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy. I don't see that are inference, said Alden; it don't foller from what you predicate at all—it an't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill,

because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office. (The truth is you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indgian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a rael diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) But I tell you it does foller, said the doctor; for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.

It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one ravin distracted mad. I'll be d——d, said he, if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food like a Boa Constrictor. How the devil can you expect to disgest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It's disgusting it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! infernal guzzling you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat, that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.

I don't understand such language, said Alden, (for he was fairly ryled, and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks wicked ugly, I tell you,) I don't understand such language, Sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be ——. Don't understand! said the Doctor, why it's plain English; but here, read my book—and he shoved a book into his hands, and left him in an instant, standin alone in the middle of the room.

If the Honble. Alden Gobble had gone right away, and demanded his passports, and returned home with the Legation, in one of our first class frigates, (I guess the English would as soon see pyson as one o' them are Sarpents) to Washinton, the President and the people would have sustained him in it, I guess, until an apology was offered for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me, said Mr Slick, I'd a headed him afore

he slipt out o' the door, and pinned him up agin the wall, and made him bolt his words agin, as quick as he throw'd 'em up, for I never see'd an Englishman yet that didn't cut his words as short as he does his horse's tail, close up to the stump.

It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think, said I, that your Secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentleman-like attack, although he showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved. It was plagy lucky, he replied, for the doctor, I tell you, that he cut his stick as he did, and made himself scarce, for Alden was an ugly customer; he'd a gin him a proper scalding—he'd a taken the bristles off his hide as clean as the skin of a spring shote of a pig killed at Christmas.

The Clockmaker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself for these remarks on his countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

Do you see that are flock of colts, said he, (as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the vallies of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile), well, I guess they keep too much of that are stock. I heerd an Indgian one day ax a tavern keeper for some rum; why, Joe Spawdeeck, said he, I reckon you have got too much already. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much rum is jist enough. I guess these blue noses think so bout their horses, they are fairly eat up by them, out of house and home, and they are no good neither. They beant good saddle-horses, and they beant good draft beasts—they are jist neither one thing nor t'other. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks. At mowing time they use molasses and water, nasty stuff, only fit to catch flies—it spiles good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them are great dykes; well, they all go to feed horses; and look at their grain fields on the upland; well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us; so we feed the asses, and they feed the horses. If I had them critters on that are marsh, on a location of mine, I'd jist take my rifle and shoot every one on em; the nasty yo-necked, cat-hammed, heavy-headed, flat-eared, crooked-shanked, long-legged, narrow-chested, good for nothin brutes; they aint worth their keep one winter. I vow, I wish one of

those blue-noses, with his go-to-meetin clothes on, coat tails pinned up behind like a leather blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and a pipe stuck through his hat-band, mounted on one of these limber-timbered critters, that moves its hind legs like a hen a scratching gravel, was sot down in Broadway, in New York, for a sight. Lord! I think I hear the West Point cadets a larfin at him. Who brought that are scarecrow out of standin corn and stuck him here? I guess that are citizen came from away down east out of the Notch of the White Mountains. Here comes the cholcra doctor, from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, neither, for he don't *look as if he had ever been among the rapids.* If they wouldn't poke fun at him it's a pity.

If they'd keep less horses, and more sheep, they'd have food and clothin, too, instead of buyin both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a cryin', to see one of these folks catch a horse: may be he has to go two or three miles of an errand. Well, down he goes on the dyke, with a bridle in one hand and an old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses, and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter. At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, a shakin of his oats, and a coaxin him, and jist as he goes to put his hand upon him, away he starts all head and tail, and the rest with him; that starts another flock, and they set a third off, and at last every troop on 'em goes, as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he chases them clear across the Tantarmar marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire-holes, and flag-ponds, and then they turn and make a fair chase for it back again seven miles more. By this time, I presume they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men and folks in the neighbourhood, and catches his beast, as they do a moose arter he is fairly run down; so he runs fourteen miles, to ride two, because he is in a tarnation hurry. It's e'en a most equal to eating soup with a fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catchin birds by sprinklin salt on their tails; it's only one horse a man can ride, arter all. One has no shoes, t'other has a colt, one arnt broke, another has a sore back, while

a fifth is so etarnal cunnin, all Cumberland couldn't catch him, till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them are dyke marshes have what they call '*honey-pots*' in 'em; that is a deep hole all full of squash, where you can't find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail a stickin' right out an eend, from one of these honey-pots, and wavin' like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'en a most smothered, everlastin' tired, half swimmin' half wadin', like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that are pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half drowned kittens—all slinkey slimey—with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish it's a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot mashes, warm covering, and what not, and when spring comes, they mostly die, and if they don't, they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart half the horses in the country were barrelled up in these here 'honey-pots,' and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barn-yards in the spring—half a dozen half-starved colts, with their hair looking a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin' in tatters, and half a dozen good for nothin' old horses, a crowdin' out the cows and sheep.

Can you wonder that people who keep such an unprofitable stock, come out of the small eend of the horn in the long run?

CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART—THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. It's pretty well on in the evenin, I guess, said he, and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin in April; its all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a

goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on earth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad-lookin piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister, Joshua Hopewell's apple-trees.

The old minister had an orchard of most partikelar good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost their'n from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else cant do it nohow? Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they? I guess, said I, there ant the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence I grafted in myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry, and away down to Squaw-neck Creek, (I was afeerd he was agoin for to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories), so says I, I know that, Minister, but how do you preserve them? Why I was a goin to tell you, said he, when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess its pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes for to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of '*soft sawder*,' that will take the frown out of her frontis-

piece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good ———. But here we are, now you'll see what '*soft sawder*' will do.

When we entered the house, the traveller's room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

Good evenin, Marm, said Mr. Slick, how do you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she, why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night I hope. Oh, no, said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that ———. So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an inn when he has no sort of occasion to, his family can't expect no rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and ex claimed, Well, if that aint a beautiful child—come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me; well, I declare, if that are little fellow aint the finest child I ever seed; what not abed yet? ah, you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole em from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that are child, it is such a treat! In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yeller as an orange. Lord, that are little fellow would be a show in our country—come to me, my man. Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go, my dear, to the gentlemen; go, dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the states along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why

you are a mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pugwash. Sally, make a fire in the next room. She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother? I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash, to me; you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said I. Not the least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary, a pleasure.

We were then shewn into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingering behind me to ascertain his age, concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, It's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to get them to start, arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do, they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter: she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*

You seem, said I, to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex. Any man, he replied, that onderstands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

People talk an everlastin sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there aint one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's

heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk.

The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there is a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

I never knowed but of one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law, and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you couldn't falt him in no partikilar; he was so just a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say There goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely? I do believe there warn't a gall in the Lowell factories, that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amasin hansum sight too, near about a whole congregation of young galls) Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks? half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin', like so many stars twinklin' of a frosty night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walking skeleton. I am dreadfully sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so peecked: why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, *of a broken heart.* What, says I, have the galls been a jiltin of you? No, no, says he, I beant such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad spekilation? No, says he, shakin his head, I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What onder the sun is it, then? said I. Why

says he, I made a bet the fore part of the summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart.* Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a *broken heart.*

CHAPTER XI.

CUMBERLAND OYSTERS PRODUCE MELANCHOLY FOREBODINGS.

THE '*soft sawder*' of the Clockmaker had operated effectually on the beauty of Amherst, our lovely hostess of Pugwash's Inn: indeed I am inclined to think with Mr. Slick, that 'the road to a woman's heart lies through her child,' from the effect produced upon her by the praises bestowed on her infant boy.

I was musing on this feminine susceptibility to flattery, when the door opened, and Mrs. Pugwash entered, dressed in her sweetest smiles, and her best cap, an auxiliary by no means required by her charms, which, like an Italian sky when unclouded, are unrivalled in splendour. Approaching me, she said, with an irresistible smile, Would you like, Mr.—— (here there was a pause, a hiatus, evidently intended for me to fill up with my name; but that no person knows, nor do I intend they shall; at Medley's Hotel in Halifax, I was known as the stranger in No. 1. The attention that incognito procured for me, the importance it gave me in the eyes of the master of the house, its lodgers, and servants, is indescribable. It is only great people who travel incog. State travelling is inconvenient and slow; the constant weight of form and etiquette oppresses at once the strength and spirits. It is pleasant to travel unobserved, to stand at ease, or exchange the full suit for the undress coat and fatigue jacket. Wherever, too, there is mystery, there is importance: there is no knowing for whom I may be mistaken—but let me once give my humble cognomen and occupation, and I sink immediately to my own level, to a plebeian station and a vulgar name: not even my beautiful

hostess, nor my inquisitive friend, the Clockmaker, who calls me 'Squire,' shall extract the secret!) Would you like, Mr. ——? Indeed I would, said I, Mrs. Pugwash, pray be seated, and tell me what it is. Would you like a dish of superior Shittyacks for supper? Indeed I would, said I again laughing: but pray tell me what it is? Laws me! said she with a stare, where have you been all your born days, that you never heerd of our Shittyack Oysters? I thought everybody had heerd of them. I beg pardon, said I, but I understood at Halifax, that the only oysters in this part of the world were found on the shores of Prince Edward Island. Oh! dear no, said our hostess, they are found all along the coast from Shittyack, through Bay of Vartes, away to Ramshag. The latter we seldom get, though the best; there is no regular conveyance, and when they do come, they are generally shelled and in kegs, and never in good order. I have not had a real good Ramshag in my house these two years, since Governor Maitland was here; he was amazin fond of them, and Lawyer Talkemdeaf sent his carriage there on purpose to procure 'em fresh for him. Now we can't *get them*, but we have the Shittyacks in perfection; say the word, and they shall be served up immediately.

A good dish and an unexpected dish is most acceptable, and certainly my American friend and myself did ample justice to the oysters, which, if they have not so classical a name, have quite as good a flavour as their far-famed brethren of Milton. Mr. Slick eat so heartily, that when he resumed his conversation, he indulged in the most melancholy forebodings.

Did you see that arc nigger, said he, that removed the oyster shells? well, he's one of our Chesapickers, one of Gineral Cuffy's slaves. I wish Admiral Cockburn had taken them all off our hands at the same rate. We made a pretty good sale of them are black cattle, I guess, to the British; I wish we were well rid of 'em all. *The Blacks and the Whites* in the States show their teeth and snarl, they are jist ready to fall to. *The Protestants and Catholics* begin to lay back their ears, and turn tail for kickin. *The Abolitionists and Planters* are at it like two bulls in a pastur. *Mob-law and Lynch-law* are workin like yeast in a barrel, and frothing at the bunghole. *Nullification and Tariff* are like a charcoal pit, all covered up, but

burnin inside, and sendin out smoke at every crack enough to stifle a horse. *General Government and State Government* every now and then square off and sparr, and the first blow given will bring a genu*ine* set-to. *Surplus Revenu* is another bone of contention; like a shin of beef thrown among a pack of dogs, it will set the whole on 'em by the ears.

Yon have heer'd tell of cotton rags dipt in turpentine, havn't you, how they produce combustion? Well, I guess we have the elements of spontaneous combustion among us in abundance; when it does break out, if you don't see an eruption of human gore worse than Etna lava, then I'm mistaken. There'll be the very devil to pay, that's a fact. I expect the blacks will butcher the Southern whites, and the Northerners will have to turn out and butcher them agin, and all this shoot, hang, cut, stab, and burn business, will sweeten our folks' temper, as raw meat does that of a dog—it fairly makes me sick to think on it. The explosion may clear the air again, and all be tranquil once more, but it is an even chance if it don't leave us three steamboat options, to be blown sky high, to be scalded to death, or drowned.

If this sad picture you have drawn be indeed true to nature, how does your country, said I, appear so attractive, as to draw to it so large a portion of our population? It tante its attraction, said the Clockmaker; its nothin but its power of suction; it is a great whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all the straw, and chips, and floatin sticks, drift-wood and trash into it. The small crafts are sucked in, and whirl round and round like a squirrel in a cage—they'll never come out. Bigger ones pass through at certain times of tide, and can come in and out with good pilotage, as they do at *Hell Gate* up the sound.

You astonish me, said I, beyond measure; both your previous conversations with me, and the concurrent testimony of all my friends who have visited the States, give a different view of it. *Your friends!* said the Clockmaker, with such a tone of ineffable contempt, that I felt a strong inclination to knock him down for his insolence—your friends! Ensigns and leftenants, I guess, from the British marchin regiments in the Colonies, that run over five thousand miles of country in five weeks, on leave of absence, and then return, lookin as wise as the monkey

that had seen the world. When they get back they are so chock full of knowledge of the Yankees, that it runs over of itself, like a hogshead of molasses, rolled about in hot weather—a white froth and scum bubbles out of the bung; wishy washy trash they call tours, sketches, travels, letters and what not; vapid stuff, jist sweet enough to catch flies, cockroaches, and half fledged galls. It puts me in mind of my French. I larnt French at night school one winter, of our minister, Joshua Hopewell (he was the most larned man of the age, for he taught himself een almost every language in Europe); well next spring, when I went to Boston, I met a Frenchman, and I began to jabber away French to him:—"Polly woes a French shay," says I. I don't understand Yankee yet, says he. You don't understand! says I, why its French. I guess you didn't expect to hear such good French, did you, away down east here? but we speak it rael well, and its ginerally allowed we speak English, too, better than the British. Oh, says he, you one very droll Yankee, dat very good joke, Sare: you talk Indgian and call it French. But, says I, Mister Mount shear, it is French, I vow; real merchantable, without wainy edge or shakes—all clear stuff; it will pass survey in any market—its ready stuck and seasoned. Oh, very like, says he, bowin as polite as a black waiter at New Or*leens*, very like, only I never heerd it afore; oh, very good French dat—*clear stuff*, no doubt, but I no understand—its all my fault, I dare say, Sare.

Thinks I to myself, a nod as good as a wink to a blind horse, I see how the cat jumps—Minister knows so many languages he han't been particular enough to keep 'em in separate parcels, and mark 'em on the back, and they've got mixed, and sure enough I found my French was so overrun with other sorts, that it was better to lose the whole crop than to go to weedin, for as fast as I pulled up any strange seedlin, it would grow right up agin as quick as wink, if there was the least bit of root in the world left in the ground, so I left it all rot on the field.

There is no way so good to larn French as to live among 'em, and if you *want to understand us, you must live among us, too;* your Halls, Hamiltons, and De Rouses, and such critters, what *can* they know of us? Can a chap catch a likencss flying along a railroad? can he even see the featurs? Old Admiral Anson once

axed one of our folks afore our glorious Revolution (if the British had known us a little grain better at that time, they wouldn't have got whipped like a sack as they did then) where he came from? From the Chesapeeke, said he. Aye, aye, said the Admiral, from the West Indies. I guess, said the Southaner, you may have been clean *round the world*, Admiral, but you have been plaguy *little in it*, not to know better nor that.

I shot a wild goose at River Philip last year, with the rice of Varginey fresh in his crop: he must have cracked on near about as fast as them other geese, the British travellers. Which know'd the most of the country they passed over, do you suppose? I guess it was much of a muchness—near about six of one, and a half dozen of the tother; two eyes aint much better than one, if they are both blind.

No, if you want to know all about us and the blue noses (a pretty considerable share of Yankee blood in them too, I tell you: the old stock comes from New England, and the breed is tolerable pure yet, near about one half apple scarce, and tother half molasses, all except to the Easterd, where there is a cross of the Scotch), jist ax me and I'll tell you candidly. I'm not one of them that can't see no good points in my neighbour's crittur and no bad ones in my own: I've seen too much of the world for that, I guess. Indeed, in a gineral way, I praise other folks' beasts, and keep dark about my own, Says I, when I meet Blue Nose mounted, That's a rael smart horse of your'n, put him out, I guess he'll trot like mad. Well, he lets him have the spur, and the critter does his best, and then I pass him like a streak of lightning with mine. The feller looks all taken aback at that. Why, says he, that's a rael clipper of your'n, I vow. Middlin, says I, (quite cool as if I had heerd that are same thing a thousand times,) he's good enough for me, jist a fair trotter and nothin to brag of. That goes near about as far agin in a general way, as a crackin and a boasting does. Never *tell* folks you can go ahead on 'em, but *do* it; it spares a great deal of talk, and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

No, if you want to know the inns and the outs of the Yankees—I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of

other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plaguy sight more. It tante them that stare the most that see the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them, (I warn't born blind, I reckon,) but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, "*Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

JIST look out of the door, said the Clockmaker, and see what a beautiful night it is, how calm, how still, how clear it is, beant it lovely?—I like to look up at them are stars, when I am away from home, they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first flag in the univarse now The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. Its near about the prettiest sight I know on, is one of our first class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea; it is like the great American Eagle on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, afeared of nothin of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?

There was no evading so direct, and at the same time so conceited an appeal as this. Certainly, said I, the emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your naval buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. That was a natural idea, taken from ordinary occurrence: a bird purloining the anchor of a frigate—an article so useful and necessary for the food of its young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of—boasting of what you cannot perform—grasping

at what you cannot attain—an emblem of arrogance and weakness, of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretensions.

It is a common phrase, said he, (with great composure) among seamen to say 'damn your buttons,' and I guess its natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals; I guess you have a right to that are oath. It is a sore subject, that I reckon, and I believe I hadn't ought to have spoken of it to you at all. Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better one.

He was evidently annoyed, and with his usual dexterity gave vent to his feelings by a sally upon the blue-noses, who, he says, are a cross of English and Yankee, and therefore first cousins to us both. Perhaps, said he, that are eagle might with more propriety have been taken off as perched on an anchor, instead of holding it in his claws, and I think it would have been more nateral; but I suppose it was some stupid foreign artist that made that are blunder—I never seed one yet that was equal to ourn. If that Eagle is represented as tryin what *he can't do*, its an honourable ambition arter all, but these blue-noses wont try what *they can do*. They put me in mind of a great big hulk of a horse in a cart, that wont put his shoulder to the collar at all for all the lambastin in the world, but turns his head round and looks at you, as much to say, "What an everlasting heavy thing an empty cart is, isn't it?" *An Owl should be their emblem, and the motto, 'He sleeps all the days of his life.'* The whole country is like this night; beautiful to look at, but silent as the grave—still as death, asleep, becalmed.

If the sea was always calm, said he, it would pyson the univarse; no soul could breathe the air, it would be so uncommon bad. Stagnant water is always onpleasant, but salt water, when it gets tainted, beats all nature; motion keeps it sweet and wholesome, and that our minister used to say is one of the 'wonders of the great deep.' This province is stagnant; it taute deep, like still water neither, for its shaller enough, gracious knows, but its motionless, noiseless, lifeless. If you have ever been to sea in a calm, you'd know what a plagy tiresome thing it is for a man that's in a hurry. An everlasting flappin of the sails, and a creakin of the booms, and an onsteady pitchin

of the ship, and folks lyin about dozin away their time, and the sea a heavin a long heavy swell, like the breathin of the chest of some great monster asleep. A passenger wonders the sailors are so plagy easy about it, and he goes a lookin out east, and a spyin out west, to see if there is any chance of a breeze, and says to himself, Well, if this an't dull music its a pity. Then how streaked he feels when he sees a steam-boat a clippin it by him like mad, and the folks on board pokin fun at him, and askin him if he has any word to send home. Well, he says, if any soul ever catches me on board a sail vessel again, when I can go by steam, I'll give him leave to tell me of it, that's a fact.

That's partly the case here. They are becalmed, and they see us a goin ahead on them, till we are een amost out of sight; yet they han't got a steam-boat, and they han't got a railroad; indeed, I doubt if one half on 'em ever seed or heerd tell of one or tother of 'em. I never seed any folks like 'em except the Indgians, and they wont even so much as look—they havn't the least morsel of curiosity in the world; from which one of our Unitarian preachers (they are dreadful hands at *doubtin* them. I don't doubt but that some day or another they will *doubt* whether everything aint a *doubt*) in a very larned work, doubts whether they were ever descended from Eve at all. Old marm Eve's children, he says, are all lost, it is said, in consequence of *too much* curiosity, while the copper-coloured folks are lost from havin *too little*. How can they be the same? Thinks I, that may be logic, old Dubersome, but it an't sense, don't extremes meet? Now these blue-noses have no motion in 'em, no enterprise, no spirit, and if any critter shows any symptoms of activity, they say he is a man of no judgment, he's speculative, he's a schemer, in short he's mad. They vegitate like a lettuce plant in a sarse garden, they grow tall and spindlin, run to seed right off, grow as bitter as gaul, and die.

A gall once came to our minister to hire as a house help; says she, Minister, I suppose you don't want a young lady to do chamber business and breed worms do you? For I've half a mind to take a spell at living out (she meant, said the Clockmaker, house work and rearing silk worms.) My pretty maiden, says he, a pattin her on the cheek, (for I've often obsarved old

men always talk kinder pleasant to young women,) my pretty maiden, where was you brought up? Why, says she, I guess I warn't brought up at all, I growd up. Under what platform, says he, (for he was very particular that all his house helps should go to his meetin,) under what Church platform? Church platform, says she, with a toss of her head, like a young colt that's got a check of the curb, I guess I warn't raised under a platform at all, but in as good a house as yourn, grand as you be. You said well, said the old minister quite shocked, when you said you growd up, dear, for you have growd up in great ignorance. Then I guess you had better get a lady that knows more than me, says she, that's flat. I reckon I am every bit and grain as good as you be—If I don't understand a bum-byx (silk worm) both feedin, breedin, and rearin, then I want to know who does, that's all; church platform, indeed, says she, I guess you were raised under a glass frame in March, and transplanted on Independence day, warn't you? And off she sot, looking as scorney as a London lady, and leavin the poor minister standin starin like a stuck pig. Well, well, says he, a liftin up both hands, and turnin up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, if that don't bang the bush!! It fairly beats sheep sheerin, after the blackberry bushes have got the wool. It does, I vow; them are the tares them Unitarians sow in our grain fields at night; I guess they'll ruinate the crops yet, and make the ground so everlastin foul, we'll have to pare the sod and burn it, to kill the roots. Our fathers sowed the right seed here in the wilderness, and watered it with their tears, and watched over it with fastin and prayer, and now its fairly run out, that's a fact, I snore. Its got chocked up with all sorts of trash in natur, I declare. Dear, dear, I vow I never seed the beat o' that in all my born days.

Now the blue-noses are like that are gall; they have growd up, and growd up in ignorance of many things they hadn't ought not to know; and its as hard to teach grown up folks as it is to break a six year old horse; and they do ryle one's temper so—that act so ugly that it tempts one sometimes to break their confounded necks—its near about as much trouble as its worth. What remedy is there for all this supineness? said I; how can these people be awakened out of their ignorant slothfulness

into active exertion? The remedy, said Mr. Slick, is at hand—its already workin its own cure. They must recede before our free and enlightened citizens like the Indgians; our folks will buy them out, and they must give place to a more intelligent and ac-*tive* people. They must go to the lands of Labrador or be located back of Canada; they can hold on there a few years, until the wave of civilization reaches them, and then they must move again as the savages do. It is decreed; I hear the bugle of destiny a soundin of their retreat, as plain as anything. Congress will give them a concession of land, if they petition, away to Alleghany backside territory, and grant them relief for a few years; for we are out of debt, and don't know what to do with our surplus revenue. The only way to shame them, that I know, would be to sarve them as Uncle Enoch sarved a neighbour of his in Varginy.

There was a lady that had a plantation near hand to his'n, and there was only a small river atwixt the two houses, so that folks could hear each other talk across it. Well, she was a dreadful cross-grained woman, a rael catamount, as savage as a she-bear that has cubs, an old farrow critter, as ugly as sin, and one that both hooked and kicked too—a most particular onmarciful she devil, that's a fact. She used to have some of her niggers tied up every day, and flogged uncommon severe, and their screams and screeches were horrid—no soul could stand it; nothin was heerd all day but *Oh Lord Missus! Oh Lord Missus!* Enoch was fairly sick of the sound, for he was a tender-hearted man, and says he to her one day, Now do, marm, find out some other place to give your cattle the cowskin, for it worries me to hear 'em talk on so dreadful bad—I can't stand it I vow; they are flesh and blood as well as we be, though the meat is a different colour; but it was no good—she jist up and told him to mind his own business, and she guessed she'd mind hern. He was determined to shame her out of it; so one mornin after breakfast, he goes into the cane-field, and says he to Lavender, one of the black overseers, Muster up the whole gang of slaves, every soul, and bring 'em down to the whippin post, the whole stock of them, bulls, cows, and calves. Well, away goes Lavender, and drives up all the niggers. Now you catch it, says he, you lazy willians; I tole you so many a time—

I tole you Massa he lose all patience wid you, you good for nothin rascals. I grad, upon my soul, I werry grad; you mind now what old Lavender say anoder time. (The black overseers are always the most cruel, said the Clockmaker; they have no sort of feeling for their own people.)

Well, when they were gathered there accordin to orders, they looked streaked enough you may depend, thinkin they were going to get it all round, and the wenches they fell to a cryin, wringin their hands, and boo-hooin like mad. Lavender was there with his cowskin, grinnin like a chessy cat, and crackin it about, ready for business. Pick me out, says Enoch, four that have the loudest voices; Hard matter dat, says Lavender, hard matter dat, Massa, dey all talk loud, dey all lub talk more better nor work—de idle villains; better gib 'em all a little tickel, jist to teach 'em larf on tother side of de mouth: dat side bran new, they never use it yet. Do as I order you, Sir, said Uncle, or I'll have you triced up, you cruel old rascal you. When they were picked out and sot by themselves, they hanged their heads, and looking like sheep goin to the shambles. Now, says Uncle Enoch, my Pickininnies, do you sing out, as loud as Niagara, at the very tip eend of your voice—

Don't kill a nigger, pray,
Let him lib anoder day.
Oh Lord Missus—Oh Lord Missus.

My back be very sore,
No stand it any more.
Oh Lord Missus—Oh Lord Missus.

And all the rest of you join chorus, as loud as you can bawl, *Oh Lord Missus.* The black rascals understood the joke rael well. They larfed ready to split their sides: they fairly lay down on the ground, and rolled over and over with larfter. Well, when they came to the chorus, *Oh Lord Missus*, if they didn't let go, it's a pity. They made the river ring agin—they were heered clean out to sea. All the folks ran out of the lady's house, to see what on airth was the matter on Uncle Enoch's plantation—they thought there was actilly a rebellion there; but when they listened awhile, and heered it over and over again, they took the hint, and returned, a larfin in their sleeves. Says they, Master Enoch Slick, he upsides with Missus this hitch any

how. Unele never heerd anything more of *Ch Lord Missus*, arter that. Yes, they ought to be shamed out of it, those blue-noses. When reason fails to convinee, there is nothin left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelings, clap a blister on their pride, and it will do the business. It's like a puttin ginger under a horse's tail; it makes him earry up real hand*sum*, I tell you. When I was a boy, I was always late to sehool; well, father's preaehin I didn't mind mueh, but I never eould bear to hear mother say, Why, Sam, are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly risin won't hurt you, I deelare. What on airth is agoin to happen now? Well, wonders will never eease. It raised my dander; at last says I, Now, mother, don't say that are any more for graeious sake, for it makes me feel ugly; and I'll get up as airly as any on you; and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin in this life, *An airly start makes easy stages.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S OPINION OF HALIFAX.

THE next morning was warmer than several that had preceded it. It was one of those uneommonly fine days that distinguish an American autumn. I guess, said Mr. Slick, the heat to-day is like a glass of Mint Julip, with a lump of ice in it, it tastes eool and fcels warm—it's rael good, I tell you; I love such a day as this dearly. Its generally allowed the finest weather in the world is in America—there an't the beat of it to be found anywhere. He then lighted a cigar, and throwing himself baek on his ehair, put both feet out of the window, and sat with his arms folded, a perfect picture of happiness.

You appear, said I, to have travelled over the whole of this Province, and to have observed the country and the people with mueh attention; pray what is your opinion of the present state and future prospects of Halifax? If you will tell me, said he, when the folks there will wake up, then I ean answer you, but they are fast asleep; as to the Province, its a splendid Provinee, and caleulated to go ahead; it will grow as fast as a

Varginy gall, and they grow so amazin fast, if you put your arm round one of their necks to kiss them, by the time you've done, they've growd up into women. It's a pretty Province, I tell you, good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods, and a nation sight of water privileges, and under the ground full of mines—it puts me in mind of the soup at *Tree*-mont house.

One day I was walkin in the Mall, and who should I meet but Major Bradford, a gentleman from Connecticut, that traded in calves and punkins for the Boston market. Says he, Slick, where do you get your grub to-day? At General Peep's tavern, says I. Only fit for niggers, says he; why don't you come to the *Tree*-mont house, that's the most splendid thing its generally allowed in all the world. Why, says I, that's a notch above my mark, I guess it's too plagy dear for me, I can't afford it nohow. Well, says he, it's dear in one sense, but it's dog cheap in another—it's a grand place for spekelation—there's so many rich Southerners and strangers there that have more money than wit, that you might do a pretty good business there without goin out of the street door. I made two hundred dollars this mornin in little less than half no time. There's a Carolina Lawyer there, as rich as a bank, and says he to me arter breakfast, Major, says he, I wish I knew where to get a rael slapping trotter of a horse, one that could trot with a flash of lightnin for a mile, and beat it by a whole neck or so. Says I, My Lord, (for you must know, he says he's the nearest male heir to a Scotch dormant peerage,) my Lord, says I, I have one a proper sneezer, a chap that can go ahead of a rail-road steamer, a rael nateral traveller, one that can trot with the ball out of the small eend of a rifle, and never break into a gallop. Says he, Major, I wish you wouldn't give me that are nick-name, I don't like it, (though he looked as tickled all the time as possible,) I never knew, says he, a lord that worn't a fool, that's a fact, and that's the reason I don't go ahead and claim the title. Well, says I, my Lord, I don't know, but somehow I can't help'a thinkin, if you have a good claim, you'de be more like a fool not to go ahead with it. Well, says he, Lord or no Lord, lets look at your horse. So away I went to Joe Brown's livery stable, at t'other eend of the city, and picked out the best

trotter he had, and no great stick to brag on neither; says I, Joe Brown, what do you ax for that are horse? Two hundred dollars, says he. Well, says I, I will take him out and try him, and if I like him, I will keep him. So I shows our Carolina Lord the horse, and when he gets on him, says I, Don't let him trot as fast as he can, resarve that for a heat: if folks find out how everlastin fast he is, they'd be afeard to stump you for a start. When he returned, he said he liked the horse amazinly, and axed the price; Four hundred dollars, says I, you can't get nothin special without a good price, pewter cases never hold good watches; I know it, says he, the horse is mine. Thinks I to myself, that's more than ever I could say of him then any how.

Well, I was going to tell you about the soup—says the Major, It's near about dinner-time, jist come and see how you like the location. There was a sight of folks there, gentlemen and ladies in the public room (I never seed so many afore, except at commencement day,) all ready for a start, and when the gong sounded, off we sott like a flock of sheep. Well if there warn't a jam you may depend—some one give me a pull, and I near about went heels up over head, so I reached out both hands, and caught hold of the first thing I could, and what should it be but a lady's dress—well, as I'm alive, rip went the frock, and tear goes the petticoat, and when I righted myself from my beam ends, away they all came home to me, and there she was the pretty critter, with all her upper riggin standin as far as her waist, and nothin left below but a short linen under garment. If she didn't scream, its a pity, and the more she screamed, the more folks larfed, for no soul could help larfin, till one of the waiters folded her up in a table cloth.

What an awkward devil you be, Slick, says the Major, now that comes of not fallin in first, they should have formed four deep, rear rank in open order, and marched in to our splendid national air, and filed off, to their seats, right and left, shoulders forward. I feel kinder sorry, too, says he, for that are young heifer, but she shewed a proper pretty leg tho', Slick, didn't she—I guess you don't often get such a chance as that are. Well, I gets near the Major at table, and afore me stood a china utensil with two handles, full of soup, about the size of a foot

tub, with a large silver scoop in it, near about as big as the ladle of a maple sugar kettle. I was jist about bailing out some soup into my dish, when the Major said, Fish it up from the bottom, Slick,—well, sure enough, I gives it a drag from the bottom, and up came the fat pieces of turtle, and the thick rich soup, and a sight of little forced meat balls, of the size of sheep's dung. No soul could tell how good it was—it was near about as hand*sum* as father's old genuine particular cider, and that you could feel tingle clean away down to the tip eends of your toes. Now, says the Major, I'll give you, Slick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks ain't thought nothin of, unless they live at Treemont: it's all the go. Do you dine at Peep's tavern every day, and then off hot foot to Treemont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it saves two dollars a day. Then he puts his finger on his nose, and says he, '*Mum is the word.*'

Now, this Province is jist like that are soup, good enough at top, but dip down and you have the riches, the coal, the iron ore, the gypsum, and what not. As for Halifax, its well enough in itself, though no great shakes neither, a few sizeable houses with a proper sight of small ones, like half a dozen old hens with their broods of young chickens; but the people, the strange critters, they are all asleep. They walk in their sleep, and talk in their sleep, and what they say one day they forget the next, they say they were dreamin. You know where Governor Campbell lives, don't you, in a large stone house, with a great wall round it, that looks like a state prison; well, near hand there is a nasty dirty horrid lookin buryin ground there—it's filled with large grave rats as big as kittens, and the springs of black water there, go through the chinks of the rocks and flow into all the wells, and fairly pyson the folks—it's a dismal place, I tell *you*—I wonder the air from it don't turn all the silver in the Gineral's house, of a brass colour, (and folks say he has four cart loads of it)—it's so everlasting bad—it's near about as nosey as a slave ship of niggers. Well, you may go there and shake the folks to all etarnity and you won't wake 'em, I guess, and yet there aint much difference atween their sleep and the folks at Halifax, only they lie still there and are

quiet and don't walk and talk in their sleep like them above ground.

Halifax reminds me of a Russian officer I once seed to Warsaw; he had lost both arms in battle; but I guess I must tell you first why I went there, 'cause that will show you how we spekelate. One Sabbath day, arter bell ringins, when most of the women had gone to meetin, (for they were great hands for pretty sarmons, and our Unitarian ministers all preach poetry, only they leave the rhyme out—it sparkles like perry,) I goes down at East India wharf, to see Captain Zeek Hancock, of Nantucket, to enquire how oil was, and if it would bear doin anything in; when who should come alone but Jabish Green. Slick, says he, how do you do? isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk; it whips English weather by a long chalk; and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole em. At last he looks up, and says he, Slick, I suppose you wouldn't go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while? Which Warsaw? says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of 'em. None of ourn at all, says he; Warsaw in Poland. Well, I don't know, says I; what do you call worth while? Six dollars a day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if spekelation turns out well. I am off, says I, whenever you say go. Tuesday, says he, in the Hamburg packet. Now, says he, I'm in a tarnation hurry; I'm going a pleasurin to-day in the Custom House boat, along with Josiah Bradford's gals down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at: the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queues on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig makers. Human hair is scarce and risin. Lord a massy! says I, how queer they will look, won't they. Well, I vow, that's what the sea folks call sailin *under bare Poles*, come true, aint it? I guess it will turn out a good spec, says he; and a good one it did turn out—he cleared ten thousand dollars by it.

When I was to Warsaw, as I was a sayin, there was a Russian officer there who had lost both his arms in battle; a good natured contented critter, as I een amost ever see'd, and he was fed with spoons by his neighbours, but arter a while

they grew tired of it, and I guess he near about starved to death at last. Now Halifax is like that are *Spooney*, as I used to call him; it is fed by the outports, and they begin to have enough to do to feed themselves—it must larn to live without 'em. They have no river and no country about them; let them make a railroad to Minas Basin, and they will have arms of their town to feed themselves with. If they don't do it, and do it soon, I guess they'll get into a decline that no human skill will cure. They are proper thin now; you can count their ribs een amost as far as you can see them. *The only thing that will either make or save Halifax, is a railroad across the country to Bay of Fundy.*

It will do to talk of, says one. You'll see it, some day, says another. Yes, says a third, it will come, but we are too young yet.

Our old minister had a darter, a rael clever looking gall as you'd see in a day's ride, and she had two or three offers of marriage from sponsible men—most particular good specs—but minister always said, 'Phebe, you are too young—the day will come—but you are too young yet, dear. Well, Phebe didn't think so at all; she said she guessed she knew better nor that; so the next offer she had, she said she had no notion to lose another chance—off she sot to Rhode Island and got married; says she, Father's too old, he don't know. That's jist the case to Halifax. The old folks say the country is too young—the time will come, and so on; and in the mean time the young folks won't wait, *and run off to the States, where the maxim is 'youth is the time for improvement; a new country is never too young for exertion—push on—keep movin—go ahead.'*

Darn it all, said the Clockmaker, rising with great animation, clinching his fist, and extending his arm—darn it all, it fairly makes my dander rise, to see the nasty idle loungin good for nothing do little critters—they aint fit to tend a bear trap, I vow. They ought to be quilted round and round a room, like a lady's lap-dog, the matter of two hours a day, to keep them from dyin of apoplexy. Hush, hush, said I, Mr. Slick, you forget.—Well, said he, resuming his usual composure—well, it's enough to make one vexed though, I declare—isn't it?

Mr. Slick has often alluded to this subject, and always in a

most decided manner: I am inclined to think he is right. Mr. Howe's papers on the railroad I read till I came to his calculations, but I never could read figures, 'I can't cypher,' and there I paused, it was a barrier. I retreated a few paces, took a running leap, and cleared the whole of them. Mr. Slick says he has *under* and not *over* rated its advantages. He appears to be such a shrewd, observing, intelligent man, and so perfectly at home on these subjects, that I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker, than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce '*there will be a railroad.*'

CHAPTER XIV.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN CUMBERLAND.

I RECKON, said the Clockmaker, as we stolled through Amherst, you have read Hook's story of the boy that one day axed one of his father's guests, who his next door neighbour was, and when he heerd his name, asked him if he warn't a fool. No, my little feller, said he, he beant a fool, he is a most particular sensible man; but why did you ax that are question? Why, said the little boy, mother said t'other day you ware next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you. His mother felt pretty ugly, I guess, when she heerd him run right slap on that are breaker.

Now these Cumberland folks have curious next door neighbours, too; they are placed by their location right a'twixt fire and water; they have New Brunswick politics on one side, and Nova Scotia politics on t'other side of 'em, and Bay Fundy and Bay Varte on t'other two sides; they are actilly in hot water, they are up to their croopers in politics, and great hands for talkin of House of Assembly, political Unions, and what not. Like all folks who wade so deep, they can't always tell the natur of the ford. Sometimes they strike their shins agin a snag of a rock; at other times they go whap into a quicksand, and if they don't take special care they are apt to go souse over head and ears into deep water. I guess if they'd talk more of

Ratations, and less of *elections*, more of them are *Dykes*, and less of *Banks*, and attend more to *top-dressing*, and less to *re-dressing*, it 'ed be better for 'em.

Now you mention the subject, I think I have observed, said I, that there is a great change in your countrymen in that respect. Formerly, whenever you met an American, you had a dish of poli tics set before you, whether you had an appetite for it or not; but lately I have remarked they seldom allude to it. Pray to what is this attributable? I guess, said he, they have enough of it to home, and are sick of the subject. They are cured the way our pastry cooks cure their prentices stealing sweet notions out of their shops. When they get a new prentice, they tell him he must never so much as look at all them ere nice things; and if he dares to lay the weight of his finger upon one of them, they'll have him up for it before a justice; they tell him its every bit and grain as bad as stealing from a till. Well, that's sure to set him at it, just as a high fence does a breachy ox, first to look over it, and then to push it down with its rump; its human natur. Well, the boy eats and eats till he can't eat no longer, and then he gets sick at his stomach, and hates the very sight of sweetmeats arterwards.

We've had politics with us, till we're dog sick of 'em, I tell you. Besides, I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set out a roin for it. You may get *purity of election*, but how are you to get *purity of members?* It would take a great deal of cypherin to tell that. I never see'd it yet, and never heerd tell of one who had seed it.

The best member I een almost ever seed was John Adams. Well, John Adams could no more plough a straight furrow in politics than he could haul the plough himself. He might set out straight at beginnin for a little way, but he was sure to get crooked afore he got to the eend of the ridge—and sometimes he would have two or three crooks in it. I used to say to him, How on airth is it, Mr. Adams, (for he was no way proud like, though he was president of our great nation, and it is allowed to be the greatest nation in the world, too: for you might see him sometimes of an afternoon a swimmin along with the boys in the Potomac, I do believe that's the way he larned to give the folks the dodge so spry;) well, I used to say to him, How on

airth is it, Mr. Adams, you can't make straight work on it? He was a grand hand at an excuse (though minister used to say that folks that were good at an excuse, were seldom good for nothin else;) sometimes, he said, the ground was so tarnation stony, it throwed the plough out; at other times he said the off ox was such an ugly wilful tempered critter, there was no doin nothin with him; or that there was so much machinery about the plough, it made it plagy hard to steer, or may be it was the fault of them that went afore him, that they laid it down so bad; unless he was hired for another term of four years, the work wouldn't look well; and if all them are excuses wouldn't do, why he would take to scoldin the nigger that drove the team, throw all the blame on him, and order him to have everlastin lacin with the cowskin. You might as well catch a weasel asleep as catch him. He had somethin the matter with one eye—well, he knew I know'd that when I was a boy; so one day, a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it was very affectin. Says he, It fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to lettin off its water like statiee; so as soon as the chap went, he winks to me with t'other one, quite knowin, as much as to say, You *see its all in my eye*, Slick, but don't let on to any one about it, that I said so. The eye was a regular cheat, a complete New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye didn't pump its water out o that place.

Members in general aint to be depended on, I tell you. Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a pedlar, not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it *teaches a man to stoop in the long run*. Arter all, there's not that difference in 'em (at least there aint in Congress) one would think; for if one of them is clear of one vice, why, as like as not, he has another fault just as bad. An honest farmer, like one of these Cumberland folks, when he goes to choose a'twixt two that offers for votes, is jist like the flyin fish. That are little critter is not content to stay to home in the water, and mind its business, but he must try his hand at flyin, and he is no great dab at flyin neither. Well, the moment he's out of water, and takes to flyin, the sea fowl are arter him, and let him have it;

and if he has the good luck to escape them, and dive into the sea, the dolphin, as like as not, has a dig at him, that knocks more wind out of him than he got while aping the birds, a plagy sight. I guess the blue-noses know jist about as much about politics as this foolish fish knows about flyin. *All critters in natur are better in their own element.*

It beats cock-fightin, I tell you, to hear the blue-noses when they get together, talk politics. They have got three or four evil spirits, like the Irish Banshees, that they say cause all the mischief in the Province—the Council, the Banks, the House of Assembly, and the Lawyers. If a man places a higher valiation on himself than his neighbours do, and wants to be a magistrate before he is fit to carry the ink-horn for one, and finds himself safely delivered of a mistake, he says its all owin to the Counsil. The members are cunnin critters, too, they know this feelin, and when they come home from Assembly, and people ax 'em, 'Where are them are fine things you promised us?' why, they say, 'We'd a had 'em all for you, but for that eternal Council, they nullified all we did.' The country will come to no good till them chaps show their respect for it, by coverin their bottoms with homespun. If a man is so tarnation lazy he won't work, and in course has no money, why he says its all owin to the banks, they won't discount, there's no money, they've ruined the Province. If there bean't a road made up to every citizen's door, away back to the woods, (who as like as not has squatted there,) why he says the House of Assembly have voted all the money to pay great men's salaries, and there's nothin left for poor settlers, and cross roads. Well, the lawyers come in for their share of cake and ale, too; if they don't catch it, its a pity.

There was one Jim Munroe, of Onion County, Connecticut, a 'desperate idle fellow, a great hand at singin songs, a skatin, drivin about with the galls, and so on. Well, if any body's windows were broke, it was Jim Munroe—and if there were any youngsters in want of a father they were sure to be poor Jim's. Jist so it is with the lawyers here; they stand godfathers for every misfortune that happens in the country. When there is a mad dog a goin about, every dog that barks is said to be bit by the mad one so he gets credit for all the mis-

chief that every dog does for three months to come. So every feller that goes yelpin home from a court house, smarting from the law, swears he is bit by a lawyer. Now there may be somethin wrong in all these things, (and it can't be otherwise in natur) in Council, Banks, House of Assembly, and Lawyers; but change them all, and its an even chance if you don't get worse ones in their room. It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. *My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*

CHAPTER XV

THE DANCING MASTER ABROAD.

I WISH that are black heifer in the kitchen would give over singin that are everlastin dismal tune, said the Clockmaker, it makes my head ache. You've heerd a song afore now, said he, havn't you, till you was fairly sick of it? for I have, I vow. The last time I was in Rhode Island, (all the galls sing there, and it's generally allowed there's no such singers anywhere; they beat the *Eye*talians a long chalk—they sing so high some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin sometimes, like a lark) well, you heerd nothin but "Oh no, we never mention her;" well, I grew so plaguy tired of it, I used to say to myself, I'd sooner see it than heer tell of it, I vow; I wish to gracious sake you 'would never mention her,' for it makes me feel ugly to hear that same thing for ever and ever and amen that way. Well, they've got a cant phrase here, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' and every feller tells you that fifty times a-day.

There was a chap said to me not long ago at Truro, Mr. Slick, this country is rapidly improving, 'the schoolmaster is abroad now,' and he looked as knowing as though he had found a mare's nest. So I should think, said I, and it would jist be about as well, I guess, if he'd stay to home and mind his business, for your folks are so consoomedly ignorant, I reckon he's

abroad een amost all his time. I hope when he returns he'll be the better of his travels, and that's more nor many of our young folks are who go 'abroad,' for they import more airs and nonsense than they dispose of one while, I tell you—some of the stock remains on hand all the rest of their lives. There's nothin I hate so much as cant, of all kinds; its a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a feller cant in religion, clap your hand in your pocket, and lay right hold of your puss, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're alive: and if a man cant in politics, he'll sell you, if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are jist the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to cantin, its like the fox preachin to the geese, he'll eat up his whole congregation; and if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as he rates. The Lord have massy on you, for he won't. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook at any time, than one that's half covered with bad bait. The fish will sometimes swaller the one, without thinkin, but they get frightened at tother, turn tail, and off like a shot.

Now, to change the tune, I'll give the blue-noses a new phrase. They'll have an election most likely next year, and then '*the dancin master will be abroad.*' A candidate is a most partikilar polite man, a noddin here, and a bowin there, and a shakin hands all round. Nothin improves a man's manners like an election. '*The dancin master's abroad then;*' nothin gives the paces equal to that, it makes them as squirmy as an eel; they cross hands and back agin, set to their partners, and right and left in great style, and slick it off at the cend, with a rael complete bow, and a smile for all the world as sweet as a cat makes at a pan of new milk. Then they get as full of compliments as a dog is full of flees—enquirin how the old lady is to home, and the little boy that made such a wonderful smart answer, they never can forget it till next time; a praisin a man's farm to the nines, and a tellin of him how scandalous the road that leads to his location has been neglected, and how much he wants to find a real complete hand that can build a bridge over his brook, and axin him if he ever built one. When he gets the hook baited with the right fly, and the simple critter begins to jump out of water arter it, all mouth and gills, he winds up the reel, and takes leave, a thinkin to himself,

Now, you see what's to the eend of my line, I guess I'll know where to find you when I want you.

There's no sort of fishin requires so much practice as this. When bait is scarce, one worm must answer for several fish. A handfull of oats in a pan, arter it brings one horse up in a pastur for the bridle, serves for another; a shakin of it is better than a givin of it—it saves the grain for another time. It's a poor business, arter all, is electioneering, and when '*the dancin master is abroad*,' he's as apt to teach a man to cut capers and get larfed at as any thing else. It tante every one that's soople enough to dance real complete. Politics take a great deal of time, and grind away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleanin a knife with brick dust, '*it takes its steel out*.' What does a critter get arter all for it in this country, why nothin but expense and disappointment. As King Solomon says, (and that are man was up to a thing or two, you may depend, tho' our Professor did say he warn't so knowin as Uncle Sam,) it's all vanity and vexation of spirit.

I raised a four year old colt once, half blood, a perfect pictur of a horse, and a genu*ine* clipper, could gallop like the wind; a rael daisy, a perfect doll, had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodger's speakin trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races to New York, and father he went along with me; for, says he, Sam, you don't know every thing, I guess, you hant cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are goin among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past. Well, when he gets to the races, father he gets colt, and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness and breast band; he looked like Old Nick, that's a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths atwixt his fore legs. Says I, Father, what on airth at you at? I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like Saytan himself—no soul would know him. I guess I warn't born yesterday, says he, let me be, I know what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em.

Well, father never entered the horse at all, but stood by and seed the races, and the winnin horse was follered about by the matter of two or three thousand people a praisin of him and

admirin him. They seemed as if they had never see'd a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on eend a boastin of him, and a stumpin the course to produce a horse to run again him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, looking as soft as dough, and as meechin as you please, and says he, Friend, it tante every one that has four hundred dollars—its a plaguy sight of money, I tell *you;* would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? if you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon again you, I vow. Let's look at your horse, says he; so away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them to look at colt, and when they seed him they sot up such a larf, I felt een a most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, What can possess the old man to act arter that fashion, I do believe he has taken leave of his senses. You needn't larf, says father, he's smarter than he looks; our Minister's old horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that are colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy—I seed it myself. Well, they larfed again louder than before, and says father, If you dispute my word, try me; what odds will you give? Two to one, says the owner—800 to 400 dollars. Well, that's a great deal of money, aint it, says father; if I was to lose it I'd look pretty foolish, wouldn't I? How folks would pass their jokes at me when I went home again. You wouldn't take that are waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you? says he. Well, says the other, sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.

As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, chock full of spring like the wire eend of a bran new pair of trowser gullusses—one said That's a plaguy nice lookin colt that old feller has arter all; That horse will show play for it yet, says a third; and I heerd one feller say, I guess that's a rigular Yankee trick, a complete take in. They had a fair start for it, and off they sot, father took the lead, and kept it, and won the race, tho' it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt, he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him, but, says father, How am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that are waggon and harness so far as I be from Slickville? So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner of 700 dollars, and we returned, havin made a considerable good spec of colt. Says father to me, Sam, says he, you seed the crowd a follerin of the winnin horse when we came there, didn't you? Yes, sir, said I, I did. Well, when colt beat him, no one follered him at all, but come a crowdin about *him*. That's popularity, said he, soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and desarted the next, or run down; colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, and then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle-minded. Our great Washinton found that out, and the British Officer that beat Buonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to lye and grease again.

I was sarved the same way, I liked to have missed my pension—the Committee said I warn't at Bunker's hill at all, the villans. That was a Glo——, (thinks I, Old boy, if you once get into that are field, you'll race longer than colt, a plaguy sight: you'll run clear away to the fence to the far eend afore you stop, so I jist cut in and took a hand myself.) Yes, says I, you did 'em, father, properly, that old waggon was a bright scheme, it led 'em on till you got 'em on the right spot, didn't it? Says father, *There's a moral, Sam, in every thing in natur.* Never have nothin to do with elections, you see the valy of popularity in the case of that are horse—sarve the public 999 times, and the 1000th, if they don't agree with you, they desart and abuse you—see how they sarved old John Adams, see how they let Jefferson starve in his old age, see how good old Munroe like to have got right into jail, arter his term of President was up. They may talk of independence, says father, but Sam, I'll tell you what independence is—and he gave his hands a slap agin his trowsers' pocket, and made the gold eagles he won at the race all jingle again—*that*, says he, a givin of them another wipe with his fist (and winkin as much as to say, Do you

hear that, my boy?) *that I call independence.* He was in great spirits, the old man, he was so proud of winnin the race, and puttin the leake into the New Yorkers—he looked all dander. Let them great hungry, ill-favoured, long-legged bitterns, says he, (only he called them by another name that don't sound quite pretty) from the outlandish States to Congress, *talk about* independence; but, Sam, said he, (hittin the shiners again till he made them dance right up an eend in his pocket) *I like to feel it.*

No, Sam, said he, line the pocket well first, make that independent, and then the spirit will be like a horse turned out to grass in the spring, for the first time, he's all head and tail, a snortin and kickin and racin and carryin on like mad—it soon gets independent too. While its in the stall it may hold up, and paw, and whiner, and feel as spry as any thing, but the leather straps keeps it to the manger, and the lead weight to the eend of it makes it hold down its head at last. No, says he, here's independence, and he gave the Eagles such a drive with his first, he barst his pocket, and sent a whole raft of them a spinnin down his legs to the ground. Says I, Father, (and I swear I could hardly keep from larfin, he looked so peskily vexed,) Father, says I, I guess there's a moral in that are too—*Extremes nary way none o' the best.* Well, well, says he, (kinder snappishly) I suppose you're half right, Sam, but we've said enough about it, let's drop the subject, and see if I have picked 'em all up, for my eyes are none of the best now, I'm near hand to seventy.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH.

WHAT success had you, said I, in the sale of your Clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? do you find them as gullible as the blue-noses? Well, said he, you have heerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question, without axing of another, haven't you? Did you ever see an English Stage Driver make a bow? because if you hante obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings

his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin nod of his head, as much as to say, How do you do? but keep clear o' my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth as sure as you're born; just as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose. Well, that's the way I pass them are bare breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these here Cumberland marshes, how the musquitoes would tickle them up, wouldn't they? They'd set 'em a scratchin thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in sarch of a lie. Them are fellars cut their eye teeth afore they ever sot foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact; they open their pouch and drop it in, and its got a spring like a fox-trap—it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skin-flints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shakes at best; it tante even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginy corn, but I guess I warn't long in findin out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in England: the sooner he clears out the better. You can no more put a leake into them, than you can send a chisel into Teake-wood—it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the blue-noses knew the valye of money as well as they do they'd have more cash, and fewer Clocks and tin reflectors, I reckon.

Now, its different with the Irish; they never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler, I dare say you have heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller—he put a notice over his factory gate to Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account. When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave trade, I recollect hearin old John Adams, say, We had ought to humour them; for, says he, they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shippin out the Irish. Says he, they work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't

.ive so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expence, they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates for t'other ones.

The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen, absorbed every feeling of resentment, I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths, that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

There's no richer sight that I know on, said he, than to see one on' em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners,) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one, and a mouthful of t'other; bean't he lovely?' and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'say boo *to a goose*, if you dare.'

No, I believe we may stump the Univarse; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. Its generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and

cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash.

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect; he, therefore, changed the conversation immediately, by pointing to a tree at some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock maple or sugar tree. Its a pretty tree, said he, and a profitable one too to raise. It will bear tappin for many years, tho' it gets exhausted at last.

This Province is like that are tree; it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to us to buy bread. Its drained like a bog, it has opened and covered trenches all through it, and then there's others to the foot of the upland, to cut off the springs.

Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree, that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbin your capital like a spunge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it. That very Bridge we heerd of at Windsor, is owned in New Brunswick, and will pay toll to that province. The capitalists of Nova Scotia treat it like a hired house, they won't keep it in repair; they neither paint it to presarve the boards, nor stop a leak to keep the frame from rottin; but let it go to rack sooner than drive a nail or put in a pane of glass. It will sarve our turn out, they say.

There's neither spirit, enterprise, nor patriotism here; but the whole country is as inactive as a bear in winter, that does nothin but scroutch up in his den, a thinkin to himself, "Well, if I ain't a misfortunate devil it's a pity; I have a most splendid warm coat as are a gentleman in these here woods, let him be who he will; but I got no socks to my feet, and I have to sit for everlastingly a suckin of my paws to keep them warm; if it

warn't for that, I guess I'd make some o' them chaps that have hoofs to their feet and horns to their heads, look about 'em pretty sharp, I know." It's dismal now ain't it? If I had the framin of the Governor's message, if I wouldn't show 'em how to put timber together, you may depend; I'd make them scratch their heads and stare, I know.

I went down to Matanzas in the Fulton Steam Boat once—well, it was the first of the kind they ever seed, and proper scared they were to see a vessel, without sails or oars, goin right straight ahead, nine knots an hour, in the very wind's eye, and a great streak of smoke arter her as long as the tail of a comet. I believe they thought it was old Nick alive, a treatin himself to a swim. You could see the niggers a clippin it away from the shore, for dear life, and the sodgers a movin about, as if they thought that we was a goin for to take the whole country. Presently a little, half starved, orange-coloured lookin Spanish officer, all dressed off in his livery, as fine as a fiddle, came off with two men in a boat to board us. Well, we yawed once or twice, and motioned him to keep off for fear he should get hurt; but he came on right afore the wheel, and I hope I may be shot if the paddle didn't strike the bow of the boat with that force, it knocked up the starn like a plank tilt, when one of the boys playing on it is heavier than t'other, and chucked him right atop of the wheel house—you never seed a feller in such a dunderment in your life. He had picked up a little English from seein our folks there so much, and when he got up, the first thing he said was 'Damn all sheenery, I say, where's my boat?' and he looked round as if he thought it had jumped on board too. Your boat, said the Captain, why I expect it's gone to the bottom, and your men have gone down to look arter it, for we never seed or heerd tell of one or t'other of them arter the boat was struck. Yes, I'd make 'em stare like that are Spanish officer, as if they had seed out of their eyes for the first time. Governor Campbell didn't expect to see such a country as this when he came here, I reckon, I know he didn't.

When I was a little boy, about knee high or so, and lived down Connecticut river, mother used to say, Sam, if you don't give over actin so like old Scratch, I'll send you off to Nova

Scotia, as sure as you are born I will, I vow. Well, Lord, how that used to frighten me; it made my hair stand right up on eend, like a cat's back when she's wrothy; it made me drop as quick as wink—like a tin nightcap put on a dip candle agoin to bed, it put the fun right out. Neighbour Dearborn's darter married a gentleman to Yarmouth that spekilates in the smugglin line; well, when she went on board to sail down to Nova Scotia, all her folks took on as if it was a funeral; they said she was agoin for to be buried alive, like the nuns in Portengale that get a frolickin, break out of the pastur, and race off, and get catched and brought back agin. Says the old Colonel, her father, Deliverance, my dear, I would sooner foller you to your grave, for that would be an eend to your troubles, than to see you go off to that dismal country, that's nothing but an iceberg aground; and he howled as loud as an Irishman that tries to wake his wife when she is dead. Awful accounts we have of the country, that's a fact; but if the Province is not so bad as they make it out, the folks are a thousand times worse.

You've seen a flock of partridges of a frosty mornin in the fall, a crowdin out of the shade to a sunny spot, and huddlin up there in the warmth—well, the blue-noses have nothin else to do half the time but sun themselves. Whose fault is that? Why it is the fault of the legislatur; *they don't encourage internal improvement, nor the investment of capital in the country, and the result is apathy, inaction, and poverty.* They spend three months in Halifax, and what do they do? Father gave me a dollar once, to go to the fair at Hartford, and when I came back, says he, Sam, what have you got to show for it? Now I ax what they have got to show for their three months' sittin. They mislead folks: they make 'em believe all the use of the Assembly is to bark at Councillors, Judges, Bankers, and such cattle, to keep 'em from eatin up the crops; and it actilly costs more to feed them when they are watchin, than all the others could eat if they did break a fence and get in. Indeed some folks say they are the most breachy of the two, and ought to go to pound themselves. If their fences are good, them hungry cattle couldn't break through; and if they aint, they ought to stake 'em up, and withe them well; *but it's no use to*

make fences unless the land is cultivated. If I see a farm all gone to wrack, I say here's a bad husbandry and bad management; and if I see a Province like this, of great capacity and great nateral resources, poverty-stricken, I say there's bad legislation.

No, said he, (with an air of more seriousness than I had yet observed,) *how much it is to be regretted, that, laying aside personal attacks and petty jealousies, they would not unite as one man, and with one mind and one heart apply themselves sedulously to the internal improvement and developement of this beautiful Province. Its value is utterly unknown, either to the general or local Government, and the only persons who duly appreciate it are the Yankees.*

CHAPTER XVII.

A YANKEE HANDLE FOR A HALIFAX BLADE.

I MET a man this mornin, said the Clockmaker, from Halifax, a rael conceited lookin critter as you een amost ever seed, all shines and didos. He looked as if he had picked up his airs, after some officer of the rigilars had worn 'em out and cast 'em off. They sot on him like second-hand clothes, as if they hadn't been made for him, and didn't exactly fit. He looked fine, but awkward, like a captain of militia when he gets his uniform on, to play sodger; a thinkin himself mighty hand*sum'* and that all the world is a lookin at him. He marched up and down afore the street-door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as nateral; he had a ridin-whip in his hand, and every now and then struck it agin his thigh, as much as to say, Aint that a splendid leg for a boot, now? Won't I astonish the Amherst folks, that's all? Thinks I, You are a pretty blade, aint you? I'd like to fit a Yankee handle on to you, that's a fact. When I came up, he held up his head near about as high as a shot factory, and stood with his fists on his hips, and eyed me from head to foot, as a shakin quaker does a town lady; as much as to say, What a queer critter you be, that's

toggery I never seed afore, you're some carnal-minded maiden, that sartain.

Well, says he to me, with the air of a man that chucks a cent into a beggar's hat, A fine day this, sir. Do you actilly think so? said I, and I gave it the rael Connecticut drawl. Why, said he, quite short, if I didn't think so, I wouldn't say so. Well, says I, I don't know, but if I did think so, I guess I wouldn't say so. Why not? says he—Because I expect, says I, any fool could see that as well as me; and then I stared at him, as much as to say, now, if you like that are swap, I am ready to trade with you agin as soon as you like. Well, he turned right round on his heel, and walked off, a whislin Yankee Doodle to himself. He looked jist like a man that finds whislin a plaguy sight easier than thinkin.

Presently I heard him ax the groom who that are Yankee lookin feller was. That, said the groom; why I guess its Mr. Slick. Sho!! said he, how you talk. What, Slick the Clockmaker, why, it aint possible; I wish I had known that are afore, I declare, for I have a great curiosity to see *him*—folks say he is amazin clever feller that—and he turned and stared, as if it was Old Hickory himself. Then he walked round and about like a pig round the fence of a potatoe field, a watchin for a chance to cut in; so, thinks I, I'll jist give him somethin to talk about, when he gets back to the city, I'll fix a Yankee handle on him in no time.

How's times to Halifax, sir, said I. Better, says he, much better, business is done on a surer bottom than it was, and things look bright agin. So does a candle, says I, jist afore it goes out; it burns up ever so high, and then sinks right down, and leaves nothin behind but grease, and an everlastin bad smell. I guess they don't know how to feed their lamp, and it can't burn long on nothin. No, sir, the jig is up with Halifax, and it's all their own fault. If a man sits at his door, and sees stray cattle in his field, a eatin up of his crop, and his neighbours a cartin off his grain, and won't so much as go and drive 'em out, why I should say it sarves him right.

I don't exactly onderstand, sir, said he. Thinks I, It would be strange if you did, for I never see one of your folks yet that could understand a hawk from a handsaw. Well, says I, I will

tell you what I mean—draw a line from Cape Sable to Cape Cansoo, right through the province, and it will split into two, this way, and I cut an apple into two halves; now, says I, the worst half, like the rotten half of the apple, belongs to Halifax, and the other and sound half belongs to St. John. Your side of the province on the sea coast is all stone—I never see such a proper sight of rocks in my life, it's enough to starve a rabbit. Well, t'other side on the Bay of Fundy is a superfine country, there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere. Now, wouldn't the folks livin away up to the Bay be pretty fools to go to Halifax, when they can go to St. John with half the trouble. St. John is the nateral capital of the Bay of Fundy, it will he the largest city in America next to New York. It has an immense back country as big as Great Britain, a first chop river, and amazin sharp folks, most as 'cute as the Yankees—it's a splendid location for business. Well, they draw all the produce of the Bay shores, and where the produce goes the supplies return—it will take the whole trade of the Province; I guess your rich folks will find they've burnt their fingers, they've put their foot in it, that's a fact. Houses without tenants, wharves without shippin, a town without people—what a grand investment!! If you have any loose dollars, let 'em out on mortgage in Halifax, that's the security—keep clear of the country for your life—the people may run, but the town can't. No, take away the troops and you're done—you'll sing the dead march folks did to Louisburg and Shelburne. Why you hant got a single thing worth havin, but a good harbour, and as for that, the coast is full on 'em. You havn't a pine log, a spruce board, or a refuse shingle; you neither raise wheat, oats, or hay, nor never can; you have no staples on airth, unless it be them iron ones for the padlocks in Bridewell—you've sowed pride and reaped poverty, take care of your crop, for it's worth harvestin—you have no river and no country, what in the name of fortin have you to trade on?

But, said he, (and he shewed the whites of his eyes like a wall-eyed horse,) but, said he, Mr. Slick, how is it, then, Halifax ever grew at all, hasn't it got what it always had? it's no worse than it was. I guess, said I, that pole aint strong enough to bear you neither; if you trust to that you'll be into the brook,

as sure as you are born; you once had the trade of the whole Province, but St. John has run off with that now—you've lost all but your trade in blue berries and rabbits with the niggers at Hammond Plains. *You've lost your customers, your rivals have a better stand for business—they've got the corner stone—four great streets meet there, and it's near the market slip.*

Well, he stared; says he, I believe you're right, but I never thought of that afore; (thinks I, Nobody ever suspected you of the trick of thinkin that ever I heer'd tell of:) some of our great men, said he, laid it all to your folks sellin so many Clocks and Polyglot Bibles, they say you have taken off a horrid sight of money. Did they, indeed, said I; well, I guess it tante pins and needles that's the expense of house-keepin, it is something more costly than that. Well, some folks say it's the Banks, says he. Better still, says I, perhaps you've heard tell, too, that greasin the axle makes a gig harder to draw, for there's jist about as much sense in that. Well, then, says he, others say it's smugglin has made us so poor. That guess, says I, is most as good as t'other one, whoever found out that secret ought to get a patent for it, for it's worth knowin. Then the country has grown poorer, hasn't it, because it has bought cheaper this year than it did the year before? Why, your folks are 'cute chaps I vow; they'd puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer, they are so amazin knowin. Ah, said he, and he rubb'd his hands and smiled like a young doctor, when he gets his first patient; ah, said he, if the timber duties are altered, down comes St. John, body and breeches, it's built on a poor foundation—it's all show—they are speculatin like mad—they'll ruin themselves. Says I, If you wait till they're dead for your fortin, it will be one while, I tell you, afore you pocket the shiners. It's no joke waiting for a dead man's shoes. Suppose an old feller of eighty was to say, when that are young feller dies, I'm to inherit his property, what would you think? Why I guess you'd think he was an old fool. *No, Sir, if the English don't want their timber we do want it all, we have used ourn up, we hant got a stick even to whittle.* If the English dont offer we will, and St. John, like a dear little weepin wider, will dry up her tears, and take to frolickin agin, and accept it right off.

There isn't at this moment such a location hardly in America

as St. John; for beside all its other advantages, it has this great one, its only rival, Halifax, has got a dose of opium that will send it snorin out of the world, like a feller who falls asleep on the ice of a winter's night. It has been asleep so long, I actilly think it never will wake. Its an easy death too, you may rouse them up if you like, but I vow I wont. I once brought a feller too that was drowned, and one night he got drunk and quilted me, I couldn't walk for a week; says I, Youre the last chap I'll ever save from drownin in all my born days, if that's all the thanks I get for it. No, Sir, Halifax has lost the run of its custom. Who does Yarmouth trade with? St. John. Who does Annapolis County trade with? St. John. Who do all the folks on the Basin of Mines, and Bay shore, trade with? St. John. Who does Cumberland trade with? St. John. Well, Pictou, Lunenburg, and Liverpool supply themselves, and the rest, that aint worth havin, trade with Halifax. They take down a few starved pigs, old viteran geese, and long-legged fowls, some ram mutton and tuf beef, and swap them for tea, sugar, and such little notions for their old women to home: while the railroads and canals of St. John are goin to cut off your Gulf shore trade to Miramichi, and along there. Flies live in the summer and die in winter, you're jist as noisy in war as those little critters, but you sing small in peace.

No, you're done for, you are up a tree, you may depend, pride must fall. Your town is like a ball-room arter a dance. The folks have eat, drank, and frolicked, and left an empty house; the lamps and hangings are left, but the people are gone.

Is there no remedy for this? said he, and he looked as wild as a Cherokee Indian. Thinks I, The handle is fitten on proper tight now. Well, says I, when a man has a cold, he had ought to look out pretty sharp, afore it gets seated on his lungs; if he don't, he gets into a gallopin consumption, and it's gone goose with him. There is a remedy, if applied in time: *make a railroad to Minas Basin, and you have a way for your customers to get to you, and a conveyance for your goods to them.* When I was to New York last, a cousin of mine, Hezekiah Slick, said to me, I do believe, Sam, I shall be ruined; I've lost all my custom, they are widenin and improvin the streets, and there's so many carts and people to work in it, folks can't come to my shop to

trade; what on airth shall I do, and I'm payin a dreadful high rent, too? Stop Ki, says I, when the street is all finished off and slicked up, they'll all come back agin, and a whole raft on em too, you'll sell twice as much as ever you did, you'll put off a proper swad of goods next year, you may depend; and so he did, he made money, hand over hand. A railroad will bring back your customers, if done right off; but wait till trade has made new channels, and fairly gets settled in them, and you'll never divart it agin to all etarnity. When a feller waits till a gall gets married, I guess it will be too late to pop the question then.

St. John *must* go ahead at any rate; you *may*, if you choose, but you must exert yourselves, I tell you. If a man has only one leg, and wants to walk, he must get an artificial one. If you have no river, make a railroad, and that will supply its place. But, says he, Mr. Slick, people say it never will pay in the world, they say its as mad a scheme as the canal. Do they, indeed? says I; send them to me then, and I'll fit the handle on to them in tu tu's. I say it will pay, and the best proof is, our folks will take tu thirds of the stock. Did you ever hear any one else but your folks ax whether a dose of medicine would pay when it was given to save life? If that everlastin long Erie canal can secure to New York the supply of that far off country, most tother side of creation, surely a railroad of forty-five miles can give you the trade of the Bay of Fundy. A railroad will go from Halifax to Windsor and make them one town, easier to send goods from one to tother, than from Governor Campbell's House to Admiral Cockburn's. A bridge makes a town, a river makes a town, a canal makes a town, but a railroad is bridge, river, thoroughfare, canal, all in one: what a whappin large place that would make, wouldn't it? It would be the dandy, that's a fact. No, when you go back, take a piece of chalk, and the first dark night, right on every door in Halifax, in large letters—*a railroad*—and if they don't know the meanin of it, says you, its a Yankee word; if you'll go to Sam Slick, the Clockmaker (the chap that fixed a Yankee handle on to a Halifax blade, and I made him a scrape of my leg, as much as to say that's you), every man that buys a clock shall hear all about a *Railroad*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAHAMITE AND THE IRISH PILOT.

I THINK, said I, this is a happy country, Mr. Slick. The people are fortunately all of one origin, there are no national jealousies to divide, and no very violent politics to agitate them. They appear to be cheerful and contented, and are a civil, good-natured, hospitable race. Considering the unsettled state of almost every part of the world, I think I would as soon cast my lot in Nova Scotia as in any part I know of.

Its a clever country, you may depend, said he, a very clever country; full of mineral wealth, aboundin in superior water privileges and noble harbours, a large part of it prime land, and it is in the very heart of the fisheries. But the folks put me in mind of a sect in our country they call the Grahamites—they eat no meat and no excitin food, and drink nothin stronger than water. They call it Philosophy (and that is such a pretty word it has made fools of more folks than them afore now), but I call it tarnation nonsense. I once travelled through the State of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; a real gander-gutted lookin critter, as holler as a bamboo walkin cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, The Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved lookin critter, you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swaller a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

Well, when we came to an inn, and a beef-steak was sot afore us for dinner, he'd say: Oh, that is too good for me, it's too excitin: all fat meat is diseased meat—give me some bread and

cheese. Well, I'd say, I don't know what you call too good, but it tante good enough for me, for I call it as tuf as laushong, and that will bear chawing all day. When I liquidate for my dinner, I like to get about the best that's goin, and I an't a bit too well pleased if I don't. Excitin indeed!! thinks I. Lord, I should like to see you excited, if it was only for the fun of the thing. What a temptin lookin crittur you'd be among the galls, wouldn't you? Why, you look like a subject the doctor boys had dropped on the road arter they had dug you up, and had cut stick and run for it.

Well, when tea come, he said the same thing, It's too excitin, give me some water, do; that's follorin the law of natur. Well, says I, if that's the case, you ought to eat beef. Why, says he, how do you make out that are proposition? Why, says I, if drinkin water, instead of tea, is natur, so is eating grass according to natur; now all flesh is grass, we are told, so you had better eat that and call it vegetable: like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had none, whipped a leg o'mutton into the oven, and took it out fish; says he, Its 'changed *plaice*,' that's all, and '*plaice*' ain't a bad fish. The Catholics fast enough, gracious knows, but then they fast on a great rousin big splendid salmon at two dollars and forty cents a pound, and lots of old Madeiry to make it float light on the stomach; there's some sense in mortifyin the appetite arter that fashion, but plaguy little in your way. No, says I, friend, you may talk about natur as you please, I've studied natur all my life, and I vow if your natur could speak out, it would tell you, it don't over half like to be starved arter that plan. If you know'd as much about the marks of the mouth as I do, you'd know that you have carniverous as well as graniverous teeth, and that natur meant by that, you should eat most anythin that are door-keeper, your nose, would give a ticket to, to pass into your mouth. Father rode a race to New York course, when he was near hand to seventy, and that's more nor you'll do, I guess, and he eats as hearty as a turkey cock, and he never confined himself to water neither, when he could get anything convened him better. Says he, Sam, grandfather Slick used to say there was an old proverb in Yorkshire, 'A full belly makes a strong back,' and I guess if you try it, natur will tell you so

too. If ever you go to Connecticut, jist call into father's, and he'll give you a rael right down genu*ine* New England breakfast, and if that don't happify your heart, then my name's not Sam Slick. It will make you feel about among the stiffest, I tell you. It will blow your jacket out like a pig at sea. You'll have to shake a reef or two out of your waistbans and make good stowage, I guess, to carry it all under hatches. There's nothin like a good pastur to cover the ribs, and make the hide shine, depend on't.

Now this Province is like that are Grahamite lawyer's beef, it's too good for the folks that's in it; they either don't avail its valy or won't use it, because work aint arter their 'law of natur.' As you say, they are quiet enough (there's worse folks than the blue-noses, too, if you come to that,) and so they had ought to be quiet, for they have nothin to fight about. As for politics, they have nothin to desarve the name; but they talk enough about it, and a plaguy sight of nonsense they do talk, too.

Now with us, the country is divided into two parties of the mammouth breed, the *ins* and the *outs*, the *administration* and the *opposition*. But where's the administration here? Where's the War Office, the Foreign Office, and the Home Office? where's the Secretary of the Navy? where the State Bank? where's the Ambassadors and Diplomatists (them are the boys to wind off a snarl of ravellins as slick as if it were on a reel) and where's that Ship of State, fitted up all the way from the forecastle clean up to the starn post, chuck full of good snug berths, handsomely found and furnished, tier over tier, one above another, as thick as it can hold? That's a helm worth handlen, I tell you: I don't wonder that folks mutiny below, and fight on the decks above for it—it makes a plaguy uproar the whole time, and keeps the passengers for everlastinly in a state of alarm for fear they'd do mischif by bustin the byler, a runnin aground, or gettin foul of some other craft.

This Province is better as it is, quieter and happier far; they have berths enough and big enough, they should be careful not to increase 'em: and if they were to do it over agin, perhaps they'd be as well with fewer. They have two parties here, the Tory party and the Opposition party, and both on 'em run to

extremes. Them radicals, says one, are for levellin all down to their own level, tho' not a peg lower; that's their gage, jist down to their own notch and no further; and they'd agitate the whole country to obtain that object, for if a man can't grow to be as tall as his neighbour, if he cuts a few inches off him why then they are both of one height. They are a most dangerous, disaffected people—they are eternally appealin to the worst passions of the mob. Well, says t'other, them aristocrats, they'll ruinate the country, they spend the whole revenu on themselves. What with Bankers, Councillors, Judges, Bishops, and Public Officers, and a whole tribe of lawyers as hungry as hawks, and jist about as marciful, the country is devoured, as if there was a flock of locusts a feeding on it. There's nothin left for roads and bridges. When a chap sets out to canvass, he's got to antagonise one side or t'other. If he hangs on to the powers that be, then he's a Councilman, he's for votin large salaries, for doin as the great people at Halifax tell him. *He is a fool.* If he is on t'other side, a railin at Banks, Judges, Lawyers, and such cattle, and baulin for what he knows he can't get, then *He is a rogue.* So that, if you were to listen to the weak and noisy critters on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was *one-half rogues and t'other half fools.* All this arises from ignorance. *If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one-half their fears and all their abuse. The upper class don't know one-half the vartue that's in the middlin and lower classes; and they don't know one-half the integrity and good feeling that's in the others, and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin champions.* Take any two men that are by the ears, they opinionate all they hear of each other, impute all sorts of onworthy motives, and misconstrue every act; let them see more of each other, and they'll find out to their surprise, that they have not only been looking thro' a magnifyin glass, that warn't very true, but a coloured one also, that changed the complexion and distorted the features, and each one will think t'other a very good kind of chap, and like as not a plaguy pleasant one too.

If I was axed which side was farthest from the mark in this Province, I vow I should be puzzled to say. As I don't belong to the country, and don't care a snap of my finger for either of

'em, I suppose I can judge better than any man in it, but I snore I don't think there's much difference. The popular side (I wont say patriotic, for we find in our steam-boats a man who has a plaguy sight of property in his portmanter is quite as anxious for its safety as him that's only one pair of yarn stockings and a clean shirt, is for hisn) the popular side are not so well informed as tother, and they have the misfortin of havin their passions addressed more than their reason, therefore they are often out of the way, or rather led out of it, and put astray by bad guides; well, tother side have the prejudices of birth and iducation to dim their vision, and are alarmed to undertake a thing, from the dread of ambush or open foes, that their guides are etarnally descrying in the mist—*and beside, power has a nateral tendency to corpulency.* As for them guides, I'd make short work of 'em if it was me.

In the last war with Britain, the Constitution frigate was close in once on the shores of Ireland, a lookin arter some marchant ships, and she took on board a pilot; well, he was a deep, sly, twistical looking chap, as you can een amost ever seed. He had a sort of dark down look about him, and a lear out of the corner of one eye, like a horse that's going to kick. The captain guessed he read in his face, 'Well, now, if I was to run this here Yankee right slap on a rock and bilge her, the King would make a man of me for ever.' So, says he to the first leftenant, Reeve a rope thro' that are block to the tip eend of the fore yard, and clap a running nuse in it. The leftenant did it as quick as wink, and came back, and says he, I guess it's done. Now, says the Captain, look here, pilot, here's a rope you han't seed yet, I'll jist explain the use of it to you in case you want the loan of it. If this here frigate, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, gets aground, I'll give you a ride on the slack of that are rope, right up to that yard by the neck, by Gum. Well, it rub'd all the writin out of his face, as quick as spitten on a slate takes a sum out, you may depend. Now, they should rig up a crane over the street door of the State House to Halifax, and when any of the pilots at either eend of the buildin, run 'em on the breakers on purpose, string 'em up like an onesafe dog. A sign of that are kind, with 'a house of public entertainment,' painted onder it, would do the business

in less than no time. If it would'nt keep the hawks out of the poultry yard, it's a pity—it would scare them out of a year's growth, that's a fact—if they had used it once, I guess they wouldn't have occasion for it agin in a hurry—it would be like the Aloe tree, and that bears fruit only once in a hundred years.

If you want to know how to act any time, Squire, never go to books, leave them to galls and school boys, but go right off and cypher it out of natur, that's a sure guide, it will never deceive you, you may depend. For instance, *what's that to me?* is a phrase so common that it shows it's a nateral one, when people have no partikilar interest in a thing. Well, when a feller gets so warm on either side as never to use that phrase at all, watch him, that's all! keep your eye on him, or he'll walk right into you afore you know where you be. If a man runs to me and says, 'Your fence is down,' Thank you, says I, that's kind—if he comes agin and says, 'I guess some stray cattle have broke into your short scarce garden,' I thank him agin; says I, Come now, this is neighborly; but when he keeps etarnally telling me this thing of one sarvant, and that thing of another sarvant, hints that my friends an't true, that my neighbours are inclined to take advantage of me, and that suspicious folks are seen about my place, I say to myself, What on earth makes this critter take such a wonderful interest in my affairs? I dont like to hear such tales—he's arter something as sure as the world, if he warnt he'd say, '*what's that to me?*' I never believe much what I heer said by a man's *violent friend*, or *violent enemy*. I want to hear what a disinterested man has to say—*now, as a disinterested man, I say if the members of the House of Assembly, instead of raisin up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, and to show what swordsmen they be, a cuttin and a thrustin at phantoms that only exist in their own brains, would turn to heart and hand, and develope the resources of this fine country, facilitate the means of transport, promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the richest and greatest, as it now is one of the happiest sections of all America—I hope I may be skinned if they wouldn't—they would, I swan.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOCKMAKER QUILTS A BLUE-NOSE.

THE descendants of Eve have profited little by her example. The curiosity of the fair sex is still insatiable, and, as it is often ill-directed, it frequently terminates in error. In the country, this feminine propensity is troublesome to a traveller, and he who would avoid importunities, would do well to announce at once, on his arrival at a Cumberland Inn, his name and his business, the place of his abode, and the length of his visit.

Our beautiful hostess, Mrs. Pugwash, as she took her seat at the breakfast table this morning, exhibited the example that suggested these reflections. She was struck with horror at our conversation, the latter part only of which she heard, and of course misapplied and misunderstood.

She was run down by the President, said I, and has been laid up for some time. Gulard's people have stripped her, in consequence of her making water so fast. Stripped whom? said Mrs. Pugwash as she suddenly dropped the tea-pot from her hand; stripped whom,—for heaven's sake tell me who it is? The Lady Ogle, said I. Lady Ogle, said she, how horrid! Two of her ribs were so broken as to require to be replaced with new ones. Two new ribs! said she, well I never heerd the beat of that in all my born days; poor critter, how she must have suffered. On examining her below the waist they found— Examinin her still lower, said she, (all the pride of her sex revolting at the idea of such an indecent exhibition), you don't pretend to say they stripped her below the waist; what did the Admiral say? Did he stand by and see her handled in that way? The Admiral, Madam, said I, did not trouble his head about it. They found her extremely unsound there, and much worm-eaten. Worm-eaten, she continued, how awful! it must have been them nasty jiggers that got in there they tell me they are dreadful thick in the West Indies; Joe Crow had them in his feet, and lost two of his toes. Worm-eaten, dear,

dear! but still that aint so bad as havin them great he fellers strip one. I promise you if them Gulards had undertaken to strip me, I'd a taught them different guess manners; I'd a died first before I'd submitted to it. I always heerd tell the English quality ladies were awful bold, but I never heerd the like o' that.

What on airth are you drivin at? said Mr. Slick. I never seed you so much out in your latitude afore, marm, I vow. We were talkin of repairin a vessel, not strippin a woman; what onder the sun could have put that are crotchet into your head? She looked mortified and humbled at the result of her own absurd curiosity, and soon quitted the room. I thought I should have snorted right out two or three times, said the Clockmaker; I had to pucker up my mouth like the upper eend of a silk puss, to keep from yawhawin in her face, to hear the critter let her clapper run that fashion. She is not the first hand that has caught a lobster, by puttin in her oar afore her turn, I guess. She'll mind her stops next hitch, I reckon. This was our last breakfast at Amherst.

An early frost that smote the potatoe fields, and changed the beautiful green colour of the Indian corn into shades of light yellow, and dark brown, reminded me of the presence of autumn—of the season of short days and bad roads. I determined to proceed at once to Parrsboro, and thence by the Windsor and Kentville route to Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Shelburne, and to return by the shore road through Liverpool and Lunenburg to Halifax. I therefore took leave (though not without much reluctance) of the Clockmaker, whose intention had been to go to Fort Lawrence. Well, said he, I vow I am sorry to part company along with you; a considerable long journey, like ourn, is like sittin up late with the galls, a body knows it's gettin on pretty well towards mornin, and yet feels loth to go to bed, for it's just the time folks grow sociable.

I got a scheme in my head, said he, that I think will answer both on us; I got debts due to me in all them are places for Clocks sold by the concarn; now spose you leave your horse on these marshes this fall, he'll get as fat as a fool, he won't be able to see out of his eyes in a month, and I'll put '*Old Clay*,' (I call him Clay arter our senator, who is a prime bit of stuff) into

a Yankee waggon I have here, and drive you all round the coast.

This was too good an offer to be declined. A run at grass for my horse, an easy and comfortable waggon, and a guide so original and amusing as Mr. Slick, were either of them enough to induce my acquiescence.

As soon as we had taken our seats in the waggon, he observed, We shall progress rael handsum now; that are horse goes etarnal fast, he near about set my axle on fire twice. He's a spanker, you may depend. I had him when he was a two year old, all legs and tail, like a devil's darnin needle, and had him broke on purpose by father's old nigger, January Snow. He knows English rael well, and can do near about anything but speak it. He helped me once to ginn a blue-nose a proper handsum quiltin. He must have stood a poor chance indeed, said I, a horse kicking, and a man striking him at the same time. Oh! not arter that pattern at all, said he; Lord, if Old Clay had a kicked him, he'd a smashed him like that are sarcer you broke at Pugnose's inn, into ten hundred thousand million flinders. Oh! no, if I didn't fix his flint for him in fair play, it's a pity. I'll tell you how it was. I was up to Truro, at Ezra Whitter's inn. There was an arbitration there atween Deacon Text and Deacon Faithful. Well, there was a nation sight of folks there, for they said it was a biter bit, and they came to witness the sport, and to see which critter would get the ear mark.

Well, I'd been doin a little business there among the folks, and had jist sot off for the river, mounted on Old Clay, arter takin a glass of Ezra's most particular handsum Jamaiky, and was trottin off pretty slick, when who should I run agin but Tim Bradley. He is a dreadful ugly, cross-grained critter, as you een amost ever seed, when he is about half shaved. Well, I stopped short, and says I, Mr. Bradley, I hope you beant hurt, I'm proper sorry I run agin you, you can't feel uglier than I do about it, I do assure you. He called me a Yankee pedlar, a cheatin vagabond, a wooden nutmeg, and threw a good deal of assorted hardware of that kind at me; and the crowd of folks cried out, Down with the Yankee, let him have it, Tim, teach him better manners; and they carried on pretty high I tell you.

Well, I got my dander up too, I felt all up on eend like; and thinks I to myself, My lad, if I get a clever chance, I'll give you such a quiltin as you never had since you were raised from a seedlin, I vow. So, says I, Mr. Bradley, I guess you had better let me be; you know I can't fight no more than a cow—I never was brought up to wranglin, and I don't like it. Haul off the cowardly rascal, they all bawled out, haul him off, and lay it into him. So he lays right hold of me by the collar, and gives me a pull, and I lets on as if I had lost my balance, and falls right down. Then I jumps up on eend, and says I, 'Go ahead, Clay,' and the old horse he sets off ahead, so I knew I had him when I wanted him. Then, says I, I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Bradley, with that are ongenteel fall you ginn me. Well, he makes a blow at me, and I dodged it; now, says I, you'll be sorry for this, I tell you, I won't be treated this way for nothin; I'll go right off, and swear my life agin you, I'm amost afeerd you'll murder me. Well, he strikes at me agin (thinkin he had a genuine soft horn to deal with), and hits me in the shoulder. Now, says I, I wont stand here to be lathered like a dog all day long, this fashion, it tante pretty at all, I guess I'll give you a chase for it. Off I sets arter my horse like mad, and he arter me (I did that to get clear of the crowd, so that I might have fair play at him). Well, I soon found I had the heels of him, and could play him as I liked. Then I slackened up a little, and when he came close up to me, so as nearly to lay his hand upon me, I squatted right whap down, all short, and he pitched over me near about a rod or so, I guess, on his head, and plowed up the ground with his nose, the matter of a foot or two. If he didn't polish up the coulter, and both mould boards of his face, it's a pity. Now, says I, you had better lay where you be, and let me go, for I'm proper tired; I blow like a horse that's got the heaves; and, besides, says I, I guess you had better wash your face, for I'm most afeerd you hurt yourself. That ryled him properly; I meant that it should; so he ups and at me awful spiteful, like a bull; then I let's him have it, right, left, right, jist three corkers, beginnin with the right hand, shifting to the left, and then with the right hand agin. This way I did it, said the Clockmaker, (and he showed me the manner in which it was done), it's a

beautiful way of hittin, and always does the business—a blow for each eye, and one for the mouth. It sounds like ten pounds ten on a blacksmith's anvil; I bunged up both eyes for him, and put in the dead lights in two tu's, and drew three of his teeth, quicker, a plaguy sight, than the Truro doctor could, to save his soul alive. Now, says I, my friend, when you recover your eyesight, I guess you'll see your mistake—I warn't born in the woods to be scared by an owl. The next time you feel in a most particular elegant good humour, come to me, and I'll play you the second part of that identical same tune, that's a fact.

With that, I whistled for Old Clay, and back he comes, and I mounted and off, jist as the crowd came up. The folks looked staggered, and wondered a little grain how it was done so cleverly in short metre. If I didn't quilt him in no time you may depend; I went right slap into him, like a flash of lightnin into a gooseberry bush. He found his suit ready made and fitted afore he thought he was half measured. Thinks I, Friend Bradley, I hope you know yourself now, for I vow no livin soul would: you swallowed your soup without singin out scaldins, and you're near about a pint nearer cryin than larfin.

Yes, as I was sayin, this 'Old Clay' is a real knowin one, he's as spry as a colt, yet, clear grit, ginger to the back bone; I can't help a thinkin sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentuck, half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the airthquake.

I hope I may be tee-totally ruinated, if I'd take eight hundred dollars for him. Go ahead, you old clinker-built villain, said he, and show the gentleman how wonderful hand*sum* you can travel. Give him the real Connecticut quick step. That's it, that's the way to carry the President's message to Congress, from Washinton to New York, in no time—that's the go to carry a gall from Boston to Rhode Island, and trice her up to a Justice to be married afore her father's out of a bed of a summer's mornin. Aint he a beauty? a rael doll? none of your Cumberland critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they won't go: but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothin, all out of his own head volun*terrily*. Yes, a horse like 'Old Clay,' is worth the whole seed, breed, and generation of them Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse, every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, is *Old Clay*.

CHAPTER XX.

SISTER SALL'S COURTSHIP.

THERE goes one of them are everlastin rottin poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's legs, said the Clockmaker. They remind me of a trap Jim Munroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than tother. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle feller he was—he came from Onion County in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin Sister Sall—she was a rael handsum looking gall; you scarce ever seed a more out and out complete critter than she was—a fine figur head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the state; a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she wouldn't, and we got plaguy oneasy about it, for his character was none of the best. He was a universal favourite with the galls, and tho' he didn't behave very pretty neither, forgetting to marry where he promised, and where he hadn't ought to have forgot too; yet so it was, he had such an uncommon winnin way with him, he could talk them over in no time—Sall was fairly bewitched.

At last, father said to him one evenin when he came a courtin, Jim, says he, you'll never come to no good, if you act like old Scratch as you do; you aint fit to come into no decent man's house, at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sall's goin to them are huskin parties and quiltin frolics along with you no more, on no account, for you know how Polly Brown and Nancy White ————. Now, don't says he, now don't, Uncle Sam; say no more about that; if you know'd all, you wouldn't say it was my fault; and, besides, I have turned right about, I am on tother tack now, and the long leg, too; I am as steady as a pump bolt, now. I intend to settle myself and take a farm. Yes, yes, and you could stock it too by all

accounts, pretty well, unless you are much misreported, says father, but it won't do. I knowd your father, he was our sargeant, a proper clever and brave man he was, too; he was one of the heroes of our glorious revolution. I had a great respect for him, and I am sorry, for his sake, you will act as you do; but I tell you once for all, you must give up all thoughts of Sall, now and for everlastin. When Sall heerd this, she began to nit away like mad in a desperate hurry—she looked foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite in her breath, and look if there was nothin partikilar in the wind, then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon, and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap off her seat on the floor, in a faintin fit. I see, says father, I see it now, you etarnal villain, and he made a pull at the old fashioned sword, that always hung over the fire place, (we used to call it old Bunker, for his stories always begun, 'When I was at Bunker's Hill,') and drawin it out he made a clip at him as wicked as if he was stabbin a rat with a hay-fork; but, Jim, he outs of the door like a shot, and draws it to arter him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. I'll chop you up as fine as mince meat, you villain, said he, if ever I catch you inside my door agin; mind what I tell you, '*you'll swing for it yet.*' Well, he made himself considerable scarce arter that, he never sot foot inside the door agin, and I thought he had ginn up all hopes of Sall, and she of him; when one night, a most particular oncommon dark night, as I was a comin home from neighbour Dearborne's, I heerd some one a talkin under Sall's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saplin, but Jim Munroe, a tryin to persuade Sall to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled, he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, jist at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he axes her to reach down her hand for him to kiss, (for he was proper clever at soft sawder) and she stretches it down and he kisses it; and says he, I believe I must have the whole of you arter all, and gives her a jirk that kinder startled her; it came so sudden like, it made her scream: so off he sot hot foot, and over the gate in no time.

Well, I cyphered over this all night, a calculatin how I should reciprocate that trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I reccollected father's words at partin, '*mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet,*' and thinks I, Friend Jim, I'll make the prophecy come true, yet, I guess. So the next night, jist at dark, I gives January Snow the old nigger, a nidge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out and he arter me—says I, January, can you keep your tongue within your teeth, you old nigger you? Why, massa, why you ax that are question? my Gor Ormity, you tink Old Snow he dont know that are yet; my tongue he got plenty room now, debil a tooth left, he can stretch out ever so far, like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quiet enough, massa, neber fear. Well, then, says I, bend down that are ash saplin softly, you old Snowball, and make no noise. The saplin was no sooner bent than secured to the ground by a notched peg and a noose, and a slip knot was suspended from the tree, jist over the track that led from the pathway to the house. Why, my Gor, massa that's a ——. Hold your mug, you old nigger, says I, or I'll send your tongue a sarchin arter your teeth; keep quiet, and follow me in presently.

Well, jist as it struck nine o'clock, says I, Sally, hold this here hank of twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a dear critter. She sot down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down stairs. Sam, says she, I do believe you won't wind that are twine off all night, do give it to January, I won't stay no longer, I'm een amost dead asleep. The old feller's arm is so plaguy onsteady, says I, it won't do; but hark, what's that, I'm sure I heerd something in the ash saplin, didn't you, Sall? I heerd the geese there, that's all, says she; they always come onder the windows at night: but she looked scared enough, and says she, I vow I'm tired a holdin out of arms this way, and I won't do it no longer: and down she throw'd the hank on the floor. Well, says I, stop one minit, dear, till I send old January out to see if any body is there; perhaps some o' neighbour Dearborne's cattle have broke into the scarce garden. January went out, tho' Sall say'd it was no use, for

she knew the noise of the geese, they always kept close to the house at night, for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Snow, with his hair standin up an eend, and the whites of his eyes lookin as big as the rims of a soup plate; Oh! Gor Ormity, said he, oh massa, oh Miss Sally oh!! What on airth is the matter with you, said Sally, how you do frighten me, I vow I believe you're mad—Oh my Gor, said he, oh! massa Jim Munroe he hang himself, on the ash saplin under Miss Sally's vindow—oh my Gor!!! That shot was a settler, it struck poor Sall right atwixt wind and water: she gave a lurch ahead, then heeled over and sunk right down in another fainting fit; and Juno, old Snow's wife, carried her off and laid down on the bed—poor thing, she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

Well, father, I thought he'd a fainted too, he was so struck up all of a heap, he was completely bung fungered: Dear, dear, said he, I didn't think it would come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come; I foretold it, says I; the last time I seed him, Jim, says I, mind what you say, *you'll swing for it yet.* Give me the sword I wore when I was at Bunker's hill, may be there is life yet, I'll cut him down. The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the ash saplin. Cut me down, Sam, that's a good feller, said Jim, all the blood in my body was swashed into my head, and's a runnin out o' my nose, I'm een a most smothered—be quick, for heaven's sake. The Lord be praised, said father, the poor sinner is not quite dead yet. Why, as I'm alive—well if that don't beat all natur, why he has hanged himself by one leg, and's a swingin like a rabbit upside down, that's a fact. Why, if he aint snared, Sam, he is properly wired I declare—I vow this is some of your doings, Sam—well, it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess. Don't stand starin and jawin there all night, said Jim, cut me down, I tell you—or cut my throat and be damned to you, for I am choaking with blood. Roll over that are hogshead, old Snow, said I, till I get a top on it and cut him down; so I soon released him, but he couldn't walk a bit. His ancle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he swore one leg was near about six inches longer than t'other. Jim Munroe, says father, little did I think I should ever see

you inside my door agin, but I bid you enter now, we owe you that kindness, any how.

Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chap fallen, and so down in the mouth, he begged for heaven's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would *run* the state, if ever it got wind, he was sure he couldn't *stand* it. It will be one while, I guess, said father, afore you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it a secret, but you shall be a welcome guest at old Sam Slick's once more, for the sake of your father—he was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill, he was our sergeant and ——. He promises, says I, father, (for the old man had stuck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stir a peg, it was a grand chance, and he was a goin to give him the whole revolution from General Gage up to Independence)—he promises, says I, father. Well it was all settled, and things soon grew as calm as a pan of milk two days old; and afore a year was over, Jim was as steady agoin a man as Minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Sall. Nothin was ever said about the snare till arter the weddin. When the minister had finished axin a blessin, father goes up to Jim, and says he, Jim Munroe, my boy, givin him a rousin slap on the shoulder that sot him a coughin for the matter of five minutes (for he was a mortal powerful man was father) Jim Munroe, my boy, says he, you've got the snare round your neck I guess now, instead of your leg; the saplin has been a father to you, may you be a father of many saplins.

We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into a corner, and gave him chapter and varse of the whole war. Every now and then as I come near them, I heard Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, Clinton, Gates, and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, Minister, we hadn't time this hitch, or I'd a told you all about the *Evakyation* of New York, but I'll tell you that next time we meet.

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTING UP FOR A GOVERNOR.

I NEVER sec one of them queer little odd-fashioned teapots, ɛe that are in the cupboard of Marm Pugwash, said the Clock-aker, that I don't think of Lawyer Crowningshield and his ife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an enin with them. Arter I had been there a while, the black ɔuse-help brought in a little homc-made dipt candle, stuck in turnip sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and sot it ɔwn on the table. Why, says the lawyer to his wife, Increase, y dear, what on airth is the meaning o' that? What does ttle Viney mean by bringin in such a light as this, that ain't t for even a log hut of one of our free and enlightened citizens way down east; where's the lamp? My dear, says she, I rdered it—you know they are a goin to set you up for a ɔovernor next year, and I allot we must economise or we will e ruined—the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you now, and you'll have to give up your practice—we can't afford othin now.

Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee China eapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups nd sarcers about the bigness of children's toys. When he seed hat, he grew most peskily ryled, his under lip curled down like peach leaf that's got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth nd showed his grinders, like a bull dog. What foolery is this? aid he. My dear, said she, it's the foolery of bein Governor; f you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to bein the first rung n the ladder, don't blame me for it. I didn't nominate you. I had no art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that arc Con-vention, at Town Hall. Well, he sot for some time without sayin a word, lookin as black as a thunder cloud, just ready to make all natur crack agin. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife's chair, and takin her face between his two hands, he turns it up, and gives her a buss that went off like a

pistol—it fairly made my mouth water to see him; thinks I, Them lips aint a bad bank to deposit one's spare kisses in, neither. Increase, my dear, said he, I believe you are half right, I'll decline to-morrow, I'll have nothin to do with it—*I won't be a Governor, on no account.*

Well, she had to haw and to gee like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands: and then she said, Zachariah, says she, how you do act, aint you ashamed? Do for gracious sake behave himself; and she coloured up all over like a crimson piany; if you hav'nt foozled all my hair too, that's a fact, says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as fun, though poutin all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well-dressed house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a rael London touch, and another with a tea-tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and tea-pot, and a cream jug and sugar bowl of the same genu*ine* metal, and a most elegant set of rael gilt china. Then came in Marm Crowningshield herself, lookin as proud as if she wouldn't call the President her cousin: and she gave the lawyer a look, as much as to say, I guess when Mr. Slick is gone, I'll pay you off that are kiss with interest, you dear, you—I'll answer a bill at sight for it, I will, you may depend.

I believe, said he agin, you are right, Increase, my dear; its an expensive kind of honour that bein Governor, and no great thanks nither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider—its enough I guess for a man to govern his own family, aint it, dear? Sartin, my love, said she, sartin, a man is never so much in his own proper sphere as there; and beside, said she, his will is supreme to home, there is no danger of any one non-concurring him there, and she gave me a sly look, as much as to say, I let him think he is master in his own house, *for when ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide em;* but I allot, Mr. Slick, you can see with half an eye that the 'grey mare is the better horse here.'

What a pity it is, continued the Clockmaker, that the blue noses wouldn't take a leaf out of Marm Crowningshield's book—talk more of their own affairs and less of politics. I'm sick of the everlastin sound 'House of Assembly,' and 'Council,' and

great folks.' They never alleviate talking about them from July to etarnity.

I had a curious conversation about politics once, away up to the right here. Do you see that are house, said he, in the field, that's got a lurch to leeward, like a North River sloop, struck with a squall, off West Point, lopsided like? It looks like Seth Pine, a tailor down to Hartford, that had one leg shorter than t'other, when he stood at ease at malitia trainin, a restin on the littlest one. Well, I had a special frolic there the last time I passed this way. I lost the linch pin out of my forred axle, and I turned up there to get it sot to rights. Just as I drove through the gate, I saw the eldest gall a makin for the house for dear life—she had a short petticoat on that looked like a kilt, and her bare legs put me in mind of the long shanks of a bittern down in a rush swamp, a drivin away like mad full chizel arter a frog. I could not think what on airth was the matter. Thinks I, she wants to make herself look decent like afore I get in, she don't like to pull her stockings on afore me; so I pulls up the old horse, and let her have a fair start. Well, when I came to the door, I heerd a proper scuddin; there was a rigilar flight into Egypt, jist such a noise as little children make when the mistress comes suddenly into school, all a huddlin and scroudgin into their seats, as quick as wink. Dear me, says the old woman, as she put her head out of a broken winder to avail who it was, is it you, Mr. Slick? I sniggers if you didn't frighten us properly, we actilly thought it was the Sheriff; do come in.

Poor thing, she looked half starved and half savage, hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that has had more worn than oats, and a wicked expression, as though it warnt over safe to come too near her heels—an everlastin kicker. You may come out, John, said she to her husband, its only Mr. Slick: and out came John from onder the bed backwards, on all fours, like an ox out of the shoein frame, or a lobster skullin wrong eend foremost—he looked as wild as a hawk. Well, I swan I thought I should have split, I could hardly keep from bustin right out with larfter—he was all covered with feathers, lint, and dust. the savins of all the

sweepins since the house was built, shoved under there for tidiness. He actilly sneezed for the matter of ten minutes—he seemed half chokd with the fluff and stuff that came out with him like a cloud. Lord he looked like a goose half picked, as if all the quills were gone, but the pen feathers and down were left, jist ready for singin and stuffin. He put me in mind of a sick Adjutant, a great tall hulkin bird that comes from the East Indgies, amost as high as a man, and most as knowin as a blue-nose. I'd a ginn a hundred dollars to have had that chap as a show at a fair—tar and feathers warn't half as nateral. You've seen a gall both larf and cry at the same time, hante you? well I hope I may be shot if I couldn't have done the same. To see that critter come like a turkey out of a bag at Christmas, to be fired at for ten cents a shot, was as good as a play: but to look round and see the poverty—the half naked children—the old pine stumps for chairs—a small bin of poor watery yaller potatoes in the corner—daylight through the sides and roof of the house, lookin like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out—no utensils for cookin or eatin—and starvation wrote as plain as a handbill on their holler cheeks, skinney fingers, and sunk eyes, went straight right to the heart. I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they didn't seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it, like a man that's married to a thunderin ugly wife, he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlastin dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.

Well, there was another chap a settin by the fire, and he *did* look as if he saw it and felt it too, he didn't seem over half pleased, you may depend. He was the District Schoolmaster, and he told me he was takin a spell at boardin there, for it was their turn to keep him. Thinks I to myself, Poor devil, you've brought your pigs to a pretty market, that's a fact. I see how it is, the blue-noses can't 'cypher.' The cat's out of the bag now—it's no wonder they don't go ahead, for they don't know nothin—the 'Schoolmaster is *abroad*' with the devil to it, for he has *no home* at all. Why, Squire, you might jist as well expect a horse to go right off in gear, before he is halter broke, as a blue-nose to get on in the world, when he has got no schoolin.

But to get back to my story. Well, says I, how's times with 'ou, Mrs. Spry? Dull, says she, very dull, there's no markets iow, things don't fetch nothin. Thinks I, Some folks hadn't ught to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothin to sell, ut I didn't say so; *for poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by poking fun at it.* Potatoes, says I, will fetch a ood price this fall, for it's a good crop in a general way; how's our'n? Grand, says she, as complete as ever you seed; our ops were small and didn't look well; but we have the handomest bottoms its generally allowed in all our place; you never eed the beat of them, they are actilly worth lookin at. I vow I had to take a chaw of tobacky to keep from snortin right out, t sounded so queer like. Thinks I to myself, Old lady, it's a ity you couldn't be changed eend for eend then, as some folks lo their stockings; it would improve the look of your dial-plate mazingly then, that's a fact.

Now there was human natur, Squire, said the Clockmaker, here was pride even in that hovel. It is found in rags as well as King's robes, where butter is spread with the thumb as well as the silver knife, *natur is natur wherever you find it.*

Jist then, in came one or two neighbours to see the sport, for they took me for a sheriff or constable, or something of that breed, and when they saw it was me, they sot down to hear the news; they fell right to at politics as keen as anything, as if it had been a dish of real Connecticut Slap Jacks, or Hominy; or what is better still, a glass of real genuine splendid mint julep *whe-eu-up,* it fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. I wonder, says one, what they will do for us this winter in the House of Assembly? Nothin, says the other, they never do nothin but what the great people at Halifax tell 'em. Squire Yeoman is the man, he'll pay up the great folks this hitch, he'll let 'em have their own, he's jist the boy that can do it. Says I, I wish I could say all men were as honest then, for I am afear'd there are a great many won't pay me up this winter; I should like to trade with your friend, who is he? Why, says he, he is the member for Isle Sable County, and if he don't let the great folks have it, it's a pity. Who do you call great folks? for, said I, I vow I hav'nt see'd one since I came here. The only one I know that comes near hand to one is Nicholas

Overknocker, that lives along shore, about Margarets Bay, and *he is* a great man, it takes a yoke of oxen to drag him. When I first seed him, says I, What on airth is the matter o' that man, has he the dropsy? for he is actilly the greatest man I ever seed; he must weigh the matter of five hundred weight; he'd cut three inches on the rib, he must have a proper sight of lard, that chap. No, says I, don't call 'em great men, for there aint a great man in the country, that's a fact; there aint one that desarves the name; folks will only larf at you if you talk that way. There may be some rich men, and I believe there be, and it's a pity there warn't more on 'em, and a still greater pity they have so little spirit or enterprise among 'em, but a country is none the worse of having rich men in it, you may depend. Great folks! well, come, that's a good joke, that bangs the bush. No, my friend, says I, the meat that's *at the top of the barrel, is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down; the upper and lower eends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good.*

Well, says the blue-nose, perhaps they beant great men exactly in that sense, but they are great men compared to us poor folks: and they eat up all the revenue, there's nothin left for roads and bridges, they want to ruin the country, that's a fact. Want to ruin your granny, says I, (for it raised my dander to hear the critter talk such nonsense.) I did hear of one chap, says I, that sot fire to his own house onee, up to Squantum, but the cunnin' rascal insured it first; now how can your great folks ruin the country without ruinin themselves, unless they have insured the Province? Our folks will insure all creation for half nothin, but I never heard tell of a country being insured agin rich men. Now if you ever go to Wall Street, to get such a policy, leave the door open behind you, that's all; or they'll grab right hold of you, shaver, you head and blister it, clap a straight jacket on you, and whip you right into a mad house, afore you can say Jack Robinson. No, your great men are nothin but rich men, and I can tell you for your comfort, there's nothin to hinder you from bein rich too, if you will take the same means as they did. They were onee all poor folks as you be, or their fathers afore them; for I know their whole breed, seed, and generation, and they wouldn't thank you to tell them that you knew their fathers and grand-

fathers, I tell you. If ever you want the loan of a hundred pounds from any of them, keep dark about that—see as far ahead as you please, but it tante always pleasant to have folks see too far back. Perhaps they be a little proud or so, but that's nateral; all folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal it's extraction, but what's that to you? If they get too large saleries, dock 'em down at once; bnt don't keep talkin about it everlastinly. If you have too many sarvants, pay some on 'em off, or when they quit your sarvice, don't hire others in their room, that's all; but you miss your mark when you keep firin away the whole blessed time that way.

I went out a gunnin when I was a boy, and father went with me to teach me. Well, the first flock of plover I see'd I let slip at them and missed them. Says father, says he, What a blockhead you be, Sam, that's your own fault, they were too far off, you hadn't ought to have fired so soon. At Bunker's hill we let the British come right on till we see'd the whites of their eyes, and then we let them have it slap bang. Well, I felt kinder grigged at missin my shot, and I didn't over half like to be scolded too; so, says I, Yes, father; but recollect you had a mud bank to hide behind, where you were proper safe, and you had a rest for your guns too; but as soon as you see'd a little more than the whites of their eyes, you run for your dear life, full split, and so I don't see much to brag on in that arter all, so come now. I'll teach you to talk that way, you puppy, you, said he, of that glorious day; and he fetched me a wipe that I do believe, if I hadn't dodged, would have spiled my gunnin for that hitch; so I gave him a wide berth arter that all day. Well, the next time I missed, says I, She hung fire so everlastinly, it's no wonder, and the next miss, says I, The powder is no good, I vow. Well, I missed every shot, and I had an excuse for every one on 'em—the flint was bad, or she flashed in the pan, or the shot scaled, or something or another; and when all wouldn't do, I swore the gun was no good at all. Now, says father, (and he edged up all the time, to pay me off

for that hit at his Bunker's hill story, which was the only shot I didn't miss,) you han't got the right reason arter all. It was your own fault, Sam.

Now that's jist the case with you; you may blame Banks and Council, and House of Assembly, and 'the great men,' till you are tired, but it's all your own fault—*you've no spirit and no enterprise, you want industry and economy; use them, and you'll soon be as rich as the people at Halifax you call great folks*—they didn't grow rich by talkin, but by workin; instead of lookin arter other folks' business, they looked about the keenest arter their own. You are like the machinery of one of our boats, good enough, and strong enough, but of no airthly use till you get the steam up; you want to be set in motion, and then you'll go ahead like any thing, you may depend. *Give up politics—it's a barren field, and well watched too; where one critter jumps a fence into a good field and gets fat, more nor twenty are chased round and round by a whole pack of yelpin curs, till they are fairly beat out, and eend by bein half starved, and are at the liften at last. Look to your farms—your water powers—your fisheries, and factories. In short, says I, puttin on my hat and startin, look to yourselves, and don't look to others.*

CHAPTER XXII.

A CURE FOR CONCEIT.

It's a most curious unaccountable thing, but it's a fact, said the Clockmaker, the blue-noses are so conceited, they think they know everything; and yet there aint a livin soul in Nova Scotia, knows his own business real complete, farmer or fisherman, lawyer or doctor, or any other folk. A farmer said to me one day, up to Pugnose's inn, at River Philip, Mr. Slick, says he, I allot this aint '*a bread country;*' I intend to sell off the house I improve, and go to the States. If it aint a bread country, said I, I never see'd one that was. There is more bread used here, made of best superfine flour, and No 1, Genessee, than in any other place of the same population in the univarse. You might as well say it aint a Clock country, when to my sartin knowledge there are more clocks than bibles in it.

I guess you expect to raise your bread ready made, don't you? Well, there's only one class of our free and enlightened citizens that can do that, and that's them that are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It's a pity you wasn't availed of this truth, afore you up killoch and off—take my advice and bide where you be.

Well the fishermen are jist as bad. The next time you go into the fish-market at Halifax, stump some of the old hands; says you, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word,' and I'll liquidate the bet if you lose it. When I've been along shore afore now a vendin of my clocks, and they began to raise my dander, by belittleing the Yankees, I always brought them up by a round turn by that requirement, 'How many fins has a cod at a word?' Well they never could answer it; and then, says I, When you larn your own business, I guess it will be time enough to teach other folks theirn.

How different it is with our men folk, if they can't get thro' a question, how beautifully they can go round it, can't they? Nothin never stops them. I had two brothers, Josiah and Eldad, one was a lawyer and the other a doctor. They were talkin about their examinations one night, at a huskin frolic, up to Guvernor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Josy, When I was examined, the judge axed me all about real estate; and, says he, Josiah, says he, what's a fee? Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the natur of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but Lawyer Webster has got afore now, I've heerd tell, 1,000 dollars, and that I *do call* a fee. Well, the judge he larfed ready to split his sides; (thinks I, Old chap, you'll bust like a steam byler, if you han't got a safety valve somewhere or another,) and, says he, I vow that's superfine; I'll indorse your certificate for you, young man; there's no fear of you, you'll pass the inspection brand any how.

Well, says Eldad, I hope I may be skinned if the same thing didn't een amost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions, some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no soul could, right off the reel at a word, without a little cypherin; at last they axed me, 'How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat, when common modes wouldn't work no how?' Why, says I, I'd do as Doctor Comfort Payne served father. And how was that? said they. Why, says I, he

put him into such a sweat as I never see'd in him afore, in all my born days, since I was raised, by sending him in his bill, and if that didn't sweat him it's a pity; it was an ac*tive* dose you may depend. I guess that are chap has cut his eye teeth, said the President, let him pass as approbated.

They both knowed well enough, they only made as if they didn't, to poke a little fun at them, for the Slick family were counted in a general way to be pretty considerable cute.

They reckon themselves here, a chalk above us Yankees, but I guess they have a wrinkle or two to grow afore they progress ahead on us yet. If they han't got a full cargo of conceit here, then I never see'd a load, that's all. They have the hold chock full, deck piled up to the pump handles, and scuppers under water. They larnt that of the British, who are actily so full of it, they remind me of Commodore Trip. When he was about half shaved he thought every body drunk but himself. I never liked the last war, I thought it unnateral, and that we hadn't ought to have taken hold of it at all, and so most of our New England folks thought, and I wasn't sorry to hear Gineral Dearborne was beat, seein we had no call to go into Canada. But when the Guerriere was captivated by our old Ironsides, the Constitution, I did feel lifted up amost as high as a stalk of Varginy corn among Connecticut middlins; I grew two inches taller, I vow, the night I heerd that news. Brag, says I, is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better. The British navals have been a braggin and hectorin so long, that when they landed in our cities, they swaggered e'en amost as much as Uncle Peleg (big Peleg as he was called), and when he walked up the centre of one of our narrow Boston streets, he used to swing his arms on each side of him, so that folks had to clear out of both foot paths; he's cut afore now, the fingers of both hands agin the shop windows on each side of the street. Many's the poor fellow's crupper bone he's smashed, with his thick boots, a throwin out his feet afore him e'en amost out of sight, when he was in full rig a swigglin away at the top of his gait. Well, they cut as many shines as Uncle Peleg. One frigate they guessed would captivate, sink, or burn our whole navy. Says a naval one day, to the skipper of a fishing-boat that he took, says he, Is it true Commodore Decatur's sword is made of an old iron hoop? Well, says the skipper, I'm not quite certified

as to that, seein as I never sot eyes on it; but I guess if he gets a chance he'll show you the temper of it some of these days any how.

I mind once a British man-o'-war took one of our Boston vessels, and ordered all hands on board, and sent a party to skuttle her: well, they skuttled the fowls and the old particular genuine rum, but they obliviated their arrand and left her. Well, next day another frigate (for they were as thick as toads arter a rain) comes near her, and fires a shot for her to bring to. No answer was made, there being no livin soul on board, and another shot fired, still no answer. Why, what on airth is the meanin of this, said the Captain, why don't they haul down that damn'd goose and gridiron? (that's what he called our eagle and stars on our flag.) Why, says the first leftenant, I guess they are all dead men, that shot frightened them to death. They are afeerd to show their noses, says another, lest they should be shaved off by our shots. They are all down below a '*calculatin*' their loss, I guess, says a third. I'll take my davy, says the Captain, it's some Yankee trick, a torpedo in her bottom, or some such trap—we'll let her be, and sure enough, next day, back she came to shore of herself. I'll give you a quarter of an hour, says the Captain of the Guerriere to his men, to take that are Yankee frigate, the Constitution. I guess he found his mistake where he didn't expect it, without any great sarch for it either. Yes, (to eventuate my story) it did me good. I felt dreadful nice, I promise you. It was as lovely as bitters of a cold mornin. Our folks beat 'em arter that so often, they got a little grain too much conceit also. They got their heels too high for their boots, and began to walk like Uncle Peleg, too, so that when the Chesapeake got whipped I warn't sorry. We could spare that one, and it made our navals look round, like a feller who gets a hoist, to see who's a larfin at him. It made 'em brush the dust off, and walk on rather sheepish. It cut their combs, that's a fact. The war did us a plaguy sight of good in more ways than one, and it did the British some good, too. It taught em not to carry their shins too high, for fear they shouldn't see the gutters—a mistake that's spoiled many a bran new coat and trowsers afore now.

Well, these blue-noses have caught this disease, as folks do

the Scotch fiddle, by shakin hands along with the British. Conceit has become here, as Doctor Rush says, (you have heerd tell of him, he's the first man of the age, and it's generally allowed our doctors take the shine off all the world,) aeclimated, it is citizenised among 'em, and the only cure is a rael good quiltin. I met a first chop Colchester Gag this summer a-goin to the races to Halifax, and he knowed as much about racin, I do suppose, as a Chictaw Ingian does of a railroad. Well, he was a praisin of his horse, and runnin on like Statiee. He was begot, he said, by Roncesvalles, which was better than any horse that ever was seen, because he was once in a duke's stable in England. It was only a man that had blood like a lord, said he, that knew what blood in a horse was. Captain Currycomb, an officer at Halifax, had seen his horse and praised him, and that was enough—that stamped him—that fixed his value. It was like the President's name to a bank note, it makes it pass current. Well, says I, I han't got a drop of blood in me nothin stronger than molasses and water, I vow, but I guess I know a horse when I see him for all that, and I don't think any great shakes of your beast, any how; what start will you give me, says I, and I will run 'Old Clay' agin you, for a mile lick right an eend. Ten rods, said he, for twenty dollars. Well, we run and I made 'Old Clay' bite in his breath, and only beat him by half a neck. A tight scratch, says I, that, and it would have sarved me right if I had been beat. I had no business to run an old roadster so everlastin fast, it ain't fair on him, is it? Says he, I will double the bet and start even, and run you agin if you dare. Well, says I, since I won the last it wouldn't be pretty not to give you a chance; I do suppose I oughtn't to refuse, but I don't love to abuse my beast by knockin him about this way.

As soon as the money was staked, I said, Hadn't we better, says I, draw stakes, that are blood horse of your'n has such uncommon particular bottom, he'll perhaps leave me clean out of sight. No fear of that, says he, larfin, but he'll beat you easy, any how. No flinchin, says he, I'll not let you go back of the bargain. It's run or forfeit. Well, says I, friend, there is no fear of it; your horse will leave me out of sight, to a sartainty, that's a fact, for he *can't keep up to me no time.* I'll drop him, hull down, in tu tu's. If Old Clay didn't make a fool of him, it's a pity. Didn't he gallop pretty, that's all? He walked away

from him, jist as the Chancellor Livingston steam-boat passes a sloop at anchor in the North River. Says I, I told you your horse would beat me clean out of sight, but you wouldn't believe me; now, says I, I will tell you something else. That are horse will help you to lose more money to Halifax than you are a thinkin on; for there ain't a beast gone down there that wont beat him. He can't run a bit, and you may tell the British Captain I say so. *Take him home and sell him, buy a good yoke of oxen; they are fast enough for a farmer, and give up blood horses to them that can afford to keep stable-helps to tend 'em, and leave bettin alone to them as has more money than wit, and can afford to lose their cash, without thinkin agin of their loss.* When *I want* your advice, says he, I will *ask it*, most peskily sulky. You might have got it before you *axed* for it, said I, but not afore you *wanted* it, you may depend on it. But stop, said I, let's see that all's right afore we part; so I counts over the fifteen pounds I won of him, note by note, as slow as anything, on purpose to ryle him, then I mounts Old Clay agin, and says I, Friend, you have considerably the advantage of me in this hitch, any how. Possible? says he, how's that? Why, says I, I guess you'll return rather lighter than you came—and that's more nor I can say any how, and then I gave him a wink and a jupe of the head as much as to say, Do you take? and rode on and left him starin and scratchin his head like a feller who's lost his road. If that citizen ain't a born fool or too far gone in the disease, depend on't, he found '*a cure for conceit.*'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLOWIN TIME.

THE long rambling dissertation on conceit to which I had just listened, from the Clockmaker, forcibly reminded me of the celebrated aphorism '*gnothi seauton*,' Know thyself, which, both from its great antiquity and wisdom, has been by many attributed to an oracle.

With all his shrewdness to discover, and his humours to ridicule the foibles of others, Mr. Slick was blind to the many defects of his own character; and, while prescribing 'a cure for

conceit,' exhibited in all he said, and all he did, the most overweening conceit himself. He never spoke of his own countrymen without calling them 'the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth,' or as 'takin the shine off all creation.' His country he boasted to be the 'best atween the poles,' 'the greatest glory under heaven.' The Yankees he considered (to use his own expression) as 'actilly the class-leaders in knowledge among all the Americans,' and boasted that they have not only 'gone ahead of all others,' but had lately arrived at that most enviable ne plus ultra point, 'goin ahead of themselves.' In short, he entertained no doubt that Slickville was the finest place in the greatest nation in the world, and the Slick family the wisest family in it.

I was about calling his attention to this national trait, when I saw him draw his reins under his foot, (a mode of driving peculiar to himself, when he wished to economise the time that would otherwise be lost by an unnecessary delay,) and taking off his hat, (which, like a pedlar's pack, contained a general assortment,) select from a number of loose cigars one that appeared likely to 'go,' as he called it. Having lighted it by a lucifer, and ascertained that it was 'true in draft,' he resumed his reins, and remarked, 'This must be an everlastin fine country beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothin to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slayin over these here marshes with the galls, or playing ball on the ice, or goin to quiltin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin home like mad by moonlight. Natur meant that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumptious looking slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin right at you—is e'en amost enough to drive one ravin, tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help looking right at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go capsized into a snow drift together, skins, cushions, and all

And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, a chatterin away all the time like a Canary bird, and you a haw-hawin with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue-nose gets led on to offer himself as a lovier, afore he knows where he bees.

But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's treed: his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She larns him how vinegar is made; *Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear, says she, if you want to make it real sharp.* The larf is on the other side of his mouth then. If his slay gets upsot, its no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it right and left. Her eyes don't look right up to his'n any more, nor her little tongue ring, ring, ring, like a bell any longer, but a great big hood covers her head, and a whappin great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of soiled clothes agoin to the brook to be washed. When she gets out, she don't wait any more for him to walk lock and lock with her, but they march like a horse and a cow to water, one in each gutter. If there aint a transmogrification its a pity. The difference atween a wife and a sweetheart is ncer about as great as there is between new and hard cider—a man never tires of puttin one to his lips, but makes plaguy wry faces at tother. It makes me so kinder wamblecropt, when I think on it, that I'm afeared to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue-noses most properly bit, you may depend. You've seen a boy a slidin on a most beautiful smooth bit of ice, ha'nt you, larfin, and hoopin, and hallowin, like one possessed, when presently sowse he goes in over head and ears? How he outs, fins, and flops about, and blows like a porpus properly frightened, don't he? and when he gets out, there he stands, all shiverin, and shakin, and the water a squish-squashin in his shoes, and his trowsers all stickin slimsey-like to his legs. Well, he sneaks off home, lookin like a fool, and thinkin evcrybody he mects is a larfin at him—many folks here are like that are boy, afore they have been six months married. They'd be proper glad to get out of the scrape too, and sneak off if they could, that's a fact. The marriage yoke is plaguy apt to gall the neck, as the ash bow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated, they spend more strength in pullin agin each

other than in pullin the load. Well, that's apt to be the case with them as choose their wives in sleighin parties, quiltin frolics, and so on; instead of the dairies, looms, and cheese-house.

Now the blue-noses are all a stirrin in winter. The young folks drive out the galls, and talk love and all sorts of things as sweet as dough-nuts.—The old folks find it near about as well to leave the old women to home, for fear they shouldn't keep tune together; so they drive out alone to chat about House of Assembly with their neighbours, while the boys and hired helps do the chores. When the Spring comes, and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they all have to be plowed, *cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall ploughin.* Well, the plows have to be mended and sharpened, *cause what's the use of doin that afore its wanted?* Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust, but whose fault is that? *Why the climate to be sure, for Nova Scotia aint a bread country.*

When a man has to run ever so far as fast as he can clip, he has to stop and take breath; you must do that or choke. So it is with a horse; run him a mile, and his flanks will heave like a blacksmith's bellows; you must slack up the rein, and give him a little wind, or he'll fall right down with you. It stands to reason, don't it? Atwixt spring and fall work is '*Blowin time.*' Then Courts come on, and Grand Jury business, and Militia trainin, and Race trainin, and what not; and a fine spell of ridin about and doin nothin, a rael '*Blowin time.*' Then comes harvest, and that is proper hard work, mowin and pitchin hay, and reapin and bindin grain, and potatoe diggin. That's as hard as sole leather, afore it's hammered on the lap-stone—it's most next to anything. It takes a feller as tough as Old Hickory (General Jackson) to stand that.

Ohio is most the only country I know on where folks are saved that trouble, and there the freshets come jist in the nick of time for 'em, and sweep all the crops right up in a heap for 'em, and they have nothin to do but take it home and house it; and sometimes a man gets more than his own crop, and finds a proper swad of it all ready piled up, only a little wet or so; but all countries aint like Ohio. Well, arter harvest comes fall, and then there's a grand 'blowin time' till spring. Now, how the Lord the blue-noses can complain of their country, when it's only one-third work and two-thirds 'blowin time,' no soul can tell.

Father used to say, when I lived on the farm along with him —Sam, says he, I vow I wish there was jist four hundred days in the year, for it's a plaguy sight too short for me. I can find as much work as all hands on us can do for 365 days, and jist 35 days more, if we had 'em. We han't got a minit to spare; you must shell the corn and winner the grain at night, and clean all up slick, or I guess we'll fall astarn, as sure as the Lord made Moses. If he didn't keep us all at it, a drivin away full chisel, the whole blessed time, it's a pity. There was no 'blowin time' there, you may depend. We plowed all the fall, for dear life; in winter we thrashed, made and mended tools, went to market and mill, and got out our firewood and rails. As soon as frost was gone, came sowin and plantin, weedin and hoein—then harvest and spreadin compost—then gatherin manure, fencin and ditchin—and then turn tu and fall plowin agin. It all went round like a wheel without stoppin, and so fast, I guess you couldn't see the spokes, just one long everlastin stroke from July to etarnity, without time to look back on the tracks. Instead of racin over the country, like a young doctor, to show how busy a man is that has nothin to do, as blue-nose does, and then take a 'blowin time,' we keep a rael travellin gate, an eight-mile-an-hour pace, the whole year round. *They buy more nor they sell, and eat more than they raise* in this country. What a pretty way that is, isn't it? If the critters knew how to cypher, they would soon find out that a sum stated that way always eends in a nought. I never knew it to fail, and I defy any soul to cypher it so as to make it come out any other way, either by Schoolmaster's Assistant or Algebra. When I was a boy, the Slickville Bank broke, and an awful disorderment it made, that's a fact: nothin else was talked of. Well, I studied it over a long time, but I couldn't make it out: so says I, Father, how came that are bank to break; warn't it well built? I thought that are Quincy granite was so amazin strong all natur wouldn't break it. Why, you foolish critter, says he, it tante the buildin that's broke, it's the consarn that's smashed. Well, says I, I know folks are plaguily consarned about it, but what do you call 'folks smashing their consarns?' Father, he larfed out like anything; I thought he never would stop—and Sister Sall got right up and walked out of the room, as mad as a [illegible] believe you are a born

fool, I vow. When father had done larfin, says he, I'll tell you, Sam, how it was. They cyphered it so, that they brought out nothin for a remainder. Possible! says I; I thought there was no eend to their puss. I thought it was like Uncle Peleg's musquash hole, and that no soul could ever find the bottom of. My!! says I. Yes, says he, that are bank spent and lost more money than it made, and when folks do that, they must smash at last, if their puss be as long as the national one of Uncle Sam. This province is like that are bank of ourn, it's goin the same road, and they'll find the little eend of the horn afore they think they are half way down to it.

If folks would only give over talkin about that everlastin House of Assembly and Counsil, and see to their farms, it would be better for 'em, I guess; for arter all, what is it? Why it's only a sort of first chop Grand Jury, and nothin else It's no more like Congress or Parliament, than Marm Pugwash's keepin room is like our State hall. It's jist nothin—Congress makes war and peace, has a say in all treaties, confarms all great nominations of the President, regilates the army and navy, governs twenty-four independent States, and snaps its fingers in the face of all the nations of Europe, as much as to say, Who be you? I allot I am as big as you be. If you are six foot high, I am six foot six in my stockin feet, by gum, and can lambaste any two of you in no time. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. But this little House of Assembly, that folks make such a touss about, what is it? Why jist a decent Grand Jury. They make their presentments of little money votes, to mend these everlastin rottin little wooden bridges, to throw a poultice of mud onee a year on the roads, and then take a 'blowin time' of three months and go home. The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heel boots and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight most any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.

I met a member tother day who swaggered near about as large as Uncle Peleg. He looked as if he thought you couldn't find his 'ditto' nowhere. He used some most partikilar edicational words, genuine jaw-breakers. He put me in mind of a squirrel I once shot to our wood location. The little critter got a hickory nut in his mouth; well, he found it too hard to crack, and too

big to swaller, and for the life and soul of him, he couldn't spit it out agin. If he didn't look like a proper fool, you may depend. We had a pond back of our barn, about the bigness of a good sizeable wash-tub, and it was chock full of frogs. Well, one of these little critters fancied himself a bull-frog, and he puffed out his cheeks, and took a rael 'blowin time' of it; he roared away like thunder; at last he puffed and puffed out till he bust like a byler. If I see the Speaker this winter, (and I shall see him to a sartainty if they don't send for him to London, to teach their new Speaker) and he's up to snuff, that are man; he knows how to cypher—I'll jist say to him, Speaker, says I, if any of your folks in the House go to swell out like dropsy, give 'em a hint in time. Says you, If you have are a little safety valve about you, let off a little steam now and then, or you'll go for it; recollect the Clockmaker's story of the 'Blowin time.'

CHAPTER XXIV

FATHER JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

To-morrow will be Sabbath-day, said the Clockmaker; I guess we'll bide where we be till Monday. I like a Sabbath in the country—all natur seems at rest. There's a cheerfulness in the day here, you don't find in towns. You have natur before you here, and nothin but art there. The deathly stillness of a town, and the barred windows, and shut shops, and empty streets, and great long lines of big brick buildins, look melancholy. It seems as if life had ceased tickin, but there hadn't been time for decay to take hold on there; as if day had broke, but man slept. I can't describe exactly what I mean, but I always feel kinder gloomy and whamble-cropt there.

Now in the country it's jist what it ought to be—a day of rest for man and beast from labour. When a man rises on the Sabbath, and looks out on the sunny fields and wavin crops, his heart feels proper grateful, and he says, Come, this is a splendid day, aint it? Let's get ready and put on our bettermost close, and go to meetin: His first thought is prayerfully to render thanks; and then when he goes to worship he meets all his neighbours, and he knows them all, and they are glad to see

each other; and if any two on 'em han't exactly gee'd together durin the week, why they meet on kind of neutral ground, and the minister or neighbours makes peace atween them. But it tante so in towns. You don't know no one you meet there. Its the worship of neighbours, but its the worship of strangers too, for neighbours don't know nor care about each other. Yes, I love a Sabbath in the country.

While uttering this soliloquy, he took up a pamphlet from the table, and turning to the title page, said, Have you ever seen this here book on the 'Elder Controversy?' (a controversy on the subject of Infant Baptism.) This author's friends says it's a clincher; they say he has sealed up Elder's mouth as tight as a bottle. No, said I, I have not; I have heard of it, but never read it. In my opinion the subject has been exhausted already, and admits of nothing new being said upon it. These religious controversies are a serious injury to the cause of true religion; they are deeply deplored by the good and moderate men of all parties. It has already embraced several denominations in the dispute in this Province, and I hear the agitation has extended to New Brunswick, where it will doubtless be renewed with equal zeal. I am told all the pamphlets are exceptionable in point of temper, and this one in particular, which not only ascribes the most unworthy motives to its antagonist, but contains some very unjustifiable and gratuitous attacks upon other sects unconnected with the dispute. The author has injured his own cause, for an *intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe.* There is no doubt on it, said the Clockmaker, it is as clear as mud, and you are not the only one that thinks so, I tell you.

About the hottest time of the dispute, I was to Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic Priest: I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. Well, he was a leggin it off hot foot. Possible! says I, Father John, is that you? Why, what on airth is the matter of you—what makes you in such an everlastin hurry, driven away like one ravin, distracted mad? A sick visit, says he; poor Pat Lanigan, him that you mind to Bradore Lake, well, he's near about at the pint of death. I guess not, said I, for I jist hear tell he was dead. Well, that brought him up all standin, and he bouts ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way

with me, and we got a talkin about this very subject. Says he, What are you, Mr. Slick? Well, I looks up to him, and winks, A Clockmaker, says I; well, he smiled, and says he, I see: as much as to say, I hadn't ought to have axed that are question at all, I guess, for every man's religion is his own, and nobody else's business. Then says he, You know all about this country—who does folks say has the best on the dispute? Says I, Father John, it's like the battles up to Canada lines last war, each side claims victory; I guess there ain't much to brag on nary way, damage done on both sides, and nothin gained, as far as I can larn. He stopped short, and looked me in the face, and says he, Mr. Slick, you are a man that has see'd a good deal of the world, and a considerable of an onderstandin man, and I guess I *can* talk to *you*. Now, says he, for gracious sake do jist look here, and see how you heretics (Protestants I mean, says he—for I guess that are word slipt out without leave,) are by the ears, a drivin away at each other, the whole blessed time, tooth and nail, hip and thigh, hammer and tongs, disputin, revelin, wranglin, and beloutin each other, with all sorts of ugly names that they can lay their tongues to. Is that the way you love your neighbour as yourself? *We say this is a practical comment on schism*, and by the powers of Moll Kelly, said he, but they all ought to be well lambasted together, the whole batch on 'em entirely. Says I, Father John, give me your hand; there are some things I guess, you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seein that you are a Popish Priest; but in that idea I do opinionate with you, and I wish, with all my heart, all the world thought with us.

I guess he didn't half like that are word Popish Priest; it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder ryled, like well water arter a heavy rain: and said he, Mr. Slick, says he, your country is a free country, ain't it? The freest, says I, on the face of the airth—you can't 'ditto' it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and when our dander's up, stronger than any haricane you ever see'd—tear up all creation most; there ain't the beat of it to be found any where. Do you call this a free country? said he. Pretty considerable middlin, says I, seein that they are under a king. Well, says he, if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin hands along with a Popish Priest, as you

are pleased to call me, (and he made me a bow, as much as to say, Mind your trumps the next deal) as you are now in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all your crackin and boastin of your freedom, I guess, you wouldn't sell a clock agin in that State for one while, I tell you—and he bid me good mornin, and turned away. Father John! says I.—I can't stop, says he; I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed. Well, says I, one word with you afore I go; if that are name Popish Priest was an ongenteel one, I ax your pardon; I didn't mean no offence I do assure you. And I'll say this for your satisfaction, tu, you're the first man in this Province, that ever gave me a rael right down complete checkmate since I first set foot in it, I'll be skinned if you aint.

Yes, said Mr. Slick, Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft on 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'em a backin up of their own man. At it agin, says one; Fair play, says another; Stick it into him, says a third: and That's your sort, says a fourth. Them are the folks who do mischief. They show such clear grit it fairly frightens me. It makes my hair stand right up an end to see ministers do that are. *It appears to me that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writin agin any one, and if I couldn't I wouldn't write at all, I swore.* Our old minister, Mr. Hopewell, (a rael good man and a larned man too that,) they sent to him once to write agin the Unitarians, for they are agoin a head like statice in New England, but he refused. Said he, Sam, says he, when I first went to Cambridge, there was a boxer and wrastler came there, and he beat every one wherever he went. Well, old Mr Possit was the Church of England parson to Charlestown, at the time, and a terrible powerful man he was—a rael sneezer, and as *active* as a weasel. Well, the boxer met him one day, a little way out of town, a takin of his evenin walk, and said he, Parson, says he, they say you are a most a plaguy strong man, and uncommon stiff too. Now, says he, I never see'd a man yet that was a match for me; would you have any objection jist to let me be availed of your strength here in a friendly way, by ourselves, where no soul would be the wiser; if you will I'll keep dark about it. I swan. Go your way, said the Parson,

and tempt me not; you are a carnal-minded, wicked man, and I take no pleasure in such vain, idle sports. Very well, said the boxer; now here I stand, says he, in the path, right slap afore you; if you pass round me, then I take it as a sign that you are afeerd on me, and if you keep the path, why then you must put me out. The Parson jist made a spring forrard and kitched him up as quick as wink, and throwed him right over the fence whap on the broad of his back, and then walked on as if nothin had happened—as demure as you please, and lookin as meek as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Stop, says the boxer, as soon as he picked himself up, stop, Parson, said he, that's a good man, and jist chuck over my horse too, will you, for I swan I believe you could do one near about as easy as t'other. My! said he, if that don't bang the bush; you are another guess chap from what I took you to be, any how.

Now, said Mr. Hopewell, says he, I won't write, but if are a Unitarian crosses my path, I'll jist over the fence with him in no time, as the parson did the boxer; *for writin only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never seed a convart made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have see'd, a man set his own flock a doubtin by his own writin. You may happify your inemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it.* These writers, said he, put me in mind of that are boxer's pupils. He would sometimes set two on 'em to spar; well, they'd put on their gloves and begin, larfin and jokin, all in good humour. Presently one on 'em would put in a pretty hard blow; well, t'other would return it in airnest. Oh, says the other, if that's your play, off gloves and at it: and sure enough, away would fly their gloves, and at it they'd go tooth and nail.

No, Sam, the misfortin is, we are all apt to think Scriptur intended for our neighbours, and not for ourselves. The poor all think it made for the rich. Look at that are Dives, they say, what an all fired scrape he got into by his avarice, with Lazarus; and ain't it writ as plain as any thing, that them folks will find it as easy to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle? Well, then, the rich think it all made for the poor—that they sharn't steal nor bear false witness, but shall be obedient to them that's in authority. And as for them are

Unitarians, and he always got his dander up when he spoke of them, why there's no doin nothin with them, says he. When they get fairly stumped, and you produce a text that they can't get over nor get round, why they say, It tante in our version, at all —That's an intarpolation, it's an invention of them ere everlastin monks; there's nothin left for you to do with them, but to sarve them as Parson Posset detailed the boxer—lay right hold of 'em and chuck 'em over the fence, even if they were as big as all out doors. That's what our folks ought to have done with 'em at first, pitched 'em clean out of the state, and let 'em go down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place, for they aint fit to live in no Christian country at all.

Fightin is no way to make convarts; *the true way is to win 'em.* You may stop a man's mouth, Sam, says he, by crammin a book down his throat, but you won't convince him. It's a fine thing to write a book all covered over with Latin and Greek and Hebrew, like a bridle that's rael jam, all spangled with brass nails, but who knows whether it's right or wrong? Why not one in ten thousand. If I had my religion to choose, and warn't able to judge for myself, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd jist ask myself *who leads the best lives?* Now, says he, Sam, I won't say who do, because it would look like vanity to say it was the folks who hold to our platform, but I'll tell you who don't. *It ain't them that makes the greatest professions always;* and mind what I tell you, Sam, when you go a tradin with your clocks away down east to Nova Scotia, and them wild provinces, keep a bright look out on them as cant too much, *for a long face* is plaguy apt to *cover a long conscience*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XXV

TAMING A SHREW.

The road from Amherst to Parrsboro' is tedious and uninteresting. In places it is made so straight, that you can see several miles of it before you, which produces an appearance of interminable length, while the stunted growth of the spruce and birch trees bespeaks a cold, thin soil, and invests the scene with a melancholy and sterile aspect. Here and there occurs a

little valley with its meandering stream, and verdant and fertile intervale, which, though possessing nothing peculiar to distinguish it from many others of the same kind, strikes the traveller as superior to them all, from the contrast to the surrounding country. One of these secluded spots attracted my attention, from the number and neatness of the buildings, which its proprietor, a tanner and currier, had erected for the purposes of his trade. Mr. Slick said, he knew him, and he guessed it was a pity he couldn't keep his wife in as good order as he did his factory. They don't hitch their horses together well at all. He is properly henpecked, said he; he is afeerd to call his soul his own, and he leads the life of a dog; you never seed the beat of it, I vow. Did you ever see a rooster hatch a brood of chickens? No, said I, not that I can recollect. Well, then, I have, said he, and if he don't look like a fool all the time he is a settin on the eggs, it's a pity; no soul could help larfin to see him. Our old nigger, January Snow, had a spite agin one of father's roosters, seein that he was a coward, and wouldn't fight. He used to call him Dearborne, arter our General that behaved so ugly to Canada: and, says he one day, I guess you are no better than a hen, you everlastin old chicken-hearted villain, and I'll make you a larfin stock to all the poultry. I'll put a trick on you you'll bear in mind all your born days. So he catches old Dearborne, and pulls all the feathers off his breast, and strips him as naked as when he was born, from his throat clean down to his tail, and then takes a bundle of nettles and gives him a proper switchin that stung him, and made him smart like mad; then he warms some eggs and puts them in a nest, and sets the old cock right a top of 'em. Well, the warmth of the eggs felt good to the poor critter's naked belly, and kinder kept the itchin of the nettles down, and he was glad to bide where he was, and whenever he was tired and got off his seat he felt so cold, he'd run right back and squat down agin, and when his feathers began to grow, and he got obstropolous, he got another ticklin with the nettles, that made him return double quick to his location. In a little time, he larnt the trade rael complete.

Now, this John Porter, (and there he is on the bridge I vow, I never seed the beat o' that, speak of old Saytin and he's sure to appear;) well, he's jist like old Dearborne, only fit to hatch eggs. When we came to the Bridge, Mr. Slick stopped his

horse, to shake hands with Porter, whom he recognised as an old acquaintance and customer. He inquired after a bark mill he had smuggled from the States for him, and enlarged on the value of such a machine, and the cleverness of his countrymen who invented such useful and profitable articles; and was recommending a new process of tanning, when a female voice from the house was heard, vociferating, 'John Porter, come here this minit.' 'Coming, my dear,' said the husband. 'Come here, I say, directly: why do you stand talking to that yankee villain there?' The poor husband hung his head, looked silly, and bidding us good bye, returned slowly to the house. As we drove on, Mr. Slick said, That was me—I did that. Did what? said I. That was me that sent him back, I called him, and not his wife. I had that are bestowment ever since I was knee high or so; I'm a rael complete hand at Ventriloquism; I can take off any man's voice I ever heerd to the very nines. If there was a law agin forgin that as there is for handwritin, I guess I should have been hanged long ago. I've had high goes with it many a time, but its plaguy dangersome, and I dont practise it now but seldom.

I had a rael bout with that are citizen's wife once, and completely broke her in for him; she went as gentle as a circus horse for a space, but he let her have her head agin and she's as bad as ever now. I'll tell you how it was.

I was down to the Island a selling clocks, and who should I meet but John Porter; well, I traded with him for one part cash, part truck, and produce, and also put off on him that are bark mill you heerd me axin about, and it was pretty considerable on in the evenin afore we finished our trade. I came home along with him, and had the clock in the waggon to fix up for him, and to show him how to regilate it. Well, as we neared his house, he began to fret and take on dreadful oneasy; says he, I hope Jane wont be abed, cause if she is she'll act ugly, I do suppose. I had heerd tell of her afore; how she used to carry a stiff upper lip, and make him and the broomstick well acquainted together; and says I, Why do you put up with her tantrums? I'd make a fair division of the house with her, if it was me, I'd take the inside and allocate her the outside of it, pretty quick, that's a fact. Well, when we came to the house, there was no light in it, and the poor critter

looked so streaked and down in the mouth, I felt proper sorry for him. When he rapped at the door, she called out, Who's there? It's me, dear, says Porter. You is it? said she, then you may stay where you be; them as gave you your supper may give you your bed, instead of sendin you sneakin home at night like a thief. Said I, in a whisper, says I, Leave her to me, John Porter—jist take the horses up to the barn, and see arter them, and I'll manage her for you, I'll make her as sweet as sugary candy, never fear. The barn you see is a good piece off to the eastward of the house; and as soon as he was cleverly out of hearin, says I, a imitatin of his voice to the life, Do let me in, Jane, says I, that's a dear critter, I've brought you home some things you'll like, I know. Well, she was an awful jealous critter; says she, Take em to her you spent the evenin with, I don't want you nor your presents neither. Arter a good deal of coaxin I stood on tother tack, and began to threaten to break the door down; says I, You old unhansum-lookin sinner you, you vinerger cruet you, open the door this minit or I'll smash it right in. That grigged her properly, it made her very wrathy (for nothin sets up a woman's spunk like callin her ugly, she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws, and bristles.)

I heerd her bounce right out of bed, and she came to the door as she was, ondressed, and onbolted it: and as I entered it, she fetched me a box right across my cheek with the flat of her hand, that made it tingle agin. I'll teach you to call names agin, says she, you varmint. It was jist what I wanted; I pushed the door tu with my foot, and seizin her by the arm with one hand, I quilted her with the horsewhip rael hansum with the other. At first she roared like mad; I'll give you the ten commandments, says she (meaning her ten claws), I'll pay you for this, you cowardly villain, to strike a woman; How dare you lift your hand, John Porter, to your lawful wife? and so on; all the time runnin round and round, like a colt that's a breakin, with the mouthin bit, rarein, kickin, and plungin like statiee. Then she began to give in. Says she, I beg pardon, on my knees I beg pardon—don't murder me, for Heaven's sake—don't, dear John, don't murder your poor wife, that's a dear—I'll do as you bid me, I promise to behave well, upon my honour I do—oh! dear John, do forgive me, do, dear! When I had brought her

properly to, for havin nothin on but a thin onder garment every crack of the whip told like a notch on a baker's tally, says I, Take that as a taste of what you'll catch when you act that way like old Scratch. Now go and dress yourself, and get supper for me and a stranger I have brought home along with me, and be quick, for I vow I'll be master in my own house. She moaned like a dog hit with a stone, half whine half yelp; Dear, dear, says she, if I aint all covered over with welts as big as my finger, I do believe I'm flayed alive; and she boo-hood out like anything. I guess, said I, you've got 'em where folks won't see 'em, any how, and I calculate you won't be over forrard to show 'em where they be. But come, says I, be a stirrin, or I'll quilt you agin as sure as you're alive—I'll tan your hide for you, you may depend, you old ungainly tempered heifer you.

When I went to the barn, says I, John Porter, your wife made right at me, like one ravin distracted mad, when I opened the door, thinkin it was you; and I was obliged to give her a crack or two of the cowskin to get clear of her. It has effectuated a cure completely; now foller it up, and don't let on for your life, it warnt you that did it, and you'll be master once more in your own house. She's all docity just now, keep her so. As we returned we saw a light in the keepin room, the fire was blazin up cheerfulsome, and Marm Porter moved about as brisk as a parched pea, though as silent as dumb, and our supper was ready in no time. As soon as she took her seat and sot down, she sprung up right on eend, as if she sot on a pan of hot coals, and coloured all over; and then tears started in her eyes. Thinks I to myself, I calculate I wrote that are lesson in large letters any how, I can read that writin without spellin, and no mistake; I guess you've got pretty well warmed thereabouts this hitch. Then she tried it agin, first she sot on one leg, then on tother, quite oneasy, and then right atwixt both, a fidgettin about dreadfully, like a man that's rode all day on a bad saddle, and lost a little leather on the way. If you had seed how she stared at Porter, it would have made you sniker. She couldn't credit her eyes. He warn't drunk, and he warn't crazy, but there he sot as peeked and as meechin as you please. She seemed all struck up of a heap at his rebellion. The next day when I was about startin, I advised him to act like a man, and keep the weather gage now he had it, and all would be well: but the poor critter

nly held on a day or two, she soon got the upper hand of him, nd made him confess all, and by all accounts he leads a worse ife now than ever. I put that are trick on him jist now to try im, and I see its gone goose with him; the jig is up with him, he'll soon call him with a whistle like a dog. I often think of he hornpipe she danced there in the dark along with me, to the nusic of my whip—she touched it off in great style, that's a fact. shall mind that go one while, I promise you. It was actilly qual to a play at old Bowry. You may depend, Squire, the nly way to tame a shrew is by the cowskin. Grandfather lick was raised all along the coast of Kent in old England, and e used to say, there was an old sayin there, which, I expect, is ot far off the mark:

'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you lick 'em the better they be.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MINISTER'S HORN MUG.

This Country, says Mr. Slick, abounds in superior mill pri-ileges, and one would naterally calculate that such a sight of vater power would have led to a knowledge of machinery. I guess if a blue-nose was to go to one of our free and enlightened citizens, and tell him Nova Scotia was intersected with rivers nd brooks in all directions, and nearly one quarter of it covered with water, he'd say, Well, I'll start right off and see it, I vow, or I guess I'll larn somethin. I allot I'll get another wrinkle away down east there. With such splendid chances for experi-mentin, what first-chop mills they must have to a sartainty. I'll see such new combinations and such new applications of the force of water to motion, that I'll make my fortin, for we can improve on anything. Well, he'd find his mistake out I guess, as I did once, when I took passage in the night to New York for Providence, and found myself the next mornin clean out to sea, steerin away for Cape Hatteras, in the Charleston steamer. He'd find he'd gone to the wrong place I reckon; there aint a mill of any kind in the Province fit to be seen. If we had 'em we'd carve 'em as we do the gamblin houses down south, pull 'em right

down, there wouldn't be one on 'em left in eight and forty hours.

Some domestic factories they ought to have here; it's an essential part of the social system. Now we've run to the other extreme, its got to be too big an interest with us, and aint suited to the political institutions of our great country. Natur designed us for agricultural people, and our government was predicated on the supposition that we would be so. Mr. Hopewell was of the same opinion. He was a great hand at gardenin, orchardin, farmin, and what not. One evenin I was up to his house, and says he, Sam, what do you say to a bottle of my old genu*ine* cider? I guess I got some that will take the shine off of your father's, by a long chalk, much as the old gentleman brags of his'n—I never bring it out afore him. He thinks he has the best in all Connecticut. It's an innocent ambition that; and, Sam, it would be but a poor thing for me to gratify my pride, at the expense of humblin his'n. So I never lets on that I have any better, but keep dark about this superfine particular article of mine, for I'd as lives he'd think so as not. He was a rael prim*itive* good man was minister. I got some, said he, that was bottled that very year, that glorious action was fought atween the Constitution and the Guerricre. Perhaps the whole world couldn't show such a brilliant whippin as that was. It was a splendid deed, that's a fact. The British can whip the whole airth, and we can whip the British. It was a bright promise for our young eagle, a noble bird that, too; great strength, great courage, and surpassing sagacity.

Well, he went down to the cellar, and brought up a bottle, with a stick tied to its neck, and day and date to it, like the lye-bills on the trees in Squire Hendrick's garden. I like to see them are cobwebs, says he, as he brushed 'em off, they are like grey hairs in an old man's head, they indicate venerable old age. As he uncorked it, says he, I guess, Sam, this will warm your gizzard, my boy: I guess our great nation may be stumped to produce more eleganter liquor than this here. It's the dandy, that's a fact. That, said he, a smackin of his lips, and lookin at its sparklin top, and layin back his head, and tippin off a horn mug full of it—that, said he—and his eyes twinkled agin, for it was plagy strong—that is the prod*uce* of my own orchard. Well, I said, minister, says I. I never see you a swiggin it out of that

are horn mug, that I dont think of one of your texts. What's that, Sam? says he—for you always had a most a special memory when you was a boy. Why, says I, 'that the horn of the righteous man shall be exalted,' I guess that's what they mean by 'exaltin the horn,' aint it? Lord if ever you was to New Or*leens*, and seed a black thunder cloud rise right up and cover the whole sky in a minit, you'd a thought of it if you had seed his face. It looked as dark as Egypt. For shame, says he, Sam, that's ondecent; and let me tell you that a man that jokes on such subjects, shews both a lack of wit and sense too. I like mirth, you know I do, for it's only the Pharisees and hypocrites that wear long faces, but then mirth must be innocent to please me: and when I see a man make merry with serious things, I set him down as a lost sheep. That comes of your speculatin to Lowell; and, I vow, them factorin towns will corrupt our youth of both sexes, and become hot-beds of iniquity. Evil communications endamnify good manners, as sure as rates; one scabby sheep will infect a whole flock—vice is as catchin as that nasty disease the Scotch have, it's got by a shakin of hands, and both eend in the same way in brimstone. I approbate domestic factories, but nothin further for us. It don't suit us or our institutions. A republic is only calculated for an eulightened and vartuous people, and folks chiefly in the farmin line. This is an innocent and happy vocation. Agriculture was ordained by Him that made us, for our chief occupation.

Thinks I, Here's a pretty how do you do; I'm in for it now, that's a faet; he'll jist fall to and read a regular sarmon, and he knows so many by heart he'll never stop. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to answer him. So, says I, Minister, I ax your pardon, I feel very ugly at havin given you offence, but I didn't mean it, I do assure you. It jist popt out onexpectedly, like a cork out of one of them are cider bottles. I'll do my possible that the like don't happen agin, you may depend; so 'spose we drink a glass to our reconciliation. That I will, said he, and we will have another bottle too, but I must put a little water into *my glass*, (and he dwelt on that word, and looked at me quite feelin, as much as to say, Don't for goodness sake make use of that are word *horn* agin, for it's a joke I don't like,) for my head hante quite the strength my cider has. Taste this, Sam, said he, (a openin of another bottle), its of the same age

as the last, but made of different apples, and I am fairly stumped sometimes to say which is best.

These are the pleasures, says he, of a country life. A man's own labour provides him with food, and an appetite to enjoy it. Let him look which way he will, and he sees the goodness and bounty of his Creator, his wisdom, his power, and his majesty. There never was any thing so true, as that are old sayin, 'Man made the town, but God made the country,' and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue, and the other with vice. One is the abode of plenty, and the other of want; one is a ware-duck of nice pure water—and t'other one a cess-pool. Our towns are gettin so commercial and factorin, that they will soon generate mobs, Sam, (how true that are has turned out, hain't it? He could see near about as far into a millstone, as them that picks the hole into it,) and mobs will introduce disobedience and defiance to laws, and that must eend in anarchy and bloodshed. No, said the old man, a raisin of his voice, and givin the table a wipe with his fist, that made the glasses all jingle agin, give me the country; that country to which He that made it said, "Bring forth grass, the herb yieldin seed, and the tree yieldin fruit," *and who saw that it was good.* Let me jine with the feathered tribe in the mornin, (I hope you get up early now, Sam; when you was a boy there was no gettin you out of bed at no rate,) and at sunset in the hymns which they utter in full tide of song to their Creator. Let me pour out the thankfulness of my heart to the Giver of all good things, for the numerous blessins I enjoy, and intreat him to bless my increase, that I may have wherewithal to relieve the wants of others, as he prevents and relieves mine. No! give me the country. Its ——— Minister was jist like a horse that has the spavin: he sot off considerable stiff at first, but when he once got underway, he got on like a house a fire. He went like the wind, full split.

He was jist beginnin to warm on the subject, and I knew if he did, what wonderful bottom he had; he would hang on for ever amost; so, says I, I think so too, minister, I like the country, I always sleep better there than in towns: it tante so plaguy hot, nor so noisy neither, and then it's a pleasant thing to set out on the stoop and smoke in the cool, ain't it? I think, says I, too, Minister, that are uncommon handsum cider of

your'n desarves a pipe, what do you think? Well, says he, I think myself a pipe wouldn't be amiss, and I got some rael good Varginy, as you een amost ever seed, a present from Rowland Randolph, an old college chum; and none the worse to my palate, Sam, for bringin bye-gone recollections with it. Phœbe, my dear, said he to his darter, bring the pipes and tobacco. As soon as the old gentleman fairly got a pipe in his mouth, I gives Phœbe a wink, as much as to say, Warn't that well done? That's what I call a most partikilar handsum fix. He can *talk* now, (and that *I do like* to hear him do), but he can't make a speech, or preach a sarmon, and that *I don't like* to hear him do, except on Sabbath day, or up to Town Hall, on oration times.

Minister was an oncommon pleasant man, (for there was nothin amost he didn't know,) except when he got his dander up, and then he did spin out his yarns for everlastingly.

But I'm of his opinion. If the folks here want their country to go ahead, they must honour the plough, and Gineral Campbell ought to hammer that are into their noddles, full chisel, as hard as he can drive. I could larn him somethin, I guess, about hammerin he ain't up to. It tante every one that knows how to beat a thing into a man's head. How could I have sold so many thousan clocks, if I hadn't a had that nack? Why, I wouldn't have sold half a dozen, you may depend.

Agricultur is not only neglected but degraded here. What a number of young folks there seem to be in these parts, a ridin about, titivated out rael jam, in their go-to-meetin clothes, a doin of nothin. It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young people are above their business. They are too high in the instep, that's a fact.

Old Drivvle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day, For gracious sake, says he, Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny. His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makins of a considerable smart man—he's growin up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable forehanded, but I don't know what the dogs to put him to. The lawyers are like spiders, they've eat up all the flies, and I guess they'll have to eat each other soon, for there's more on' em than causes now every court. The doctor's tra is a poor

one, too, they don't get barely cash enough to pay for their medicines; I never seed a country practitioner yet that made anythin worth speakin of. Then, as for preachin, why church and dissenters are pretty much tarred with the same stick, they live in the same pastur with their flocks; and between 'em, its fed down pretty close, I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him? Well, says I, I'll tell you if you won't be miffy with me. Miffy with you, indeed, said he, I guess I'll be very much obliged to you; it tante every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience—I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an onderstandin man as you be. Well, says I, take a stick and give him a rael good quiltin, jist tantune him like blazes, and set him to work. What does the critter want? you have a good farm for him, let him go and airn his bread; and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides—put him to, eh! why put him to the PLOUGH, *the most nateral, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world.* But, said the old man (and he did not look over half pleased) markets are so confounded dull, labour so high, and the banks and great folks a swallerin all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers, it's hard rubbin, now-a-days, to live by the plough—he'll be a hard-workin poor man all his days. Oh! says I, if he wants to get rich by farmin, he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton, and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes, make his own cloth, weave his own linen, and keep out of shops, and he'll soon grow rich—there are more fortins got by savin than by makin, I guess, a plaguy sight —he can't eat his cake and have it too, that's a fact. *No, make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seein him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society —more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.*

Ahem! says Marm Drivvle, and she began to clear her throat or action: she slumped down her nittin, and clawed off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me, so as to take good aim. I seed a regular norwester a brewin. I knew it would bust

somewhere sartan, and make all smoke agin; so I cleared out and left old Drivvle to stand the squall. I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it, for she had got her Ebenezer up, and looked like a proper sneezer. Make her Johnny a farmer, eh! I guess that was too much for the like o' her to stomach.

Pride, Squire, continued the Clockmaker, (with such an air of concern, that I verily believe the man feels an interest in the welfare of a Province in which he has spent so long a time,) *Pride, Squire, and a false pride too, is the ruin of this country, I hope I may be skinned if it tante.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WHITE NIGGER.

ONE of the most amiable, and at the same time most amusing, traits in the Clockmaker's character, was the attachment and kindness with which he regarded his horse. He considered 'Old Clay' as far above a Provincial horse as he did one of his "free and enlightened citizens" superior to a blue-nose. He treated him as a travelling companion, and when conversation flagged between us, would often soliloquise to him, a habit contracted from pursuing his journeys alone. Well now, he would say, Old Clay, I guess you took your time agoin up that are hill—s'pose we progress now. Go along, you old sculpin, and turn out your toes. I reckon you are as deff as a shad, do you hear there, 'go ahead, Old Clay.' There now, he'd say, Squire, aint that dreadful pretty? There's action. That looks about right—legs all onder him—gathers all up snug—no bobbin of his head—no rollin of his shoulders—no wabblin of his hind parts, but steady as a pump bolt, and the motion all onderneath. When he fairly lays himself to it, he trots like all vengeance. Then look at his ears, jist like rabbits, non o' your flop ears, like them Amherst beasts, half horses, half pigs, but straight up and pineted, and not too near at the tips; for that are, I concait, always shews a horse aint true to draw. *There are only two things, Squire, worth lookin at in a horse, action and soundness, for I never seed a critter that had good action that was a bad beast.* Old Clay puts me in mind of one of our free and enlightened—

Excuse me, said I, Mr. Slick, but really you appropriate that word 'free' to your countrymen, as if you thought no other people in the world were entitled to it but yourselves. Neither be they, said he. We first sot the example. Look at our declaration of independence. It was writ by Jefferson, and he was the first man of the age; perhaps the world never seed his ditto. It's a beautiful piece of penmanship that, he gave the British the butt eend of his mind there. I calculate you couldn't falt it in no particular, it's ginerally allowed to be his cap shief. In the first page of it, second section, and first varse, are these words, 'We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' I guess King George turned his quid when he read that. It was somethin to chaw on, he hadn't been used to the flavour of, I reckon.

Jefferson forgot to insert one little word, said I; he should have said 'all white men,' for, as it now stands, it is a practical untruth, in a country which tolerates domestic slavery in its worst and most forbidding form. It is a declaration of *shame*, and not of *independence*. It is as perfect a misnomer as ever I knew. Well, said he, I must admit there is a screw loose somewhere thereabouts, and I wish it would convene to Congress, to do somethin or another about our niggers, but I am not quite sartified how that is to be sot to rights.—I concait that you don't understand us. But, said he, (evading the subject with his usual dexterity,) we deal only in niggers,—and those thick-skulled, crooked-shanked, flat-footed, long-heeled, woolly-headed gentlemen, don't seem fit for much else but slavery, I do suppose; they aint fit to contrive for themselves. They are jist like grass-hoppers; they dance and sing all summer, and when winter comes, they have nothin provided for it, and lay down and die. They require some one to see arter them. Now, we deal in black niggers only, but the blue-noses sell their own species—they trade in white slaves. Thank God, said I, slavery does not exist in any part of his Majesty's dominions now, we have at last wiped off that national stain. Not quite, I guess, said he, with an air of triumph, it tante done with in Nova Scotia, for I have seed these human cattle sales with my own eyes—I was availed of the truth of it up here to old Furlong's, last November. I'll tell you the story, said he; and as this story of the Clockmaker's contained some

extraordinary statements, which I had never heard of before, I noted it in my journal, for the purpose of ascertaining their truth; and, if founded on fact, of laying them before the proper authorities.

Last fall, said he, I was on my way to Partridge Island, to ship off some truck and prod*uce* I had taken in, in the way of trade; and as I neared old Furlong's house, I seed an amazin crowd of folks about the door; I said to myself, says I, Whose dead, and what's to pay now—what on airth is the meaning of all this? Is it a vandew, or a weddin, or a rollin frolic, or a religious stir, or what is it? Thinks I, I'll see—so I hitches Old Clay to the fence, and walks in. It was some time afore I was able to swiggle my way thro' the crowd, and get into the house. And when I did, who should I see but Deacon Westfall, a smooth-faced, sleeked-haired, mecchin-lookin chap as you'd see in a hundred, a standin on a stool, with an auctioneer's hammer in his hand; and afore him was one Jerry Oaks and his wife, and two little orphan children, the prettiest little toads I ever beheld in all my born days. Gentlemen, said he, I will begin the sale by puttin up Jerry Oaks, of Apple River; he's a considerable of a smart man yet, and can do many little chores besides feedin the children and pigs; I guess he's near about worth his keep. Will you warrant him sound, wind and limb? says a tall, ragged lookin countryman, for he looks to me as if he was foundered in both feet, and had a string halt into the bargain. When you are as old as I be, says Jerry, mayhap you may be foundered too, young man; I have seen the day when you wouldn't dare to pass that joke on me, big as you be. Will any gentleman bid for him, says the deacon, he's cheap at 7*s.* 6*d.* Why, deacon, said Jerry, why surely your honour isn't agoin for to sell me separate from my poor old wife, are you? Fifty years have we lived together as man and wife, and a good wife has she been to me, through all my troubles and trials, and God knows I have had enough of 'em. No one knows my ways and my ailments but her, and who can tend me so kind, or who will bear with the complaints of a poor old man but his wife? Do, deacon, and Heaven bless you for it, and yours, do sell us together; we have but a few days to live now, death will divide us soon enough. Leave her to close my old eyes, when the

struggle comes, and when it comes to you, deacon, as come it must to us all, may this good deed rise up for you, as a memorial before God. I wish it had pleased him to have taken us afore it came to this, but His will be done; and he hung his head, as if he felt he had drained the cup of degradation to its dregs. Can't afford it, Jerry—can't afford it, old man, said the deacon (with such a smile as a November sun gives, a passin atween clouds.) Last year they took oats for rates, now nothin but wheat will go down, and that's as good as cash, and you'll hang on, as most of you do, yet these many years. There's old Joe Crowe, I believe in my conscience he will live for ever. The biddin then went on, and he was sold for six shillings a week. Well, the poor critter gave one long, loud, deep groan, and then folded his arms over his breast so tight that he seemed tryin to keep in his heart from bustin. I pitied the misfortunate wretch from my soul, I don't know as I ever felt so streaked afore. Not so his wife, she was all tongue. She begged and prayed, and cried, and scolded, and talked at the very tip eend of her voice, till she became, poor critter, exhausted, and went off in a faintin fit, and they ketched her up and carried her out to the air, and she was sold in that condition.

Well, I couldn't make head or tail of all this, I could hardly believe my eyes and ears; so says I to John Porter, (him that has that catamount of a wife, that I had such a touss with,) John Porter, says I, who ever see'd or heer'd tell of the like of this, what onder the sun does it all mean? What has that are critter done that he should be sold arter that fashion? Done, said he, why nothin, and that's the reason they sell him. This is town-meetin day, and we always sell the poor for the year to the lowest bidder. Them that will keep them for the lowest sum, gets them. Why, says I, that feller that bought him is a pauper himself, to my sartin knowledge. If you were to take him up by the heels and shake him for a week, you couldn't shake sixpence out of him. How can he keep him? it appears to me the poor buy the poor here, and that they all starve together. Says I, There was a very good man once lived to Liverpool, so good, he said he hadn't sinned for seven years; well, he put a mill-dam across the river, and stopt all the fish from goin up, and the court fined him fifty pounds for it, and

this good man was so wrathy, he thought he should feel better to swear a little, but conscience told him it was wicked. So he compounded with conscience, and cheated the devil, by callin it a 'dam fine business.' Now, friend Porter, if this is your poor-law, it is a damn poor law, I tell you, and no good can come of such hard-hearted doins. It's no wonder your country don't prosper, for who ever heerd of a blessin on such carryins on as this? Says I, Did you ever hear tell of a sartain rich man, that had a beggar called Lazarus laid at his gate, and how the dogs had more compassion than he had, and came and licked his sores; cause if you have, look at that forehanded and sponsible man there, Deacon Westfall, and you see the rich man. And then look at that are pauper, dragged away in that ox-cart from his wife for ever, like a feller to States' Prison, and you see Lazarus. Recollect what follered, John Porter, and have neither art nor part in it, as you are a Christian man.

It fairly made me sick all day. John Porter follered me out of the house, and as I was a turnin Old Clay, said he, Mr. Slick, says he, I never see'd it in that are light afore, for it's our custom, and custom, you know, will reconcile one to most anything. I must say, it does appear, as you lay it out, an unfeelin way of providin for the poor; but, as touchin the matter of dividin man and wife, why, (and he peered all round to see that no one was within heerin,) why, I don't know, but if it was my allotment to be sold, I'd as lives they'd sell me separate from Jane, as not, for it appears to me it's about the best part of it.

Now, what I have told you, Squire, said the Clockmaker, is the truth; and if members, instead of their everlastin politics, would only look into these matters a little, I guess it would be far better for the country. So, as for our declaration of independence, I guess you needn't twitt me with our slave-sales, for we deal only in blacks; but blue-nose approbates no distinction in colours, and when reduced to poverty, is reduced to slavery, and is sold—*a White Nigger*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRE IN THE DAIRY.

As we approached within fifteen or twenty miles of Parrsboro, a sudden turn of the road brought us direct in front of a large wooden house, consisting of two stories and an immense roof, the height of which edifice was much increased by a stone foundation, rising several feet above ground. Now, did you ever see, said Mr. Slick, such a catamaran as that? there's a proper goney for you, for to go and raise such a buildin as that are, and he has as much use for it, I do suppose, as my old waggon here has for a fifth wheel. Blue-nose always takes keer to have a big house, cause it shows a big man, and one that's considerable forehanded, and pretty well to do in the world. These Nova Scotians turn up their blue-noses, as a bottle-nose porpoise turns up his snout, and puff and snort exactly like him at a small house. If neighbour Carrit has a two story house, all filled with winders, like Sandy Hook lighthouse, neighbour Parsnip must add jist two feet more on to the post of hisn, and about as much more to the rafter, to go ahead of him; so all these long scarce gentlemen strive who can get the furdest in the sky, away from their farms. In New England our maxim is a small house, and amost an everlastin almighty big barn; but these critters revarse it, they have little hovels for their cattle, about the bigness of a good sizeable bear trap, and a house for the humans as grand as Noah's Ark. Well jist look at it and see what a figur it does cut. An old hat stuffed into one pane of glass, and an old flannel petticoat, as yaller as jaundice, in another, finish off the front; an old pair of breeches, and the pad of a bran new cart-saddle worn out, titivate the eend, while the backside is all closed up on account of the wind. When it rains, if there aint a pretty how-do-you-do, it's a pity—beds toated out of this room, and tubs set in tother to catch soft water to wash; while the clapboards, loose at the eends, go clap, clap, clap, like galls a hacklin flax, and the winders and doors keep a dancin to the music. The only dry place in the house is in the chimbley corner, where the folks all huddle up,

as an old hen and her chickens do under a cart of a wet day. I wish I had the matter of a half a dozen pound of nails, (you'll hear the old gentleman in the grand house say,) I'll be darn'd if I don't, for if I had, I'd fix them are clapboards, I guess they'll go for it some o' these days. I wish you had, his wife would say, for they do make a most particular unhansum clatter, that's a fact; and so they let it be to the next tempestical time comes, and then they wish agin. Now this grand house has only two rooms down stairs, that are altogether slicked up and finished off complete, the other is jist petitioned off rough like one half great dark entries, and tother half places that look a plaguy sight more like packin boxes than rooms. Well, all up stairs is a great onfarnished place, filled with every sort of good for nothin trumpery in natur—barrels without eends—corn cobs half husked—cast off clothes and bits of old harness, sheep skins, hides and wool, apples, one half rotten, and tother half squashed—a thousand or two of shingles that have bust their withs, and broke loose all over the floor, hay rakes, forks, and sickles, without handles or teeth; rusty scythes, and odds and eends without number. When any thing is wanted, then there is a general overhaul of the whole cargo, and away they get shifted forrard, one by one, all handled over and chucked into a heap together till the lost one is found; and the next time, away they get pitched to the starn again, higglety pigglety, heels over head, like sheep taken a split for it over a wall; only they increase in number each move, cause some of 'em are sure to get broke into more pieces than they was afore. Whenever I see one of these grand houses, and a hat lookin out o' the winder with nary head in it, thinks I, I'll be darned if that's a place for a wooden clock, nothin short of a London touch would go down with them folks, so I calculate I wont alight.

Whenever you come to such a grand place as this, Squire, depend on't the farm is all of a piece, great crops of thistles, and an everlastin yield of weeds, and cattle the best fed of any in the country, for they are always in the grain fields or mowin lands, and the pigs a rootin in the potatoe patches. A spic and span new gig at the door, shinin like the mud banks of Windsor, when the sun's on em, and an old rack of a hay waggin, with its tongue onhitched, and stickin out behind, like a pig's tail, all indicate a big man. He's above thinkin of

farmin tools, he sees to the bran new gig, and the hired helps look arter the carts. Catch him with his go-to-meetin clothes on, a rubbin agin their nasty greasy axles, like a tarry nigger; not he, indeed, he'd stick you up with it.

The last time I came by here, it was a little bit arter daylight down, rainin cats and dogs, and as dark as Egypt; so, thinks I, I'll jist turn in here for shelter to Squire Bill Blake's. Well, I knocks away at the front door, till I thought I'd split it in; but arter rappin awhile to no purpose, and findin no one come, I gropes my way round to the back door, and opens it, and feelin all along the partition for the latch of the keepin room, without findin it, I knocks agin, when some one from inside calls out 'Walk.' Thinks I, I don't cleverly know whether that indicates 'walk in' or 'walk out,' its plaguy short metre, that's a fact; but I'll see any how. Well, arter gropin about awhile, at last I got hold of the string and lifted the latch and walked in, and there sot old Marm Blake, close into one corner of the chimbley fire place, a see-sawin in a rockin chair, and a half grown black house-help, half asleep in tother corner, a scroudgin up over the embers. Who be you? said Marm Blake, for I can't see you. A stranger, said I. Beck, says she, speaking to the black heifer in the corner, Beck, says she, agin, raisin her voice, I believe you are as def as a post, get up this minit and stir the coals, till I see the man. Arter the coals were stirred into a blaze, the old lady surveyed me from head to foot, then she axed me my name, and where I came from, where I was agoin, and what my business was. I guess, said she, you must be reasonable wet, sit to the fire and dry yourself, or mayhap your health may be endamnified pr'aps.

So I sot down, and we soon got pretty considerably well acquainted, and quite sociable like, and her tongue, when it fairly waked up, began to run like a mill race when the gate's up. I hadn't been talkin long, 'fore I well nigh lost sight of her altogether agin, for little Beck began to flourish about her broom, right and left, in great style, a clearin up, and she did raise such an awful thick cloud o' dust, I didn't know if I should ever see or breathe either agin. Well, when all was sot to rights, and the fire made up, the old lady began to apologise for having no candles; she said she'd had a grand tea party the night afore, and used them all up, and a whole sight of vittals too, the old

man hadn t been well since, and had gone to bed airly. But, says she, I do wish with all my heart you had a come last night, for we had a most special supper—punkin pies and dough nuts, and apple sarce, and a roast goose stuffed with Indian puddin, and a pig's harslet stewed in molasses and onions, and I don't know what all, and the fore part of to-day folks called to finish. I actilly have nothin left to set afore you: for it was none o' your skim-milk parties, but superfine uppercrust real jam, and we made clean work of it. But I'll make some tea, any how, for you, and perhaps, after that, said she, alterin of her tone, perhaps you'll expound the Scriptures, for it's one while since I've heerd them laid open powerfully. I han't been fairly lifted up since that good man Judas Oglethorp travelled this road, and then she gave a groan and hung down her head, and looked corner-ways, to see how the land lay thereabouts. The tea-kettle was accordingly put on, and some lard fried into oil, and poured into a tumbler; which, with the aid of an inch of cotton-wick, served as a make-shift for a candle.

Well, arter tea, we sot and chatted awhile about fashions, and markets, and sarmons, and scandal, and all sorts o' things, and, in the midst of it, in runs the nigger wench, screemin out at the tip eend of her voice, Oh Missus! Missus! there's fire in the dairy, fire in the dairy! I'll give it to you for that, said the old lady, I'll give it to you for that, you good for nothin hussy, that's all your carelessness, go and put it out this minit, how on airth did it get there? my night milk's gone, I dare say; run this minit and put it out and save the milk. I am dreadful afeard of fire, I always was from a boy, and scein the poor foolish critter seize a broom in her fright, I ups with the tea-kettle and follows her; and away we clipt thro' the entry, she callin out Mind the cellar door on the right, Take kear of the close horse on the left, and so on, but as I couldn' see nothin, I kept right straight ahead. At last my foot kotched in somethin or another, that pitched me somewhat less than a rod or so, right agin the poor black critter, and away we went heels over head. I heer'd a splash and a groan, and I smelt somethin plaguy sour, but couldn't see nothin; at last I got hold of her, and lifted her up, for she didn't scream, but made a strange kind of choakin noise, and by this time up

came Marm Blake with a light. If poor Beck didn't let go then in airnest, and sing out, for dear life, it's a pity, for she had gone head first into the swill tub, and the tea kettle had scalded her feet. She kept a dancin right up and down, like one ravin distracted mad, and boohood like any thing, clawin away at her head the whole time, to clear away the stuff that stuck to her wool.

I held in as long as I could, till I thought I should have busted, for no soul could help a larfin, and at last I haw-hawed right out. You good for nothin stupid slut you, said the old lady, to poor Beck, it sarves you right. you had no business to leave it there—I'll pay you. But, said I, interferin for the unfortunate critter, Good gracious, Marm! you forget the fire. No, I don't, said she, I see him, and seesin the broom that had fallen from the nigger's hand, she exclaimed, I see him, the nasty varmint, and began to belabour most onmercifully a poor half-starved cur that the noise had attracted to the entry. I'll teach you, said she, to drink milk; I'll larn you to steal into the dairy; and the besot critter joined chorus with Beck, and they both yelled together, till they fairly made the house ring agin. Presently old Squire Blake popt his head out of a door, and rubbin his eyes, half asleep and half a wake, said, What's the devil's to pay now, wife? Why, nothin, says she, only, '*fire's in the dairy*,' and Beck's in the swill tub, that's all. Well, don't make such a touss, then, said he, if that's all, and he shot tu the door, and went to bed agin. When we returned to the keepin room, the old lady told me that they always had had a dog called '*Fire*,' ever since her grandfather, Major Donald Fraser's time, and what was very odd, says she, every one on' em would drink milk if he had a chance.

By this time the shower was over, and the moon shinin so bright and clear, that I thought I'd better be up and stirrin, and after slippin a few cents into the poor nigger wench's hand, I took leave of the grand folks in the big house. Now, Squire, among these middlin sized farmers you may lay this down as a rule,—*The bigger the house, the bigger the fools be that's in it.*

But, howsomever, I never call to mind that are go in the big house, up to the right, that I don't snicker when I think of '*Fire in the dairy.*'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BODY WITHOUT A HEAD.

I ALLOT you had ought to visit our great country, Squire, said the Clockmaker, afore you quit for good and all. I calculate you don't understand us. The most splendid location 'atween the Poles is the United States, and the first man alive is Gineral Jackson, the hero of the age, him that skeered the British out of their seven senses. Then there's the great Daniel Webster, it's generally allowed, he's the greatest orator on the face of the airth, by a long chalk, and Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Clay, and Amos Kindle, and Judge White, and a whole raft of statesmen, up to everything, and all manner of politics; there ain't the beat of 'em, to be found any where. If you was to hear 'em, I concait you'd hear genuine pure English for once, any how; for its generally allowed we speak English better than the British. They all know me to be an American citizen here, by my talk, for we speak it complete in New England.

Yes, if you want to see a free people—them that makes their own laws, accordin to their own notions—go to the States. Indeed, if you can falt them at all, they are a little grain too free. Our folks have their heads a trifle too much, sometimes, particularly in Elections, both in freedom of speech and freedom of press. One hadn't ought to blart right out always all that comes uppermost. A horse that's too free frets himself and his rider too, and both on 'em lose flesh in the long run. I'd e'en almost as lives use the whip sometimes, as to be for everlastingly a pullin at the rein. One's arm gets plaguy tired, that's a fact. I often think of a lesson I larnt Jehiel Quirk once, for letten his tongue outrun his good manners.

I was down to Rhode Island one summer to larn gilden and bronzin, so as to give the finishin touch to my clocks. Well, the folks elected me a hogreave, jist to poke fun at me, and Mr. Jehiel, a bean pole of a lawyer, was at the bottom of it. So one day, up to Town Hall, where there was an oration to be delivered on our Independence, jist afore the orator commenced, in runs Jehiel in a most allfired hurry; and, says he, I wonder,

says he, if there's are a hogreave here, because if there be I require a turn of his office. And then, says he, a lookin up to me and callin out at the tip eend of his voice, Mr. Hogreave Slick, said he, here's a job out here for you. Folks snickered a good deal, and felt my spunk a risen like half flood; that's a fact; but I bit in my breath, and spoke quite cool. Possible, says I; well duty, I do suppose, must be done, though it tante the most agreeable in the world. I've been a thinkin, says I, that I would be liable to a fine of fifty cents for sufferin a hog to run at large, and as you are the biggest one, I presume, in all Rhode Island, I'll jist begin by ringin your nose, to prevent you from the future from pokin your snout where you hadn't out to—and I seized him by the nose and nearly wrung it off. Well, you never heerd sich a shoutin and clappin of hands, and cheerin, in your life—they haw-hawed like thunder. Says I, Jehiel Quirk, that was a superb joke of yourn, how you made the folks larf, didn't you? You are ee'n amost the wittiest critter I ever seed. I guess you'll mind your parts o' speech, and study the *accidence* agin afore you let your clapper run arter that fashion, wont't you?

I thought, said I, that among your republicans, there were no gradations of rank or office, and that all were equal, the Hogreave and the Governor, the Judge and the Crier, the master and his servant; and although from the nature of things, more power might be entrusted to one than the other, yet that the rank of all was precisely the same. Well, said he, it is so in theory, but not always in practice; and when we do pra*ctise* it, it seems to go a little agin the grain, as if it warn't quite right neither. When I was last to Baltimore there was a Court there, and Chief Justice Marshall was detailed there for duty. Well, with us in New England, the Sheriff attends the Judge to Court, and, says I to the Sheriff, Why don't you escort that are venerable old Judge to the State House? he's a credit to our nation that man, he's actilly the first pothook on the crane, the whole weight is on him, if it warn't for him the fat would be in the fire in no time; I wonder you don't show him that respect —it wouldn't hurt you one morsel, I guess. Says he, quite miffy like, Don't he know the way to Court as well as I do? if I thought he didn't, I'd send one of my niggers to show him the road. I wonder who was his lackey last year, that he wants me to be hisn this time. It don't convene to one of our free and

enlightened citizens, to tag arter any man, that's a fact; its too English and too foreign for our glorious institutions. He's bound by law to be there at ten o'clock, and so be I, and we both know the way there I reckon.

I told the story to our minister, Mr. Hopewell (and he has some odd notions about him that man, though he don't always let out what he thinks;) says he, Sam, that was in bad taste, (a great phrase of the old gentleman's that,) in bad taste, Sam. That are Sheriff was a goney; don't cut your cloth arter his pattern, or your garment won't become you, I tell you. We are too enlightened to worship our fellow citizens as the ancients did, but we ought to pay great respect to vartue and exalted talents in this life; and, arter their death, there should be statues of eminent men placed in our national temples, for the veneration of arter ages, and public ceremonies performed annually to their honour. Arter all, Sam, said he, (and he made a considerable of a long pause, as if he was dubersome whether he out to speak out or not) arter all, Sam, said he, atween ourselves, (but you must not let on I said so, for the fulness of time han't yet come) half a yard of blue ribbon is a plaguy cheap way of rewardin merit, as the English do; and, although we larf at 'em, (for folks always will larf at what they han't got, and never can get,) yet titles aint bad things as objects of ambition are they? Then, tappen me on the shoulder, and looken up and smilin, as he always did when he was pleased with an idee, Sir Samuel Slick would not sound bad, I guess, would it, Sam?

When I look at the English House of Lords, said he, and see so much larning, piety, talent, honour, vartue, and refinement, collected together, I ax myself this here question, Can a system which produces and sustains such a body of men, as the world never saw before, and never will see agin, be defective? Well, I answer myself, Perhaps it is, for all human institutions are so, but I guess it's e'en about the best arter all. It wouldn't do here now, Sam, nor perhaps for a century to come, but it will come sooner or later with some variations. Now the Newtown pippin, when transplanted to England, don't produce such fruit as it does in Long Island, and English fruits don't preserve their flavour here, neither; allowance must be made for difference of soil and climate—(Oh Lord! thinks I, if he turns into his

orchard, I'm done for; I'll have to give him the dodge some how or another, through some hole in the fence, that's a fact, but he passed on that time.) So it is, said he, with constitutions; ourn will gradually approximate to theirn, and theirn to ourn. As they lose their strength of executive, they will varge to republicanism, and as we invigorate the form of government, (as we must do, or go to the old boy,) we shall tend towards a monarchy. If this comes on gradually, like the changes in the human body, by the slow approach of old age, so much the better; but I fear we shall have fevers, and convulsion-fits, and cholics, and an everlastin gripin of the intestines first; you and I wont live to see it, Sam, but our posteriors will, you may depend.

I don't go the whole figur with minister, said the Clockmaker, but I do opinionate with him in part. In our business relations we bely our political principles—we say every man is equal in the Union, and should have an equal vote and voice in the Government; but in our Banks, Railroad Companies, Factory Corporations, and so on, every man's vote is regilated by his share and proportion of stock; and if it warn't so, no man would take hold on these things at all.

Natur ordained it so—a father of a family is head, and rules supreme in his household; his eldest son and darter are like first leftenants under him, and then there is an overseer over the niggers; it would not do for all to be equal there. So it is in the univarse, it is ruled by one Superior Power; if all the Angels had a voice in the Government I guess —— Here I fell fast asleep; I had been nodding for some time, not in approbation of what he said, but in heaviness of slumber, for I had never before heard him so prosy since I first overtook him on the Colchester road. I hate politics as a subject of conversation, it is too wide a field for chit chat, and too often ends in angry discussion. How long he continued this train of speculation I do not know, but, judging by the different aspect of the country, I must have slept an hour.

I was at length aroused by the report of his rifle, which he had discharged from the waggon. The last I recollected of his conversation was, I think, about American angels having no voice in the Government, an assertion that struck my drowsy faculties as not strictly true: as I had often heard that the

American ladies talked frequently and warmly on the subject of politics, and knew that one of them had very recently the credit of breaking up General Jackson's cabinet. When I awoke, the first I heard was, Well, I declare, if that ain't an amazin fine shot, too, considerin how the critter was a runnin the whole blessed time; if I han't cut her head off with a ball, jist below the throat, that's a fact. There's no mistake in a good Kentucky rifle, I tell you. Whose head? said I, in great alarm, whose head, Mr. Slick? for heaven's sake what have you done? (for I had been dreaming of those angelic politicians, the American ladies.) Why that are hen-partridge's head, to be sure, said he; don't you see how special wonderful wise it looks, a flutterin about arter its head. True, said I, rubbing my eyes, and opening them in time to see the last muscular spasms of the decapitated body; true, Mr. Slick, it is a happy illustration of our previous conversation—*a body without a head.*

CHAPTER XXX.

A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mr. Slick, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He affected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, 'I guess you don't understand us,' or else enter into a laboured defence. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them, as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

We are a great nation, Squire, he said, that's sartain; but I am afear'd we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in

racin, everything depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start, you han't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to be jockied in the course. When we sot up housekeepin, as it were for ourselves, we hated our step-mother, Old England, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't foller any of her ways of managin at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we missed it in many things most consumedly, some how or another. Did you ever see, said he, a congregation split right in two by a quarrel? and one part go off and set up for themselves? I am sorry to say, said I, that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind. Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astarn, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigratin in religion in this way, they never know where to bide. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here and some improve there, but they don't hitch their horses together long. Sometimes they complain they *have too little water*, at other times that they *have too much;* they are never satisfied, and, wherever these separatists go, they onsettle others as bad as themselves. *I never look on a desarter as any great shakes.*

My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you, if a man don't agree in all partikilars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he ain't justified on that account, no how, to separate from them, for Sam, "*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*" The whole Christian world, he would say, is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that are family will grub out t'other one, stalk, branch, and root, it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a nateral curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withed up together (which it never was and never will be to all etarnity), no great of a bundle arter all, you might take it up under one arm, and walk off with it without winkin. But, when all lyin loose as it always is, jist look at it, and see what a sight it is, a blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een almost out of sight, others rollin over and over in the dirt, some

split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather, and cracked by the sun—no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects, railin, quarrellin, separatin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is auful to think on. T'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle, and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism commits a grievous sin; and Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothin to do with such folks.

Its pretty much the same in politics. I aint quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious revolution. If that are blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then it was the Lord's doin, but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it? I was to Bunker's Hill (the most splendid battle its generally allowed that ever was fought); what effects my shots had I can't tell, and I'm glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot —— Here the old gentleman became dreadful agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and wrung his hands and groaned bitterly. I have wrastled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that are blood from my hands. I never told you that are story, nor your mother neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder narvous.

Well, Doctor Warren, (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore,) commanded us all to resarve our fire till the British came within pint blank shot, and we could cleverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so—and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breast-work, for most on 'em, arter the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leadin on his men and encouragin them to the charge. I could see his featurs, he was a rael handsum man, I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and three-cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday, instead of the year '75. Well, I took a steady aim at him and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, whem all of a sudden, he sprung right straight up an eend, his sword slipt through his hands up to the pint, and then he

fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skivered. I never seed anything so auful since I was raised, I actilly screamed out with horror—and I threw away my gun and joined them that was retreatin over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that are British officer, if our rebellion was onjust, or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say, Aint they a sufficient justification? Well, it makes a long list, and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as anything. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind jist like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, Warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly?—and I get troubled and oneasy again. And then I say to myself, says I, Oh yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over agin. I actilly dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me, and I go over it all agin till I come to that are shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance; and your mother, poor old critter, says, Sam, says she, what on airth ails you to make you act so like old Scratch in your sleep? I do believe there's somethin' or another on your conscience. And I say, Polley, dear, I guess we're a goin to have rain, for that plaguy cute rheumatis has seized my foot, and it does antagonize me so I have no peace. It always does so when its like for a change. Dear heart, she says, (the poor simple critter,) then I guess I had better rub it, hadn't I, Sam? and she crawls out of bed, and gets her red flannel waistcoat, and rubs away at my foot ever so long. Oh, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin over spilt milk, but still one can't help a thinkin on it. But I don't love schisms and I don't love rebellion.

Our revolution has made us grow faster and grow richer; but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more pious and more happy. We have nothin fixed either in religion or politics. What connection there ought to be atween Church

and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts and intersectin shoots, and superfluous wood make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam?—that's the question—where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds will ruinate us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, cause it looks wise to doubt, and every drumstick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our Government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs—then, Sam, the blood we shed in our revolution, will be atoned for in the blood and sufferin of our fellow citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a political suicide of the State.

I am somewhat of father's opinion, said the Clockmaker, though I don't go the whole figur with him; but he needn't have made such an everlastin touss about fixen that are British officer's flint for him, for he'd a died of himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. Praps we might have done a little better, and praps we mightn't, by sticken a little closer to the old constitution. But one thing I will say, I think, arter all, your Colony Government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes and do what he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbour.

I guess that's enough for any on us; now, aint it?

CHAPTER XXXI.

GULLING A BLUE-NOSE.

I ALLOT, said Mr. Slick, that the blue-noses are the most gullible folks on the face of the airth,—rigular soft horns, that's a fact. Politics and such stuff set 'em a gapin, like children in a chimney corner listenin to tales of ghosts, Salem witches, and Nova Scotia snow storms; and while they stand starin and

yawpin, all eyes and mouth, they get their pockets picked of every cent that's in 'em. One candidate chap says, 'Feller citizens, this country is goin to the dogs hand over hand; look at your rivers, you have no bridges; at your wild lands, you have no roads; at your treasury, you hante got a cent in it; at your markets, things don't fetch nothin; at your fish, the Yankees ketch 'em all. There's nothin behind you but sufferin, around you but poverty, afore you but slavery and death. What's the cause of this unheerd of awful state of things, ay what's the cause? Why, Judges, and Banks, and Lawyers and great folks, have swallered all the money. They've got you down, and they'll keep you down to all etarnity, you and your posteriors arter your. Rise up like men, arouse yourselves like freemen, and elect me to the Legislatur, and I'll lead on the small but patriotic band, I'll put the big wigs thro' their facins, I'll make 'em shake in their shoes, I'll knock off your chains and make you free.' Well the goneys fall tu and elect him, and he desarts right away, with balls, rifle, powder, horn, and all. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a rael good man, and an everlastin fine preacher, a most a special spiritual man, renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil, preaches and prays day and night, so kind to the poor, and so humble, he has no more pride than a babe, and so short-handed, he's no butter to his bread—all self-denial, mortifyin the flesh. Well, as soon as he can work it, he marries the richest gall in all his flock, and then his bread is buttered on both sides. *He promiscd too much.*

Then comes a Doctor, and a prime article he is too. I've got, says he, a screw augur emetic and hot crop, and if I can't cure all sorts o' things in natur my name aint Quack. Well, he turns stomach and pocket, both inside out, and leaves poor bluenose—a dead man. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Lawyer, an honest lawyer, too, a rael wonder onder the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealins. He's so honest he can't bear to hear tell of other lawyers, he writes agin 'em, raves agin 'em, votes agin 'em, they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, cause he will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and fobs all for costs, cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Yankee Clockmaker, (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled), with his 'Soft Sawder,' and 'Human Natur,' and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Etarnity, stoppages included, and I must say they do run as —as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll shew you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose flint I've made up my mind to fix this while past. Here we were nearly thrown out of the waggon, by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. Did you hear that are snap? said he; well, as sure as fate, I'll break my clocks over them etarnal log briges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them are poles are plaguy treacherous, they are jist like old Marm Patience Doesgood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independent Democratic Hotel, at Squaw Neck Creek, in Massachusetts, one half gone, and tother half rotten eends.

I thought you had disposed of your last clock, said I, at Colchester, to Deacon Flint. So I did, he replied, the last one I had to sell to *him*, but I got a few left for other folks yet. Now there's a man on this road, one Zeb Allen, a real genu*ine* skinflint, a proper close-fisted customer as you'll almost see any where, and one that's not altogether the straight thing in his dealin neither. He don't want no one to live but himself, and he's mighty handsum to me, sayin my clocks are all a cheat, and that we ruinate the country, a drainin every drop of money out of it, a callin me a Yankee broom and what not. But it tante all jist Gospel that he says. Now I'll put a clock on him afore he knows it, I'll go right into him as slick as a whistle, and play him to the eend of my line like a trout. I'll have a hook in his gills, while he's thinkin he's only smelling at the bait. There he is now, I'll be darned if he aint, standin afore his shop door, lookin as strong as high proof Jamaiky: I guess I'll whip out of the bung while he's lookin arter the spicket, and p'raps he'll be none o the wiser till he finds it out, neither.

Well, Squire, how do you do, said he, how's all at home? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, won't you alight? Can't to day, said Mr. Slick, I'm in a considerable of a hurry to katch

the packet; have you any commands for Sou West? I'm going to the Island and across the bay to Windsor. Any word that way? No, says Mr. Allen, none that I can think on, unless it be to inquire how butter's goin; they tell me cheese is down and pro*duce* of all kind particular dull this fall. Well, I'm glad I can tell you that question, said Slick, for I don't calculate to return to these parts, butter has risen a cent or two; I put mine off mind at tenpence. Don't return! possible! why, how you talk? Have you done with the clock trade? I guess I have, it tante worth follerin now. Most time, said the other, laughin, for by all accounts the clocks warn't worth havin, and most infarnal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open. It warn't needed in your case, said Mr. Slick, with that peculiarly composed manner that indicates suppressed feeling, for you was always wide awake, if all the folks had cut their eye teeth as airly as you did, there'd be plaguy few clocks sold in these parts, I reckon. But you are right, Squire, you may say that, they actually were *not* worth havin, and that's the truth. The fact is, said he, throwin down his reins, and affectin a most confidential tone, I felt almost ashamed of them myself, I tell you. The long and short of the matter is jist this, they don't make no good ones now-a-days no more, for they calculate 'em for shipping and not for home use. I was all struck up of a heap when I seed the last lot I got from the States. I was properly bit by them, you may depend; they didn't pay cost, for I couldn't recommend them with a clear conscience, and I must say I do like a fair deal, for I'm strait up and down, and love to go right ahead, that's a fact. Did you ever see them I fetched when I first came, them I sold over the Bay? No, said Mr. Allen, I can't say I did. Well, continued he, they *were* a prime article, I tell you, no mistake there, fit for any market, it's generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. If you want a clock, and *can* lay your hands on one of them, I advise you not to let go the chance; you'll know 'em by the Lowell mark, for they were all made at Judge Beler's factory. Squire Shepody, down to Five Islands, axed me to get him one, and a special job I had of it, near about more sarch arter it than it was worth, but I did get him one, and a particular hansum one it is, copald and gilt superior. I guess it's worth any half-dozen in these parts, let tothers be

where they may. If I could a got supplied with the like o' them, I could a made a grand spec out of them, for they took at once and went off quick. Have you got it with you? said Mr. Allen, I should like to see it. Yes, I have it here, all done up in tow, as snug as a bird's egg, to keep it from jarrin, for it hurts 'em consumedly to jolt 'em over them are eternal wooden bridges. But it's no use to take it out, it aint for sale, its bespoke, and I wouldn't take the same trouble to get another for twenty dollars. The only one that I know of that there's any chance of gettin, is one that Increase Crane has up to Wilmot, they say he's a sellin off.

After a good deal of persuasion, Mr. Slick unpacked the clock, but protested against his asking for it, for it was not for sale. It was then exhibited, every part explained and praised, as new in invention and perfect in workmanship. Now Mr. Allen had a very exalted opinion of Squire Shepody's taste, judgment, and saving knowledge; and, as it was the last and only chance of getting a clock of such superior quality, he offered to take it at the price the Squire was to have it, at seven pounds ten shillings. But Mr. Slick vowed he couldn't part with it at no rate, he didn't know where he could get the like agin, (for he warn't quite sure about Increase Crane's,) and the Squire would be confounded disappointed, he couldn't think of it. In proportion to the difficulties, rose the ardour of Mr. Allen, his offers advanced to £8, to £8 10*s*., to £9. I vow, said Mr. Slick, I wish I hadn't let on that I had it all. I don't like to refuse you, but where am I to get the like? After much discussion of a similar nature, he consented to part with the clock, though with great apparent reluctance, and pocketed the money with a protest that, cost what it would, he should have to procure another, for he couldn't think of putting the Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a boot-jack.

Now, said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, that are feller is properly sarved, he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. It's a pity he should be a tellin of lies of the Yankees all the time, this will help him now to a little grain of truth. Then mimicking his voice and manner, he repeated Allen's words with a strong nasal twang, 'Most time for you to give over the clock trade, I guess, for by all accounts they ain't worth havin, and most infarnal dear, too, folks being

to get their eyes open.' Better for you if you'd a had your'n open, I reckon; a joke is a joke, but I concait you'll find that no joke. The next time you tell stories about Yankee pedlars, put the wooden clock in with the wooded punkin seeds, and Hickory hams, will you? The blue-noses, Squire, are all like Zeb Allen, they think they know everything, but they get gulled from year's eend to year's eend. They expect too much from others, and do too little for themselves. They actilly expect the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, through their little House of Assembly. What have you done for us? they keep axin their members. Who did you spunk up to last Session? jist as if all legislation consisted in attacking some half-dozen puss-proud folks to Halifax, who are jist as big noodles as they be themselves. You hear nothin but politics, politics, politics, one everlastin sound of Give, give, give. If I was Governor I'd give 'em the butt eend of my mind on the subject, I'd crack their pates till I let some light in 'em, if it was me, I know. I'd say to the members, Don't come down here to Halifax with your long lockrums about politics, makin a great touss about nothin; but open the country, foster agricultur, encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges, facilitate conveyance, and above all things make a railroad from Windsor to Halifax; and mind what I tell you now, write it down for fear you should forget it, for it's a fact; and if you don't believe me, I'll lick you till you do, for there ain't a word of a lie in it, by Gum: '*One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches, and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If it tante I hope I may be shot.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Parrsboro' to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs. Wilcox's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr. Slick seemed to be perfectly at home; and he pointed to a wooden clock, as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of 'soft sawder,' and a knowledge of 'human

natur.' Taking out a penknife, he cut off a splinter from a stick of firewood, and balancing himself on one leg of his chair, by the aid of his right foot, commenced his favourite amusement of whittling, which he generally pursued in silence. Indeed it appeared to have become with him an indispensable accompaniment of reflection.

He sat in this abstracted manner until he had manufactured into delicate shavings the whole of his raw material, when he very deliberately resumed a position of more ease and security, by resting his chair on two legs instead of one, and putting both his feet on the mantel-piece. Then, lighting his cigar, he said in his usual quiet manner, There's a plaguy sight of truth in them are old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazin deal of matter in a small compass. They are what I valy most, experience. Father used to say, I'd as live have an old homespun self-taught doctor as are a professor in the College at Philadelphia or New York to attend me; for what they do know, they know by experience and not by books; and experience is everything; it's hearin, and seein, and tryin, and arter that a feller must be a born fool if he don't know. That's the beauty of old proverbs; they are as true as a plum line, and as short and sweet as sugar candy. Now when you come to see all about this country you'll find the truth of that are one—'*A man that has too many irons in the fire, is plaguy apt to get some on 'em burnt.*'

Do you recollect that are tree I show'd you to Parrsboro', it was all covered with *black knobs*, like a wart rubbed with caustic. Well, the plum trees had the same disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry trees I concait will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same '*black knobs*,' and they do look like old Scratch. If you see a place all gone to wrack and ruin, it's mortgaged you may depend. The '*black knob*' is on it. My plan, you know, is to ax leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin it, for I know when I come back, they won't let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knowed no one, and I was forced to inquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin all about every man's place that lives on the road. Who lives up there in the big house? I guess—it's a nice location that,

pretty considerable improvements, them. Why, Sir, that's A. B's; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip and keered for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats, wore a long-tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt, but he must take to ship buildin, and has gone to the dogs. Oh, said I, too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potatoe field, whose is that? Oh, Sir, that our D's; he was a considerable fore-handed farmer, as any in C. place, but he sot up for an Assembly-man, and opened a Store, and things went agin him somehow, he had no luck arterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery. The '*black knob*' is on him, said I. The black what, Sir? says blue-nose, starin like a fool and lookin onfakilised. Nothin, says I. But the next, who improves that house? Why that's E. F's; he was the greatest farmer in these parts, another of the aristocracy, had a most noble stock o' cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in jint notes; well, he took the contract for beef with the troops; and he fell astarn, so I guess it's a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged. 'Too many irons agin,' said I. Who lives to the left there?—that man has a most special fine intervale, and a grand orchard too, he must be a good mark that. Well, he was once, Sir, a few years ago; but he built a fullin mill, and a cardin mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Indy line, but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and faith he fell too; he's shot up, he han't been see'd these two years, his farm is a common, and fairly run out. Oh, said I, I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt. I never heerd tell of it, says blue-nose; they might, but not to my knowledge; and he scratched his head, and looked as if he would ask the meanin of it, but didn't like to. Arter that I axed no more questions; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly featurs, the same cast o' countenance. The 'black knob' was disarnible—there was no mistake—barn doors broken off—fences burnt up—glass out of winder—more white crops than green—and both lookin weedy—no wood pile, no sarce garden, no compost—no stock—moss in the mowin lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect

every where—skinnin had commenced—takin all out and puttin nothin in—gittin ready for a move, *so as to leave nothin behind.* Flittin time had come. Foregatherin, for foreclosin. Preparin to cuss and quit. That beautiful river we come up to-day, what superfine farms it has on both sides of it, hante it? its a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a country so far down east, beyond creation most, as Nova Scotia is. If I was to draw up an account of it for the Slickville Gazette, I guess few would accept it as a *bonâ fide* draft, without some sponsible man to indorse it, that warn't given to flammin. They'd say there was a land speculation to the bottom of it, or a water privilege to put into the market, or a plaister rock to get off, or some such scheme. They would, I snore. But I hope I may never see daylight agin, if there's sich a country in all our great nation, as the *vi*-cinity of Windsor.

Now it's jist as like as not, some goney of a blue-nose, that see'd us from his fields, sailin up full split, with a fair wind on the packet, went right off home and said to his wife, 'Now do, for gracious sake, mother, jist look here, and see how slick them folks go along; and that Captain has nothin to do all day, but sit straddle legs across his tiller, and order about his sailors, or talk like a gentleman to his passengers: he's got most as easy a time of it as Ami Cuttle has, since he took up the fur trade, a snarin rabits. I guess I'll buy a vessel, and leave the lads to do the plowin and little chores, they've grow'd up now to be considerable lumps of boys.' Well, away he'll go, hot foot (for I know the critters better nor they know themselves) and he'll go and buy some old wrack of a vessel, to carry plaister, and mortgage his farm to pay for her. The vessel will jam him up tight for repairs and new riggin, and the Sheriff will soon pay him a visit; (and he's a most particular troublesome visitor that; if he once only gets a slight how-d'ye-do acquaintance, he becomes so amazin intimate arterwards, a comin in without knockin, and a runnin in and out at all hours, and makin so plaguy free and easy, it's about as much as a bargain if you can get clear of him afterwards.) Benipt by the tide, and benipt by the Sheriff, the vessel makes short work with him. Well, the upshot is, the farm gets neglected, while Captain Cuddy is to sea a drogin of plaister. The thistles run over his grain fields, his cattle run over his hay land, the intcrest runs over its

time, the mortgage runs over all, and at last he jist runs over to the lines to Eastport himself. And when he finds himself there, a standin in the street, near Major Pine's tavern, with his hands in his trowser pockets, a chasin of a stray shillin from one eend of 'em to another, afore he can catch it, to swap for a dinner, won't he look like a ravin distracted fool, that's all? He'll feel about as streaked as I did once, a ridin down the St. John River. It was the fore part of March—I'd been up to Fredericton a speculatin in a small matter of lumber, and was returnin to the city a gallopin along on one of old Buntin's horses, on the ice, and all at once I missed my horse; he went right slap in, and slid under the ice out of sight as quick as wink, and there I was a standin all alone. Well, says I, What the dogs has become of my horse and port mantle? they have given me a proper dodge, that's a fact. That is a narrer squeak, it fairly bangs all. Well, I guess he'll feel near about as ugly, when he finds himself brought up all standin that way; and it will come so sudden on him, he'll say, Why it aint possible I've ost farm and vessel both, in tu tu's that way, but I don't see neither on 'em. Eastport is near about all made up of folks who have had to cut and run for it.

I was down there last fall, and who should I see but Thomas Rigby, of Windsor. He knew me the minit he laid eyes upon me, for I had sold him a clock the summer afore. (I got paid for it, though, for I see'd he had too many irons in the fire not to get some on 'em burnt; and besides, I knew every fall and spring the wind set in for the lines, from Windsor, very strong—a regular trade wind—a sort of monshune, that blows all one way, for a long time without shiftin.) Well, I felt proper sorry for him, for he was a very clever man and looked cut up dreadfully, and amazin down in the mouth. Why, says I, possible! is that you, Mr. Rigby? why, as I am alive! if that aint my old friend—why how do you do? Hearty, I thank you, said he, how be you? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says I; but what on airth brought you here? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, I couldn't well avoid it, times are uncommon dull over the bay; there's nothing stirrin there this year; and never will, I'm thinkin. No mortal soul *can* live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that our country was made of a Saturday night, arter all the rest of the Universe was finished. One half of it has got all the

ballast of Noah's ark thrown out there; and the other half is eat up by Bankers, Lawyers, and other great folks. All our money goes to pay salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all. Well, says I, are you done up stock and fluke—a total wrack? No, says he, I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good, but my farm, stock, and utensils, them young blood horses, and the bran new vessel I was a buildin, are all gone to pot, swept as clean as a thrashin floor, that's a fact; Shark and Co. took all. Well, says I, do you know the reason of all that misfortune? Oh, says he, any fool can tell that; bad times, to be sure—every thing has turned agin the country, the banks have it all their own way, and much good may it do 'em. Well, says I, what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are as hungry as yourn be, and no way particular about their food neither, considerable sharp set—cut like razors, you may depend. I'll tell you, says I, how you got that are slide, that sent you heels over head—'*You had too many irons in the fire.*' You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship buildin at all, you knowed nothin about it; you should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, afore you spend your money, go up to Douglas, and you'll buy as good a farm for two hundred pounds as what you lost, and see to that, and to that only, and you'll grow rich. As for Banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin, and I concait there's no fear of yourn breakin; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' heavy coaches, give 'em half the road, and if they run agin you, take the law of 'em. *Undivided, unremittin attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will ensure success; but you know the old saying about 'too many irons.*

Now, says I, Mr. Rigby, what o' clock is it? Why, says he, the moon is up a piece, I guess it's seven o' clock or thereabouts. I suppose it's time to be a movin. Stop, says I, jist come with me, I got a rael nateral curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova Scotia, I know. So we walked along towards the beach; Now says I, look at that are man, old Lunar, and his son, a sawin plank by moonlight, for that are vessel on the stocks there; come agin to morrow mornin afore you can cleverly discarn objects the matter of a yard or so afore you, and you'll find 'em at it agin. I guess that vessel

won't ruinate those folks. *They know their business and stick to it.* Well, away went Rigby considerable sulky (for he had no notion that it was his own fault, he laid all the blame on the folks to Halifax), but I guess he was a little grain posed; for back he went, and bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better farm than he had before.

I mind once we had an Irish gall as a dairy help: well we had a wicked devil of a cow, and she kicked over the milk pail and in ran Dora, and swore the Bogle did it; jist so poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it was nateral causes, but laid it all to politics. Talkin of Dora, puts me in mind of the galls, for she warn't a bad lookin heifer that; my! what an eye she had, and I concaited she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the hay mow, to sarch for eggs; but I can't exactly say, for when she brought 'em in, mother shook her head, and said it was dangerous: she said she might fall through and hurt herself, and always sent old Snow arterwards. She was a considerable of a long-headed woman, was mother, she could see as far ahead as most folks. She warn't born yesterday, I guess. But that are proverb is true as respects the galls too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off and another cools off, and before she brings any on 'em to the right weldin heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin, to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin gall in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, You dear little critter, you, take care, *you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

THE next morning, the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighbourhood. You hadn't ought, says he, to be in a hurry; you should see the *vi*cinity of this location; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere.

When the servants were harnessing Old Clay, we went to see

a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. That, said he, is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it. You mean of Halifax, said I; St. John is in the other province. I mean what I say, he replied, and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country—they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a good many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the blue-noses. They have got about as much re gard for the country as a pedlar has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, 'cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts* 'cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, 'cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, 'cause he intends to *move all* at last. It's actilly overrun with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at everything; and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they're fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in any thing but cent. per cent.: they deaden public spirit; they han't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones that are to be found in every place, why the few smart spirited ones that's left, are too few to do any thing, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a blue-nose I'd ——; but thank fortin I ain't, so I says nothin—but there is somethin that ain't altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder, bean't it lovely? The Prayer Eyes of Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dykes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our far west, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use

A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran new vessels built down in Maine, of best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our rael American live oak, (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world) send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot thro' it, you wouldn't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees and elbows, weakens the joints and makes the frame ricketty.

Besides we like the smell of the Salt Water, it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin of the seas, than plowin of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut river, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and nat*ive* place where one was raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the old States, for them are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses—lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on'em. But it's no use talkin, they are jist made critters, that's a fact, full of health, and life and beauty,—now, to change them are splendid white water lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island, for the yeller crocusses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller it's all over with her; she's up a tree then you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the colour to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek too.

When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It's no use to cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done that. Women kind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin of their roses, and their frettin only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall, (and when she was young she was a rael witch, almost an everlastin sweet girl,) Sally, he used to say, now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.* Sall wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15? There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West, go there, I say.

This place is as fartile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along side of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*Industry, Enterprise, Economy;* these blue-noses don't know how to valy this location—only look at it, and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province—the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the bay of Fundy—the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States—the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone—the dykes—but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock maple tree—stick 'em in any where, but eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go a head and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed*

two birds, would be the makin of both places. I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, Oh we are too poor and too young. Says I, You put me in mind of a great long legged, long tailed colt, father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was colt all his days—always young—always poor; and young and poor you'll be I guess to the eend of the chapter.

On our return to the Inn the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, beeame very tempestuous. It rained for three sueeessive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I determined, therefore, to take a seat in the coach for Halifax, and defer until next year the remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and idiom were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searehing observation, and queer humour, rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjeets on which I should like to draw him out; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, 'Inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, containin a thousand rael genuine first chop Havanahs—no mistake—the clear thing. When you smoke 'em think sometimes of your old companion, SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER.'

THE CLOCKMAKER.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

WHOEVER has condescended to read the First Series of the Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, will recollect that our tour of Nova Scotia terminated at Windsor last autumn, in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, and that it was mutually agreed upon between us to resume it in the following spring. But, alas! spring came not. They retain in this country the name of that delightful portion of the year, but it is "Vox et preterea nihil." The short space that intervenes between the dissolution of winter and the birth of summer deserves not the appellation. Vegetation is so rapid here, that the valleys are often clothed with verdure before the snow has wholly disappeared from the forest.

There is a strong similarity between the native and his climate: the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. *Cultivation is wanting.* Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared *There is no time.* The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated.

When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well, I don't know, said he; I never seed it in that light afore; I was

athinkin' we miglit stump the whole univarsal world for climate. It's generally allowed, our elimate in Ameriea can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes a'most an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a elear sky and a good breeze, rale cheerfulsome.

That, said I, is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America. But there is one favour I must beg of you during this tour, and that is, to avoid the praetice you indulged in so much last year, of exalting everything American by depreeiating everything British. This habit is, I assure you, very objectionable, and has already had a very perceptible effect on your national eharaeter. I believe I am as devoid of what is called national prejudices as most men, and can make all due allowances for them in others. I have no objection to this superlative praise of your country, its institutions, or its people, provided you do not require me to join in it, or express it in language disrespeetful of the English.

Well, well, if that don't beat all, said he; you say you have no prejudices, and yet you ean't bear to hear tell of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens. Captain Aul, (Hall,) as he called himself, for I never seed an Englishman yet that spoke good English, said he hadn't one mite or morsel of prejudice, and yet in all his three volumes of travels through the *U*-nited States, (the greatest nation it's ginerally allowed atween the Poles,) only found two things to praise, the kindness of our folks to him, and the state prisons. None are so blind, I guess, as them that won't see; but your folks ean't bear it, that's a fact. Bear what? said I. The superiority of Americans, he replied; it does seem to grig 'em, there's no denyin' it; it does somehow or another seem to go ag'in their grain to admit it most consumedly; nothin' a'most ryles them so much as that. But their sun has set in darkness and sorrow, never again to peer above the horizon. They will be blotted out of the list of nations. Their glory has departed across the Atlantic to fix her everlastin' abode in the *U*-nited States. Yes, man to man—baganut to

paganut—ship to ship—by land or by sea—fair fight, or rough and tumble—we've whipped 'em, that's a fact, deny it who can; and we'll whip 'em ag'in to all etarnity. We average more physical, moral, and intellectual force than any people on the face of the airth; we are a right-minded, strong-minded, sound-minded, and high-minded people, I hope I may be shot if we ain't. On fresh or on salt water, on the lakes or the ocean, down comes the red cross and up go the stars. From Bunker's Hill clean away up to New Orleans the land teems with the glory of our heroes. Yes, our young republic is a Colossus, with one foot in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, its head above the everlastin' hills, graspin in its hands a tri——A rifle, shooting squirrels, said I; a very suitable employment for such a tall, overgrown, long-legged youngster.

Well, well, said he, resuming his ordinary quiet demeanour, and with that good humour that distinguished him, put a rifle, if you will, in his hands, I guess you'll find he's not a bad shot neither. But I must see to Old Clay, and prepare for our journey, which is a considerable of a long one, I tell *you*—and taking up his hat, he proceeded to the stable. Is that fellow mad or drunk? said a stranger who came from Halifax with me in the coach; I never heard such a vapouring fool in my life;—I had a strong inclination, if he had not taken himself off, to show him out of the door. Did you ever hear such insufferable vanity? I should have been excessively sorry, I said, if you had taken any notice of it. He is, I assure you, neither mad nor drunk, but a very shrewd, intelligent fellow. I met with him accidentally last year while travelling through the eastern part of the province; and although I was at first somewhat annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which he forced his acquaintance upon me, I soon found that his knowledge of the province, its people, and government, might be most useful to me. He has some humour, much anecdote, and great originality;—he is, in short, quite a character. I have employed him to convey me from this place to Shelburne, and from thence along the Atlantic coast to Halifax. Although not exactly the person one would choose for a travelling companion, yet if my guide must also be my companion, I do not know that I could have made a happier selection. He enables me to study the Yankee character, of which

it his particular class, he is a fair sample; and to become acquainted with their peculiar habits, manners, and mode of thinking. He has just now given you a specimen of their national vanity; which, after all, is, I believe, not much greater than that of the French, though perhaps more loudly and rather differently expressed. He is well-informed and quite at home on all matters connected with the machinery of the American government, a subject of much interest to me. The explanations I receive from him enable me to compare it with the British and Colonial constitutions, and throw much light on the speculative projects of our reformers. I have sketched him in every attitude and in every light, and I carefully note down all our conversations, so that I flatter myself when this tour is completed, I shall know as much of America and Americans as some who have even written a book on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

THE day after our arrival at Windsor, being Sunday, we were compelled to remain there until the following Tuesday, so as to have one day at our command to visit the College, Retreat Farm, and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. One of the inhabitants having kindly offered me a seat in his pew, I accompanied him to the church, which, for the convenience of the College, was built nearly a mile from the village. From him I learned that, independently of the direct influence of the Church of England upon its own members, who form a very numerous and respectable portion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, its indirect operation has been both extensive and important in this colony.

The friends of the establishment, having at an early period founded a college, and patronised education, the professions have been filled with scholars and gentlemen, and the natural and very proper emulation of other sects being thus awakened to the importance of the subject, they have been stimulated to maintain and endow academies of their own.

The general diffusion through the country, of a well-educated body of clergymen like those of the establishment, has had a strong tendency to raise the standard of qualification among those who differ from them, while the habits, manners, and regular conduct of so respectable a body of men naturally and unconsciously modulate and influence those of their neighbours, who may not, perhaps, attend their ministrations. It is, therefore, among other causes doubtless, owing in a great measure to the exertions and salutary example of the church in the colonies that a higher tone of moral feeling exists in the British provinces than in the neighbouring states, a claim which I find very generally put forth in this country, and though not exactly admitted, yet certainly not denied even by Mr. Slick himself. The suggestions of this gentleman induced me to make some inquiries of the Clockmaker, connected with the subject of an establishment; I therefore asked him what his opinion was of the Voluntary System. Well, I don't know, said he, what is yourn? I am a member, I replied, of the Church of England; you may, therefore, easily suppose what my opinion is. And I am a citizen, said he, laughing, of Slickville, Onion county, state of Connecticut, United States of America: you may therefore guess what my opinion is too: I reckon we are even now, ar'n't we? To tell you the truth, said he, I never thought much about it. I've been a considerable of a traveller in my day; a rovin' about here and there and everywhere; atradin' wherever I seed a good chance of making a speck; paid my shot into the plate, whenever it was handed round in meetin', and axed no questions. It was about as much as I could cleverly do, to look arter my own consarns, and I left the ministers to look arter theirn; but take 'em in a gineral way they are pretty well to do in the world with us, especially as they have the women on their side. Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they *do* contrive, some how or another, to have their own way in the eend, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvas for votes, always canvas the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.

I recollect when I was last up to Alabama, to one of the new cities lately built there, I was awalkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a leetle fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy

sultry I could hardly breathe a'most, and I seed a'most a splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house with a grand virandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green vernitians to the winders, and a white pallisade fence in front lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of sodgers with fixt baganuts; each side of the avenu was a grass-plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em,—and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other, made of wood by a n*ative* artist, and painted so nateral no soul could tell 'em from stone.

The avenu was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell *you*. While I was astoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the milkman with his cart. Says I, Stranger, says I, I suppose you don't know who lives here, do you? I guess you are a stranger, said he, ain't you? Well, says I, I don't exactly know as I ain't; but who lives here? The Rev. Ahab Meldrum, said he, I reckon. Ahab Meldrum, said I to myself; I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a state's prisoner than a state's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher on, for minister could'nt beat nothin' into him a'most, he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see anyhow: so I walks right through the gate and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant farnished room. I was most darnted to sit down on the chairs, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and varses, and lamps, and picturs, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazaar a'most, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities.

The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doing mischief. Presently in comes Ahab, slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the onexpected pleasure of seein' this mornin'? If you'll gist

throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble o' axing names. I know who you be by your voice, any how, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I,—what's left o'me at least, Verily, said he, friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you: and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must now be ripeful of years as he is full of honours. Your mother, I think, I heerd was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might, perhaps, take you a longer time than you are athinkin' on, or than I have to spare;—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho'—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.

Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, said he; open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none o' your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without adamagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I don't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, atakin' hold of my hand, you was always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealins. I can trust *you*, I know, but mind —and he put his fingers on his lips—mum is the word; bygones are bygones,—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, foller me, then, says he;—and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, farnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books, and pipes and cigars, pigtail, and what not. Here's liberty hall, said he; chew, or smoke, or spit as you please;—do as you like here; we'll throw off all resarve now; but mind that cussed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—don't talk too loud.

Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hunks—(it made me start that,

he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let anyone speak disrespectfully of him afore me for nothin', I know,)—when old Hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I don't jist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might jist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. Ahem! said he, so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin in the breakfast, and a grand one it was,—tea and coffee, and Indgian corn and cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, everythin' a'most you could think on. You needn't wait, said Ahab to the blacks; I'll ring for you when I want you; we'll help ourselves.

Well, when I looked round and seed this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onder-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahab, says I, I calculate you're like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garrat winder, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seems to come on your feet some how or another. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake; (the critter had three thousand dollars a year;) how on airth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin too; when it does hit it does capitally, that's sartain. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to anyone about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, said I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I gist soft sawder the women. It taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like anythin'. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the

hind ones foller of course. Now, it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable rigular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swallar. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgivin' disposition—(the Lord forgive me for saying so tho', for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all heal'd up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot agin, and see how 'cute their memory is)—their sweet tempers, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels,—I make all the vartues of the feminine gender always,—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies, and Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron are amazin' favorites: they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

> "Oh woman, in our hour of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made:
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministerin' angel thou."

If I didn't touch it off to the nines it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located heer. I drew from natur', says I, a squeezin' of her hand. Nor never so touchin', says another. You know my moddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her. I fairly shed tears, says a third. How often have you drawn them from me? says I. So true, says they, and so nateral, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerably elated, my admired sisters,—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own vartues? I must say I felt somehow kinder inadequate to the task too, I said,—for the depth, and strength, and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

When I left 'em I heard 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin

man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecterers, but a rael right down genu*ine* gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars *pro*duce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular he should remain single, for then the galls all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then: you may depend it's gone goose with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters.—And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down atradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. *The road to the head lies through the heart.* Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess, said I; and if you don't travel that road full chisel it's a pity. Well, says I, Ahab, when I go to Slickville I'll gist tell Mr. Hopewell what a'most a precious, superfine, superior darn'd rascal you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1, letter A. I want to know who is, that's all. You do beat all, Sam, said he; it's *the system that's vicious, and not the preacher.* If I didn't give 'em the soft sawder they would neither pay me nor hear me; that's a fact. Are you so soft in the horn now, Sam, as to suppose the galls would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt natur' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it? Very entertainin' that to tell 'em the worms will fatten on their pretty little rosy cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but grass, flourishin' to-day, and to be cut down withered and rotten to-morrow, ain't it? It ain't in the natur' o' things, if I put them out o' concait o' themselves, I can put them in concait o' me: or they that will come down handsome, and do the thing genteel; it's jist onpossible. It warn't me made the system, but the system made me. *The voluntary don't work well.*

System or no system, said I, Ahab, you are Ahab still, and Ahab you'll be to the eend o' the chapter. You may deceive the women by soft sawder, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. It ain't pretty at all. Now, said I, Ahab, I told you I wouldn't blow you, nor will I. I will neither speak o' things past, nor things present.

I know you wouldn't, Sam, said he; you was always a good feller. But it's on one condition, says I, and that is, that you allow Polly Bacon a hundred dollars a year—she was a good gall and a dacent gall when you first know'd her, and she's in great distress now in Slickville, I tell *you*. That's onfair, that's onkind, Sam, said he; that's not the clean thing; I can't afford it; it's a breach o' confidence this, but you got me on the hip, and I cant help myself;—say fifty dollars, and I will. Done, said I, and mind you're up to the notch, for I'm in airnest—there's no mistake. Depend upon me, said he. And, Sam, said he, ashakin' hands along with me at parting,—excuse me, my good feller, but I hope I may never have the pleasure to see your face ag'in. Ditto, says I; but mind the fifty dollars a year, or you will see me to a sartainty—good bye.

How different this cussed critter was from poor, dear, good, old Joshua Hopewell! I seed him not long arter. On my return to Connecticut, jist as I was apassin' out o' Molasses into Onion County, who should I meet but minister amounted upon his horse, old Captain Jack. Jack was a racker, and in his day about as good a beast as ever hoisted tail, (you know what a racker is, don't you, squire? said the Clockmaker; they brings up the two feet on one side first, together like, and then t'other two at once, the same way; and they do get over the ground at a'most an amazin' size, that's sartain,) but poor old critter he looked pretty streak'd. You could count his ribs as far as you could see him, and his skin was drawn so tight over him, every blow of minister's cane on him sounded like a drum, he was so holler. A candle poked into him lighted would have shown through him like a lantern. He carried his head down to his knees, and the hide seem'd so scant a pattern, he showed his teeth like a cross dog, and it started his eyes, and made 'em look all outside like a weasel's. He actilly did look as if he couldn't help it. Minister had two bags roll'd up and tied on behind him like a portmanter, and was ajoggin' on alookin' down on his horse, and the horse alooking down on the road, as if he was seekin' a soft spot to tumble down upon.

It was curious to see Captain Jack too, when he heerd Old Clay acomin' along full split behind him: he cock'd up his head and tail, and prick'd up his ears, and look'd corner ways out of

eye, as much as to say, If you are for a lick of a quarter of a mile I don't feel much up to it, but I'll try you any way;—so here's at you. He did try to do pretty, that's sartain, as if he was ashamed of lookin' so like Old Scratch, jist as a fellar does up the shirt collar and combs his hair with his fingers, afore he goes into the room among the galls.

The poor skilliton of a beast was ginger to the backbone, you may depend—all clear grit; what there was of him was whalebone; that's a fact. But minister had no rally *about him;* he was proper chop-fallen, and looked as dismal as if he had lost every friend that he had on airth. Why, minister, says I, what onder the sun is the matter of you? You and Captain Jack look as if you had had the cholera: what makes *you* so dismal, and your *horse* so thin? what's out o' joint now? Nothin' has gone wrong, I hope, since I left. Nothin' has gone right with me, Sam, of late, said he; I've been sorely tried with affliction, and my spirit is fairly humbled. I've been more insulted this day, my son, than I ever was afore in all my born days. Minister, says I, I've gist one favour to ax o' you; give me the sinner's name, and afore daybreak to-morrow mornin' I'll bring him to a reck'nin' and see how the balance stands. I'll kick him from here to Washin'ton, and from Washin'ton back to Slickville, and then I'll cow-skin him, till this ridin' whip is worn up to shoe-strings, and pitch him clean out o' the State. The infarnal villain! tell me who he is, and if he war as big as all out-doors, I'd walk into him. I'll teach him the road to good manners, if he can save eyesight to see it,—hang me if I don't. I'd like no better fun, I vow. So gist show me the man that darst insult you, and if he does so ag'in, I'll give you leave to tell me of it. Thank you, Sam, says he; thank you, my boy, but it's beyond your help. It ain't a parsonal affront of that natur', but a spiritual affront. It ain't an affront offered to me as Joshua Hopewell, so much as an affront to the minister of Slickville. That is worse still, said I, because you can't resent it yourself. Leave him to me, and I'll fix his flint for him.

It's a long story, Sam, and one to raise grief, but not anger;—you mustn't talk or think of fightin', it's not becomin' a Christian man: but here's my poor habitation; put up your horse and come in, and we'll talk this affair over by and by. Come in and

see me,—for, sick as I am, both in body and mind, it will do me good. You was always a kind-hearted boy, Sam, and I'm glad to see the heart in the right place yet;—come in, my son. Well, when we got into the house, and sot down,—says I, Minister, what the dickens was them two great rolls o' canvass for, I seed snugg'd up and tied to your crupper? You look'd like a man who had taken his grist to mill, and was returnin' with the bags for another; what onder the sun had you in them? I'll tell you, Sam, said he,—you know, said he, when you was to home, we had a state tax for the support o' the church, and every man had to pay his share to some church or another. I mind, says I, quite well. Well, said he, the inimy of souls has been at work among us, and instigated folks to think this was too compulsory for a free people, and smelt too strong of establishments, and the legislatur repealed the law; so now, instead o' havin' a rigilar legal stipend, we have what they call the voluntary,—every man pays what he likes, when he likes, and to whom he likes, or if it don't convene him he pays nothin';—do you apprehend me? As clear as a boot-jack, says I, nothin could be plainer; and I suppose that some o' your factory people that make canvas has given you a present of two rolls of it to make bags to hold your pay in? My breeches-pockets, says he, Sam, ashakin' o' his head, I estimate, are big enough for that. No, Sam, some subscribe and some don't. Some say, We'll give, but we'll not bind ourselves;—and some say, We'll see about it. We'll, I'm e'en a'most starved, and Captain Jack looks as poor as Job's turkey; that's a fact. So I thought, as times was hard, I'd take the bags and get some oats for him, from some of my subscribin' congregation:—it would save them the cash, and suit me jist as well as the blunt. Wherever I went, I might have filled my bags with excuses, but I got no oats:—but that warn't the worst of it neither, they turn'd the tables on me and took me to task. A new thing that for me, I guess, in my old age, to stand up to be catekised like a convarted Heathen. Why don't you, says one, jine the Temperance Society, minister? Because, says I, there's no warrant for it in Scriptur', as I see. A Christian obligation to sobriety is, in my mind, afore an engagement on honour. Can't think, says he of payin' to a minister that countenances drunk-

enness. Says another,—Minister, do you smoke? Yes, says I, I do sometimes: and I don't care if I take a pipe along with you now;—it seems sociable like. Well, says he, it's an abuse o' the critter,—a waste o' valuable time, and an encouragement of slavery: I don't pay to upholders of the slave system; I go the whole figur' for abolition. One found me too Calvinistic, and another too Armenian; one objected to my praying for the President,—for, he said, he was an everlastin' almighty rascal;—another to my wearin' a gownd, for it was too Popish. In short, I git nothin' but objections to a'most everything I do or say, and I see considerable plain my income is gone; I may work for nothin' and find thread now, if I choose. The only one that paid me, cheated me. Says he, Minister, I've been alookin' for you for some time past, to pay my contribution, and I laid by twenty dollars for you. Thank you, said I, friend, but that is more than your share: ten dollars, I think, is the amount of your subscription. Well, says he, I know that, but I like to do things handsum, and he who gives to minister lends to the Lord;—but, says he, I'm afeer'd it won't turn out so much now, for the Bank has fail'd since. It's a pity you hadn't acall'd afore, but you must take the will for the deed. And he handed me a roll of the Bubble Bank paper, that ain't worth a cent. Are you sure, said I, that you put this aside for me when it was good? O sartain, says he, I'll take my oath of it. There's no 'casion for that, says I, my friend, nor for me to take more than my due neither:—here are ten of them back again. I hope you may not lose them altogether, as I fear I shall. But he cheated me,—I know he did.

This is the blessin' of the voluntary, as far as I'm consarned. Now I'll tell you how it's agoin' for to work upon them; not through my agency tho', for I'd die first,—afore I'd do a wrong thing to gain the universal world. But what are you adoin' of, Sam, said he, a'crackin' of that whip so? says he, you'll e'en a'most deefen me. A tryin' of the spring of it, says I. The night afore I go down to Nova Scotia, I'll teach 'em Connecticut quickstep—I'll larn 'em to make somersets—I'll make 'em cut more capers than the caravan monkey ever could to save his soul alive, I know. I'll quilt 'em, as true as my name is Sam Slick; and if they follers me down east, I'll lambaste them back

a plaguy sight quicker than they came: the nasty, dirty, mean, sneaking villains. I'll play them a voluntary—I'll fa la sol them to a jig tune, and show 'em how to count baker's dozen. Crack, crack, crack, that's the music, minister; crack, crack, crack, I'll set all Slickville ayelpin'!

I'm in trouble enough, Sam, says he, without addin' that are to it; don't quite break my heart, for such carryins on would near about kill me. Let the poor deluded critters be, promise me now. Well, well, says I, if you say so, it shall be so;—but I must say, I long to be at 'em. But how is the voluntary agoin' for to operate on them? Emitic, diuretic, or purgative, eh? I hope it will be all three, and turn them inside out, the ungrateful scoundrils, and yet not be gist strong enough to turn them back ag'in. Sam, you're an altered man, says he. It appears to me the whole world is changed. Don't talk so onchristian: we must forget and forgive. They will be the greatest sufferers themselves, poor critters; havin' destroyed the independence of their minister, their minister will pander to their vanity. He will be afeer'd to tell them unpalatable truths. Instead of tellin' 'em they are miserable sinners in need of repentance, he will tell 'em they are a great nation and a great people, will quote history more than the Bible, and give 'em orations not sarmons; encomiums and not censures. Presents, Sam, will bribe indulgences. *The minister will be a dum dog!* It sarves 'em right, says I; I don't care what becomes of them. I hope they will be *dum* dogs, for dum dogs bite, and if they drive you mad—as I believe from my soul they will,—I hope you'll bite every one on 'em.

But, says I, minister, talkin' of presents, I've got one for you that's somethin' like the thing, I know; and I took out my pocket-book and gave him a hundred dollars. I hope I may be shot if I didn't, I felt so sorry for him.

Who's this from? said he, smilin'. From Alabama, said I; but the giver told me not to mention his name. Well, said he, I'd arather he'd asent me a pound of good Varginy pig-tail, because I could have thank'd him for that, and not felt too much obligation. *Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect:* but it's all right; it will enable me

to send neighbour Dearbourn's two sons to school. It will do good. Cute little fellers them, Sam, and will make considerable smart men, if they are properly seed too; but the old gentleman, their father, is, like myself, nearly used up, and plaguy poor. Thinks I, if that's your sort, old gentleman, I wish I had my hundred dollars in my pocket-book ag'in, as snug as a bug in a rug, and neighbour Dearbourn's two sons might go and whistle for their schoolin. Who the plague cares whether they have any larnin' or not? I'm sure I don't. It's the first of the voluntary system I'm sure, and I guess, it will be the last.

Yes, yes, squire, the voluntary don't work well,—that's a fact. Ahab has lost his soul to save his body, minister has lost his body to save his soul, and I've lost my hundred dollars slap to save my feelins. The deuce take the voluntary, I say.

CHAPTER III.

TRAINING A CARRIBOO.

In the evening we sauntered out on the bank of the river, Mr. Slick taking his rifle with him to shoot blue-winged duck, that often float up the Avon with the tide in great numbers. He made several shots with remarkable accuracy, but having no dogs we lost all the birds, but two, in the eddies of this rapid river. It was a delightful evening, and on our return we ascended the cliff that overlooks the village and the surrounding country, and sat down on the projecting point of limestone rock, to enjoy the glories of the sunset.

This evenin', said Mr. Slick, reminds me of one I spent in the same way at Toronto, in Upper Canada, and of a conversation I had with a British traveller there. There was only himself and me at the inn, and havin' nothin' above partickilar to do, says I, 'spose we take the rifle and walk down by the lake this splendid afternoon; who knows but we might see somethin' or another to shoot? So off we set, and it was so cool and pleasant we stroll'd a considerable distance up the beach, which is like this, all limestone gravel, only cleaner and less sediment in it.

When we got tired of the glare of the water, and a nasty

yallor scum that was on it at that season, we turned up a road that led into the woods. Why, says I, if there ain't a Carriboo, as I'm alive. Where? said he, seizin' the rifle, and bringin' it to his shoulder with great eagerness,—where is it? for heaven sake let me have a shot at it! I have long wish'd, said he, to have it to say, before I leave the province, that I have performed that feat of killin' a Carriboo. Oh, Lord! said I, throwin' up the point of the gun to prevent an accident, Oh, Lord! it ain't one o' them are sorts o' critters at all; it's a human Carriboo. It's a member, him that's in that are gig lookin' as wise as a barber's block with a new wig on it. The Toronto folks call 'em Carriboos, 'cause they are ontamed wild critters from the woods, and come down in droves to the legislatur' I guess he's a goin' to spend the night to the hotel, where we be; if he is, I'll bring him into our room and train him; you'll see what sort o' folks makes laws sometimes. I do believe, arter all, says I, this universal suffrage will make universal fools of us all;—it ain't one man in a thousand knows how to choose a horse, much less a member, and yet there are some standin' rules about the horse, that most any one can larn, if he'll give his mind to it. There's the mark o' mouth,—then there's the limbs, shape, mark, and soundness of 'em; the eye, the shoulder, and, above all, the action. It seems all plain enough, and yet it takes a considerable 'cute man to make a horse-jockey, and a little grain of the rogue too; for there is no mistake about the matter—you must lie a few to put 'em off well. Now, that's only the lowest grade of knowledge. It takes more skill yet to be a nigger-jockey. A nigger-jockey, said he, for heaven's sake, what is that? I never heerd the term afore, since I was a created sinner —I hope I may be shot if I did. Possible! said I, never heerd tell of a nigger-jockey! My sakes, you must come to the States then;—we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month there than you'll get in twenty years here, for these critters don't know nothin'. A nigger-jockey, sir, says I, is a gentleman that trades in niggers, —buys them in one state, and sells them in another, where they arn't known. It's a beautiful science is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eyes

teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for it himself, instead of puttin' a leake into others; that's a fact. Niggers dont show their age like white folk, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, ilein' the joints, good feed, a clean shirt, a false tooth or two, and dyin' the wool black if it's got gray, keepin' 'em close shav'd, and gist givin' 'em a glass of whisky or two afore the sale to brighten up the eye, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for forty. It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse by a long chalk. Then if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in next state for meetin' ag'in, slips a few dollars in Sambo's hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, meets massa there, and is sold a second time ag'in. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow and remove the tooth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him ag'in.

If it takes so much knowledge to choose a horse, or choose a nigger, what must it take to choose a member?—Who knows he won't give the people the slip as Sambo does the first master; ay, and look as different too, as a nigger does, when the dye rubs out, and his black wool looks white ag'in. Ah, squire, there are tricks in all trades, I do believe, except the clock trade. The nigger business, says I, is apt to get a man into court, too, as much as the horse trade, if he don't know the quirks of the law. I shall never forget a joke I passed off once on a Southerner. I had been down to Charleston South Carr, where brother Siah is located as a lawyer, and drives a considerable business in that line. Well, one day as I was awalkin' along out o'town, asmokin of my cigar, who should I meet but a poor old nigger, with a'most an almighty heavy load of pine wood on his back, as much as he could cleverly stagger onder. Why, Sambo, said I, whose slave be you? You've got a considerable of a heavy load there for a man of your years. Oh, massa, says he, Gor Ormighty bless you, (and he laid down his load, and puttin' one hand on his loins, and t'other on his thigh, he tried to straighten himself up,) I frec man now, I no longer slave no more. I purchased my freedom from Gineral Crockodile, him that keeps public at Mud Creek. Oh, massa, but him gineral took me in terrible, by gosh! Says he, Pompey, says he, you one werry good nigger, werry faithful nigger. I great opinion of you, Pompey; I make a man

of you, you dam old tar brush. I hope I may be skinned alive with wild cats if I don't. How much money you save, Pomp? Hunder dollars, says I. Well, says he, I will sell you your freedom for that are little sum. Oh, massa Gineral, I said, I believe I lib and die wid you;—what old man like me do now? I too old for freeman. O no, massa, leab poor old Pomp to die among de niggers. I tend young massa Gineral, and little missey Gineral, and teach 'em how to cow-skin de black villains. Oh, you smart man yet, he says,—*quite sound,* werry smart man, you airn a great deal o'money;—I too great regard for you to keep you slave any longer. Well, he persuade me at last, and I buy freedom, and now I starve. I hab no one to take care of me now; I old and good for nothin'—I wish old Pomp very much dead;—and he boohood right out like a child. Then he sold you to yourself, did he? said I. Yes, massa, said he, and here de paper and de bill ob sale. And he told you you *sound man* yet? True, massa, ebbery word. Then, says I, come along with me, and I toated him along into Siah's office. Sy, says I, here's a job for you. Gineral Crockodile sold this poor old nigger to himself, and warrinted him *sound* wind and limb. He cheated him like a cantin' hypocritical sinner as he is, for he's foundered in his right foot, and ringboned on the left. Sue him on his warrantry—there's some fun in't.—Fun, said Sy, I tell you, it's a capital joke; and he jump'd up and danced round his office a snappin' of his fingers, as if he wor bit by a galley-nipper. How it will conflustrigrate old Sim Illeter, the judge, won't it? I'll bambousle him, I'll befogify his brain for him with warranties general, special, and implied, texts, notes, and comentries. I'll lead him a dance through civil law and common law, and statute law; I'll read old Latin, old French, and old English to him; I'll make his head turn like a mill-stone; I'll make him stare like an owl, atryin' to read by daylight, and he larfed ready to kill himself. Sure enough he did bother him so, agoin' up from one court to another, that Crockodile was glad to compound the matter to get clear of the joke, and paid old Pomp his hundred dollars back again; that's a fact.

In the course of the evenin', Mr. Buck, the member elect for the township of Flats in the Home district, came in, and I introduced him with much ceremony to the Britisher, agivin' of

him a wink at the same time, as much as to say, now I'll show you the way to train a Carriboo. Well, Squire Buck, said I, I vow I'm glad to see you;—how did you leave Mrs. Buck, and all to home?—all well, I hope? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, sir, said he. And so they've elected you a member, eh? Well, they wanted some honest men among 'em—that's a fact, and some onderstandin' men too; how do you go, Tory or Radical? Oh, pop'lar side of course, said Mr. Buck. M'Kenzie and Papineau have open'd my eyes, I tell you; I had no notion afore our government was so rotten—I'm for elective councils, short parliaments, ballot, universal suffrage, and ag'in all officials. Right, said I, you are on the right side then, and no mistake. You've a plain path afore you: go straight ahead, and there's no fear. I should like to do so, said he, but I don't onderstand these matters enough, I'm afcer'd to probe 'em to the bottom; perhaps you'll be so good as to advise me a little. I should like to talk over these things with you, as they say you are a considerable of an onderstandin' man, and have seed a good deal of the world. Well, said I, nothin' would happify me more, I do assure you. Be independant, that's the great thing; be independant, that is, attack everything. First of all, there's the Church; that's a grand target, fire away at that till you are tired. *Raise a prejudice if you can, and then make everything a Church question.* But I'm a churchman myself, Mr. Slick; you wouldn't have me attack my own church, would you? So much the better said I; it looks liberal;—*true liberality, as far as my experience goes, lies in praisin' every other church, and abusin' of your own;* it's only bigots that attack other folks' doctrine and tenets; no strong-minded, straight-a-head, right up-and-down man does that. It shows a narrer mind and narrer heart that. But what fault is there with the church? said he: they mind their own business, as far as I see, and let other folks alone; they have no privilege here that I know on, that other sects ha'en't got. It's pop'lar talk among some folks, and that's enough, said I. They are rich, and their clergy are larned and genteel, and there's a good many envious people in the world:—there's radicals in religion as well as in politics, that would like to see 'em all brought to a level. And then there's church lands: talk about dividin' them among other sects, givin' them to

schools, and so on. There's no harm in robbing Peter if you pay Paul with it—a fair exchange is no robbery, all the world over; then wind up with a Church tithe sale, and a military massacre of a poor dissentin' old woman that was baganuted by bloody-minded sodgers while tryin' to save her pig. It will make an affectin' speech, draw tears from the gallery, and thunders of applause from the House.

Then there's judges, another grand mark; and councillors and rich men; call 'em the little big men of a little colony, the would-be aristocracy—the official gang—the favor'd few; call them by their christian and surnames; John Den and Richard Fen; turn up your nose at 'em like a horse's tail that's double-nicked. Salaries are a never-ending theme for you; officials shouldn't be paid at all; the honor is enough for 'em; a patriot sarves his country for nothin. Take some big salary for a text, and treat it this way: says you, there's John Doe's salary, it is seven hundred and thirty pounds a year, that is two pounds a day. Now, says you, that is sixteen common labourers' pay at two and sixpence each per day; shall it be said that one great mammoth official is worth sixteen free citizens, who toil harder and fare worse than he does? then take his income for ten years and multiply it. See, says you, in ten years he has received the enormous sum of seven thousand five hundred pounds; then run over all the things seven thousand five hundred pounds would effect on roads, bridges, schools, and so on, and charge him with havin' been the means of robbin' the country of all these blessins: call 'em blood-suckers, pampered minions, bloated leeches. Then there's the college, says you; it's for the aristocracy, to keep up distinctions, to rivit our fetters, to make the rich richer, and the strong stronger; talk of n*ative* genius and self-taught artists, of natur's scholars, of homespun talent; it flatters the multitude this—it's pop'lar, you may depend. Call the troops mercenaries, vile hirelings, degraded slaves; turn up your eyes to the ceilin' and invoke defeat and slaughter on 'em; if they dare enforce the law, talk of standing armies, of slavery, of legionary tyrants,—call 'em forigners, vulturs thirsting for blood,—butchers,—every man killed in a row, or a mob, call a victim, a *murdered man*,—that's your sort, my darlin'—go the whole hog, and do the thing genteel. *Anything that give*

power to the masses will please the masses. If there was nothin' to attack, there would be no champions; if there is no grievance you must make one: call all changes reform, whether it makes it better or not,—anything you want to alter call an abuse. All that oppose you, call anti-reformers, upholders of abuses, bigots, sycophants, office-seeking Tories. Say they live by corruption, by oppressin' the people, and that's the reason they oppose all change. How streak'd they'll look, won't they? It will make them scratch their heads and stare, I know. If there's any man you don't like, use your privilege and abuse him like old Scratch, —lash him like a nigger, cut him up beautiful—oh, it's a grand privilege that! Do this, and you'll be the speaker of the House, the first pot-hook on the crane, the truckle-head and cap-sheave —you will, I snore. Well, it does open a wide field, don't it, said Mr. Buck, for an ambitious man? I vow I believe I'll take your advice; I like the idea amazin'ly. Lord, I wish I could talk like you,—you do trip it off so glib—I'll take your advice tho'—I will, I vow. Well, then, Mr. Buck, if you will really take my advice, *I'll give it to you, said I, free-gratis, for nothin'* *Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children.*

CHAPTER IV

NICK BRADSHAW.

We left Grasperaux early in the morning, intending to breakfast at Kentville. The air was cool and bracing, the sun, which had just risen, shed a lustre over the scenery of this beautiful and fertile valley, which gave it a fresh and glowing appearance. A splendid country this, squire, said the Clockmaker; that's a fact; the Lord never made the beat of it. I wouldn't ax no

better location in the farmin' line than any of these allotments; grand grazin' grounds and superfine tillage lands. A man that know'd what he was about might live like a fightin' cock here, and no great scratchin' for it neither. Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there? Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of best-grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns: and, by gosh! there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of them marchin' Indgian file after milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place all snugged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose-bushes show the family are brought up right; sunthin' to do to home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin frolicks, gossipin', talkin', scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they show which way the wind is. When galls attend to them are things, it shows they are what our minister used to call "rightminded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful. I believe I'll allight and breakfast there, if you've no objection. I should like you to see that citizen's improvements, and he's a plaguy nice man too, and will be proud to see you, you may depend.

We accordingly drove up to the door, where we were met by Squire James Horton, a respectable, intelligent, cheerful-looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age. He received me with all the ease and warmth of a man to whom hospitality was habitual and agreeable,—thanked Mr. Slick for bringing me to see him, and observed that he was a plain farmer, and lived without any pretensions to be other than he was, and that he always felt pleased and gratified to see any stranger who would do him the favour to call upon him, and would accommodate himself to the plain fare of a plain countryman. He said, he lived out of the world, and the conversation of strangers was often instructive, and always acceptable to him. He then con-

ducted us into the house, and introduced us to his wife and daughters, two very handsome and extremely interesting girls, who had just returned from superintending the operations of the dairy. I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness and propriety of their attire, plain and suitable to their morning occupations, but scrupulously nice in its appearance.

As the clock struck seven, (a wooden clock, to which Mr. Slick looked with evident satisfaction as a proof of his previous acquaintance,) the family were summoned, and Mr. Horton addressed a short but very appropriate prayer to the Throne of Grace, rendering the tribute of a grateful heart for the numerous blessings with which he was surrounded, and supplicating a continuance of divine favour. There was something touching in the simplicity and fervour of his manner and in the unpretending style of his devotion, while there was a total absence of that familiar tone of address so common in America, which, often bordering on profanity, shocks and disgusts those who have been accustomed to the more decorous and respectful language of our beautiful liturgy.

Breakfast was soon announced, and we sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, everything abundant and good of its kind, and the whole prepared with a neatness that bespoke a well-regulated and orderly family. We were then conducted round the farm, and admired the method, regularity and good order of the establishment. I guess this might compare with any of your English farms, said the Clockmaker; it looks pretty considerable slick this—don't it? We have great advantages in this country, said Mr. Horton; our soil is naturally good, and we have such an abundance of salt sludge on the banks of the rivers, that we are enabled to put our uplands in the highest state of cultivation. Industry and economy can accomplish anything here. We have not only good markets, but we enjoy an almost total exemption from taxation. We have a mild and paternal government, our laws are well and impartially administered, and we enjoy as much personal freedom as is consistent with the peace and good order of society. God grant that it may long continue so! and that we may render ourselves worthy of these blessings, by yielding the homage of grateful hearts to the Great Author and Giver of all good things. A

bell ringing at the house at this time, reminded us that we were probably interfering with some of his arrangements, and we took leave of our kind host, and proceeded on our journey, strongly impressed with those feelings which a scene of domestic happiness and rural felicity like this never fails to inspire.

We had not driven more than two or three miles before Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right hand side of the road, said, Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. That critter, said he, when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a half-house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordin'ly put his chimbley outside, to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there, the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two gables stand starin' each other in the face, and as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was best to be done. Them old geese and vetren fowls, that are so poor the foxes won't steal 'm for fear o' hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jaw'd, long-legg'd, rabbit-eared runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, astandin' there with his eyes shot-to, acontemplatin' of its latter eend,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hocks swelled bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess. The goney has showed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breakin' into his field to starve, and gives his Old Mooley a chance o' sneakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pair of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airly of a mornin', afore the dew was off the ground, and mow that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine tooth comb, you wouldn't get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hanged for it. 'Spose we drive up

to the door to light a cigar; if Nick Bradshaw is to home, I should like to have a little chat with him. It's worth knowin' how he can farm with so little labour; for anything that saves labour in this country, where help is so plaguy dear, is worth larnin', you may depend.

Observing us pause and point towards his domain, Nicholas lifted off the door and laid it on its side, and emerging from his den of dirt and smoke, stood awhile reconnoitring us. He was a tall, well-built, athletic-looking man, possessed of great personal strength and surprising activity, but looked like a good-natured, careless fellow, who loved talking and smoking better than work, and preferred the pleasures of the tap-room to the labours of the field. He thinks we want his vote, said the Clockmaker. He's looking as big as all out-doors gist now, and is waitin' for us to come to *him*. He wouldn't condescend to call the king his cousin gist at this present time. It's independant day with him, I calculate; happy-lookin' critter, too, ain't he, with that are little, short black pipe in his mouth? The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosifer:—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient onder trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world. The Indgians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their folks, in case smokin should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go onprovided. Gist look at him: his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose a one side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flyin' in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an ontanned mocasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look too. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers'-pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feeelin' there, while one eye shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke couldn't do that now, squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resig-

nation, and all that are sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heard tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven. Philosify is like most other guests I've seed, it likes to visit them as keeps good tables, and though it has some poor acquaintances, it ain't more nor half pleased to be seen walkin' lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'——Here he comes, tho', I swan; he knows Old Clay, I reckon: he sees it ain't the candidate chap.

This discovery dispelled the important airs of Nicholas, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, he retreated a pace or two and took a running leap of ten or twelve feet across a stagnant pool of green water that graced his lawn, and served the double purpose of rearing goslings and breeding moschetoes, and by repeating these feats of agility on the grass several times, (as if to keep himself in practice,) was by the side of the waggon in a few minutes.

'Mornin', Mr. Bradshaw, said the Clockmaker; how's all to home to-day? Reasonable well, I give you thanks:—won't you alight? Thank you, I gist stop to light a cigar.—I'll bring you a bit o' fire, said Nick, in the twinklin' of an eye; and bounding off to the house with similar gigantic strides, he was out of sight in a moment. Happy, good-natured citizen that you see, squire, said Mr. Slick, he hain't been fool enough to stiffen himself by hard work neither; for you see he is as supple as an eel. The critter can jump like a catamount, and run like a deer; he'd catch a fox a'most, that chap.

Presently out bounded Nick in the same antelope style, waving over his head a lighted brand of three or four feet long. Here it is, said he, but you must be quick, for this soft green wood won't hold in fire no time—it goes right out. It's like my old house there, and that's so rotten it won't hold a nail now; after you drive one in, you can pull it out with your fingers. How are you off for tobacco? said Mr. Slick. Grand, said he, got half a fig left yet. Get it for you in a minit, and the old lady's pipe too, and without waitin' for a reply, was curvetting again off to the house. That gony, said the Clockmaker, is like a gun that goes off at half cock—there's no doin' nothin' with him. I didn't want his backey, I only wanted an

excuse to give him some; but it's a strange thing, that, squire, but it's as sure as rates, *the poor are every where more liberal, more obligin', and more hospitable, accordin' to their means, than the rich are:* they beat them all hollar,—it's a fact, I assure you.

When he returned, Mr. Slick told him that he was so spry, he was out of hearing before he could stop him; that he didn't require any himself, but was going to offer him a fig of first chop genu*ine* stuff he had. Thank you, said he, as he took it, and put it to his nose;—it was the right flavour that—rather weak for me, tho' I am thinking it'll gist suit the old lady. She smokes a good deal now for the cramp in her leg. She's troubled with the cramp sometimes, away down somewhere about the calf, and smokin', they say, is good for it.

He then took the tobacco very scientifically between the fore-finger and thumb of his left hand, and cut it into small shreds that fell in to the palm. Then holding both knife and fig between his teeth, he rolled, untwisted and pulverised the cut tobacco by rubbing and grinding it between his two hands, and refilled and lighted his pipe, and pronouncing the tobacco a prime article, looked the very picture of happiness. How's crops in a gineral way this year? said Mr. Slick. Well, they are just about meddlin', said he; the seasons ha'n't been very good lately, and somehow the land don't bear as it used to when I was a boy: but I'm in great hopes times are goin' to be better now. They say things look brighter; *I feel a good deal encouraged myself.* They tell me the governor's agoin' to appoint a new council; I guess, they'll do sun'thin' for the country. Ah, said the Clockmaker, that indeed, that would be sun'thin like,—it would make things quite brisk ag'in—farmers could afford to live then. It would raise markets considerable. So I see in the papers, said Nick: the fact o' the matter is the assembly men must do sun'thin' for the country, or it will go to the dogs, that's sartain. They tell me too that the council doors are to be opened, so that we can hear the debates:—that will be a great privilege, won't it? Very, said the Clockmaker, it will help the farmer amaz'inly that; I should count that a great matter; they must be worth hearin' them counsellors. It's quite a treat to hear the members in the house, particularly when they talk about bankin', currency, constitution, bounties,

and such tough knotty things;—they go so deep into these matters, and know so much about 'em, it's quite edifyin'. I've larnt more new things, and more things I niver knew afore in half an hour in the assembly, than ever I heerd afore in my life, and I expect t'other house will be quite as wise. Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, said Nicholas; *I feel somehow quite encouraged myself:* if we had a bounty of about a shilling a bushel for raisin' potatoes, two and sixpence a bushel for wheat, and fifteen pence for oats, I think a body *might* have a chance to make out to scratch along to live here; and I'm told when the council doors are opened, we shall actually get them. *I must say I feel quite encouraged myself.* But stop, said he, laying his hand on Mr. Slick, do you see that are varmint alookin' arter the old lady's chickens over there by the barn? I had a crack at him yesterday, but he was too far off—wait a bit! and he scampered off to the house, brought out his gun, which had been previously loaded, and throwing himself on all fours, proceeded towards the barn as rapidly as a quadruped. Stop, stop, daddy, said a little half naked imp of a boy, stop till I get my cock-shy. Well, bear a hand then, said he, or he'll be off: I won't wait a minit.

The boy darted into the house, and returned in an instant with a short, round, hard-wood club in his hand, and throwing himself in the same posture, thrust his head under the skirts of his father's coat, and crawled after him, between his legs, the two appearing like one long monstrous reptile. The hawk, observing this unusual motion, rose higher in the air, as he slowly sailed round the building; but Nicholas, not liking to be balked of his shot, fired at a venture, and fortunately broke his wing. Stop, daddy, said the boy, recovering his feet, stop, daddy, it's my turn, now; and following the bird, that fled with inconceivable rapidity, like an ostrich, half running, half flying, threw his cock-shy at him with unerring aim, and killed him. Ain't he a whopper, daddy? said he. See! and he stretched ou this wings to their full extent—he's a sneezer, ain't he? I'll show him to mammy, I guess, and off he ran to the house to exhibit his prize. Make a smart man that, said Nick, regarding his boy as he carried off the bird, with looks of entire satisfaction; make a considerable of a smart man that, if the assembly men

would only give us a chance; but *I feel quite encouraged now.* I think we shall have a good brood of chickens this year, now that thievin' rascal has got his flint fixt; and if them three regiments come to Halifax that's talked of this winter, poultry will fetch a'most a grand price, that's sartain. It appears to me there's a hawk, or a wild cat, or a fox, or a lawyer, or a constable, or a somethin' or another for everlastin'ly botherin' of a poor man; but I feel *quite encouraged now.*

I never seed that critter yet, said the Clockmaker, that he didn't say he felt "quite encouraged;" he's always lookin' for the Assembly to do great things for him, and every year feels "quite encouraged" that they will do sun'thin' at the next session that will make his fortin. I *wonder if folks will ever larn that politicks are the seed mentioned in Scriptur' that fell by the road-side, and the fowls came and picked them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds,—the party leaders.*

The bane of this country, squire, and indeed of all America, is havin' too much land; they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land so severely that they run it out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out by repeated grain crops, and when you add to that land naterally too poor to bear grain, or too broken for cultivation, you will find this great country in a fair way to be ruined.

The State of Varmont has nothin' like the exports it used to have, and a plaguy sight of the young folks come down to Boston to hire out as helps. The two Carolinas and Varginy are covered with places that have been given up as ruined, and many other States. We hav'n't the surplus of wheat and grain we used to have in the *U*-nited States, and it never will be so plenty again. That's the reason you hear of folks clearin' land, makin' a farm, and sellin' off again and goin' farther into the bush. They've exhausted it, and find it easier to clear new lands than to restore the old.

A great deal of Nova Scotia is run out, and if it warn't for the lime, marsh-mud, sea-weed, salt-sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, there'd be no cure for it. It takes good farmin' to keep an upland location in order, I tell you, and make it sustain itself. It takes more to fetch a farm too that's

had the gizzard taken out of it, than it's worth. It actilly frightens me, when I think your agriculture in Britain is progressin', and the land better tilled every day, while thousands upon thousands of acres with us, are turned into barrens. No traveller as I've seed has noticed this, and our folks are not aware of it themselves to the extent of the evil. Squire, you and I won't live to see it; but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another century, as it has progressed for the last hundred years, we'll be a nation of paupers. Very little land in America, even of the best, will carry more than one crop of wheat arter it's cleared, afore it wants manure; and where it's cleared so fast, where's the manure to come from?—it puzzles me, (and I won't turn my back on any man in the farmin' line) —the Lord knows, for I don't; but if there's a thing that scares me, it's this.

Hullo! hullo!—said a voice behind us, and when we turned to look from whence it came, we saw Nicholas running and leaping over the fences of his neighbours like a greyhound. Stop a minit, said he, I want to speak to you. I feel *quite encouraged* since I seen you; there's one question I forgot to ask you, Mr. Slick, for I should like amazin'ly to have your opinion. Who do you go for? I go for the Squire, said he: I'm agoin' for to go round the sea-coast with him. I don't mean that at all, said he;—who do you go for in the election? There's to be a poll a Monday to Kentville; and Aylesford and Gasperaux are up; who do you go for? I don't go for either of them; I wouldn't give a chaw of tobakey for both on 'em: what is it to me who goes? Well, I don't suppose it is, but it's a great matter to us: who would you advise me to vote for? Who is agoin' for to do the most good for you? Aylesford. Who promises the most? Aylesford. Vote for t'other one then, for I never seed or heerd tell of a feller yet, that was very ready with his promises, that warn't quite as ready to break them when it suited his purpose: and if Aylesford comes abotherin' of you, call out little Nick with his "cock-shy," and let him take a shot at him. Any critter that finds out all the world are rogues, and tells of the great things he's agoin' for to do, ginerally overlooks the biggest rogue of all, and that's himself. Oh! Gasperaux for ever! he's the man for your money,

and no mistake. Well, said Nicholas, I believe you're half right. Aylesford did promise a shillin' a bushel bounty on potatoes tho', but I believe he lied after all. I'll take your advice,—*I feel quite encouraged now.* If you'd like a coal to light your cigar by, said he, I'll step in here and get you one. Thank you, said Mr. Slick; I have no occasion for one jist now. Well, I believe I'll drop in and light a pipe there myself then, anyhow. Good-bye—*I feel quite encouraged now.*

Oh dear! said the Clockmaker, what a good-natered, good-for-nothin' simple toad that is. I suppose when the sheriff takes the vote of such critters he flatters himself he takes the sense of the county. What a difference atween him and Horton! The one is a lazy, idle critter, wanderin' about talkin' politics, or snarin' rabbits, catchin' eels, or shootin' hawks, and neglectin' his work, and a pretty kettle of fish he's made of it. The other, a careful, steady goin', industrious man, that leaves politics to them as like dabblin' in troubled waters, and attends steadily to his business, and he's a credit to his country.

Yes, too much land is the ruin of us all this side o' the water. Afore I went to England I used to think that the onequal divisions of property there, and the system of landlord and tenant, was a cuss to the country, and that there was more dignity and freedom to the individual, and more benefit to the nation, for every man to own the land he cultivated, as with us. But I've changed my mind; I see it's the cause of the high state of cultivation in England, and the prosperity of its agricultur. If the great men had the land in their own hands there, every now and then an improvident one would skin the soil, and run it out: bein' let to others, he can't do it himself, and he takes plaguy good care by his lease his tenant sha'n't do it neither. Well then, there he is, with his capital to make great improvements, substantial repairs, and so on, and things are pushed up to perfection.

In Nova Scotia there are hundreds and thousands that would be better off as tenants, if they would but only think so. When a chap spends all his money in buying lands, and mortgages them to pay the rest of the price, he ain't able to stock his farm, and work it properly; and he labours like a nigger all his life, and dies poor at last, while the land gets run out in his hands,

and is no good for ever after. Now if he was to hire the farm, the money that he paid for the purchase would stock it complete, enable him to hire labour,—to wait for markets,—to buy up cattle cheap, and to sell them to advantage. He'd make money hand over hand, while he'd throw the cost of all repairs and improvements on the owner. But you might talk till you were grey-headed, and you wouldn't persuade folks of that in this country. The glorious privilege of having a vote, to give to some goney of a member, carries the day. Well may they call it a dear privilege that, for it keeps them poor to their dyin' day.' No, squire, your system of landlord and tenant is the best for the farmer, and the best for the nation. There never can be a high state of general cultivation without it. Agricultur wants the labour of the farmer and the money of the capitalist, —both must go hand in hand. When it is left to the farmer alone, it must dwindle for want of means,—and the country must dwindle too. A nation, even if it is as big as our great one, if it has no general system of landlord and tenant adopted in it, must run out. We are ondergoin' that process now. I'm most plaguy afeerd we shall run out; that's a fact. A country is but a large estate at best; and if it's badly tilled and hard cropped, it must, in the eend, present the melancholy spectacle of a great exhausted farm. That's *quite encouragin'* now, as Nick Bradshaw says,—ain't it?

CHAPTER V

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

Did you ever drink any Thames water, squire? said the Clockmaker; because it is one of the greatest nateral curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland in the hair spekelation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the warld—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too;—it farments, works off the scum, clarifies

itself, and beats all natur';—and yet look at all them are sewers and drains, and dye-stuffs, and factory-wash, and onmentionables that are poured into it:—it beats the bugs, don't it? Well, squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outporins of the world,—homicides and regicides,—jail-birds and galley-birds, poor-house chaps and workhouse chaps,—rebels, infidels, and forgers,—rogues of all sorts, sizes, and degrees,—but it farments, you see, and works clear; and what a'most a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make, don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor limey enough to fur up the bylers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin,—but jist the thing; that's a fact. I wish to gracious you'd come and see for yourself. I'd go with you and cost you nothin' I'd take a prospectus of a new work and get subscribers; take a pattern book of the Lowell factories for orders; and spikilate a little by the way, so as to clear my shot wherever we went.

You must see for yourself,—you can't larn nothin' from books. I've read all the travels in America, and there ain't one that's worth a cent. They don't understand us. They remind me of a lawyer examinin' of a witness; he don't want either the truth, the whole truth, or nothin' but the truth, but he wants to pick out of him jist so much as will prove his case, d'ye see, and would like him to keep dark about the rest; puts artful questions to him on purpose to get an answer to suit him; stops him when he talks too fast, leads him when he goes too slow, praises his own witnesses sky-high, and abuses the other side for lyin', equivocatin', parjured villains. That's jist the case with English travellers; instead of lookin' all round, and seein' into things first, and then comin' to an opinion, they make up their minds afore they come, and then look for facts to support their views. First comes a great high tory, and a republic smells so bad in his nostrils, he's got his nose curl'd up like a pug-nose dog all thro' his journey. He sees no established church, and he swears there's no religion; and he sees no livery helps, and he says it's all vulgar; and if he sees a citizen spit, he jumps a one side as scared as if it were a rifle agoin' off. Then comes a radical (and them English radicals are cantankerous-lookin' critters—that's a fact),—as sour as vinegar, and lookin' as cross and as hungry as

a bear jist starved out in the spring, and *they* say we have the slavery of opinion here; that our preachers want moral courage, and that our great cities are cursed with the aristocracy of wealth. There is no pleasin' either on 'em. Then come what minister used to call the Optimists, a set of folks who talk you beef about the perfectibility of human natur'; that men, like caterpillars, will all turn into beautiful critters with wings like butterflies,—a sort of grub angels;—that our great nation is a paradise, and our folks jist agettin' out o' the chrysolis state into somethin' divine.

I seldom or never talk to none o' them, unless it be to bam 'em. They think they know everything, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleens full chisel, back to New York and up killock, and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin'—gougin'—lynchin' —burnin' alive—steam-boats blowed up—snags—slavery—stealin'—Texas—state prisons—men talk slow—women talk loud—both walk fast—chat in steam-boats and stage-coaches—anecdotes—and so on. Then out comes a book. If it's a tory writes it, then the tory papers say it's the best pictur' they have seen; lively, interestin', intelligent. If a radical, then radical papers say it's a very philosophical work (whenever a fellow gets over his head in it, and cruel unintelligible, he's deep in philosophy, that chap), statesman-like view, able work, throws great light on the politics of the day. I wouldn't give a chaw of tobackey for the books of all of 'em tied up and put into a meal-bag together.

Our folks sarve 'em as the Indgians used to sarve the gulls down to Squantum in old pilgrim times. The cunnin' critters used to make a sort o' fish flakes, and catch herrin' and tom cods, and such sort o' fish, and put 'em on the flakes and then crawl onder themselves, and as soon as the gulls lighted to eat the fish, catch hold o' their legs and pull 'em thro'. Arter that, whenever a feller was made a fool on and took in, they used to say he was gulled. Well, if our folks don't gull them British travellers, it's a pity. They do make proper fools on 'em; that's a fact.

Year afore last, I met an English gall atravellin' in a steam-

boat; she had a French name that I can't recollect, tho' I got it on the tip o' my tongue too; you know who I mean—she wrote books on economy,—not domestic economy, as galls ought, but on political economy, as galls oughtn't, for they don't know nothin' about it. She had a trumpet in her hand,—thinks I, who on airth is she agoin' to hail, or is she agoin' to try echoes on the river? I watched her some time, and I found it was an ear-trumpet.

Well, well, says I, that's onlike most English travellers any way, for in a gineral way they wear magnifyin' glasses, and do enlarge things so, a body don't know 'em ag'in when he sees 'em. Now, this gall won't hear one-half that's said, and will get that half wrong, and so it turned out. Says she to me, Beautiful country this, Mr. Slick; says she, I'm transported. Transported, said I, why, what onder the sun did you do to home to get transported?—but she larfed right out like any thing; delighted, I mean, said she, it's so beautiful. It is splendid, said I, no doubt; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere. Oh! said she, what views, what scenery, what woods, what a river! how I should like to soar away up with that are eagle into the blue sky, and see all its beauties spread out afore me like a map! How grand—everything is on a grand scale! Have you seen the Kentuckians? said I. Not yet, said she. Stop then, said I, till you see *them*. They *are* on a scale that will please you, I guess; whopping big fellows them, I tell you; half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the airthquake. I wasn't atalkin' of the men, said she, 'tis the beauties of natur' I was admirin' Well, said I, once on a time I used to admire the beauties of natur' too, but I got cured of that. Sit down on this bench, said she, and tell me how it was;—these kind o' anecdotes serve to illustrate the "moral of feelin'" Thinks I, this is philosophy now, "moral of feelin'!" Well, if the moschetoes don't illustrate your moral of feelin' for you, some of these nights, I'm mistaken. Very immoral fellers those 'skeeters.

Well, said I, my first tower in the clock-trade was up Canada way, and I was the first ever went up Huron with clocks. When I reached our fort at Gratiot, who did I find there as commander of the party, but the son of an old American hero, a sargeant at Bunker's Hill. Well, bein' the son of an old vete-

ran hero myself, it made quite a fellowship atween us, like. He bought a clock o' me, and invited me to stay with him till a vessel arrived for Michigan. Well, in the afternoon, we went for to take tea with a jintleman that had settled near the fort, and things were sot out in an arbor, surrounded with honeysuckle, and Isabella grape, and what not; there was a view of the fort from it, and that elegant lake and endless forest; it was lovely—that's a fact; and the birds flocked round the place, lighted on it, and sung so sweet,—I thought it was the most romantic thing I ever seed since I was a created sinner. So said I to his wife (a German lady from one of the emigrant ships), I prefer, said I, your band of birds to the Bowery band of New York, by a long chalk; it's natur's music, it's most delightful, it's splendid! Furder off, said she, I like 'em more better hash nearer; for the nasty, dirty tivils they dirt in the tay and de shuker; look there, said she, that's de tird cup now spilte. Lord, it make me sick! I never had any romance in me arter that.

Here the English gall turned round and looked at me for a space quite hard. Said she, You are a humorous people, Mr. Slick; you resemble the Irish very much,—you remind me greatly of that lively, light-hearted, agreeable people. Thank you, said I, marm, for that compliment; we are ginerally thought to resemble each other very much, both in looks and dress; there's often great mistakes made when they first land, from the likeness.

Arter a considerable of a pause, she said, This must be a religious country, said she, ain't it; for religion is "the highest fact in man's right, and the root of all democracy." If religion is the root of democracy, said I, it bears some strange fruit sometimes, as the man said of the pine-tree the five gamblers were lynched upon to Vixburg. I'm glad to see, said she, you have no establishment—it's an incubus—a dead weight—a nightmare. I ain't able, said I; I can't afford it no how; and besides, said I, I can't get no one to have me. Them that I would have won't have me, and them that would have me, the devil wouldn't have, so I don't see as I'm like to be troubled with a nightmare for one while. I don't mean that, said she, laughin; I mean an Established Church. Oh! an Established

Church, said I; now I understand; but when I hear ladies talk of establishments, I always think they have matrimony in their heads. The truth is, squire, I don't like to hear English people come out here, and abuse their church; they've got a church, and throve under it, and a national character under it, for honor and upright dealin', such as no other people in Europe have: indeed, I could tell you of some folks who have to call their goods English, to get them off in a foreign land at all. *The name sells 'em.* You may boast of this tree or that tree, and call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, *but give me the tree that bears the best fruit, I say.*

A church must be paid, and the mode don't much signify; at any rate it ain't for them to abuse it, tho' other folks may choose to copy it, or let it alone, as it convenes them. Your people, said she, are in advance of the clergy; your ministers are half men, half women, with a touch of the noodle. You'd be better without 'em; their parochial visits do more harm than good. In that last remark, said I, I concur; for if there's a gall in their vicinity, with a good fortin, they'll snap her up at once; a feller has no chance with 'em. One 'on them did brother Eldad out of one hundred thousand dollars that way. I don't speak o' that, said she, rather short like; but they hav'n't moral courage. They are not bold shepherds, but timid sheep; they don't preach abolition, they don't meddle with public rights. As to that, said I, they don't think it right to hasten on the crisis, to preach up a servile war, to encourage the blacks to cut their masters' throats: they think it a dangerous subject any way; and besides, said I, they have scruples o' conscience if they ought to stir in it at all. These matters are state rights, or state wrongs, if you please, and our Northern States have no more right to interfere in 'em than they have to interfere in the affairs of any other independent sovereign state in Europe. So I don't blame ministers much for that arter all,—so come now. In England, says I, you maintain that they ought not to meddle with public rights, and call 'em political priests, and all that sort o' thing, and here you abuse 'em for not meddlin' with 'em; call 'em cowards, dum dogs, slaves to public opinion, and what not. There's no pleasin' some folks.

As to religion, says I, bein' "the root of democracy," it's the

root of monarchy too, and all governments, or ought to be; and there ain't that wide difference arter all atween the two countries some folks think on. Government here, both in theory and practice, resides with the people; and religion is under the care of the rael government. With you, government is in the executive, and rcligion is in the hands of the government there. Church and state are to a sartain extent connected therefore in both. The difference with us is, we don't prefer one and establish it, and don't render its support compulsory. Better, perhaps, if we did, for it burns pretty near out sometimes here, and has to be brought to by revivals and camp-meetins, and all sorts of excitements; and when it does come to, it don't give a steady clear light for some time, but spits and sputters and cracks like a candle that's got a drop o' water on the wick. It don't seem kinder rational, neither, that screamin' and screetchin', and hoopin' and hollerin', like possest, and tumblin' into faintins, and fits, and swoons, and what not.

I don't like preachin to the narves instead of the judgment.—I recollect a lady once, tho', convarted by preachin' to her narves, that was an altered woman all the rest o' her days. How was that? said she: these stories illustrate the "science of religion." I like to hear *them.* There was a lady, said I, (and I thought I'd give her a story for her book,) that tried to rule her husband a little tighter than was agreeable,—meddlin' with things she didn't onderstand, and dictatin' in matters of politics and religion, and everything a'most. So one day her husband had got up considerable airly in the mornin', and went out and got a tailor, and brought him into his wife's bed-room afore she was out o' bed:—"Measure that woman," said he, "for a pair of breeches; she's detarmined to wear 'em, and I'm resolved folks shall know it," and he shook the cow-skin over the tailor's head to show him he intended to be obeyed. It cured her,—she begged and prayed, and cried, and promised obedience to her husband. He spared her, but it effectuated a cure. Now that's what I call *preachin to the narves:* Lord, how she would have kicked and squeeled if the tailor had a ———. A very good story, said she, abowin' and amovin' a little, so as not to hear about the measurin'—a very good story indeed.

If you was to revarse that maxim o' yourn, said I, and say

democracy is too often found at the root of religion, you'd be nearer the mark, I reckon. I knew a case once exactly in point. Do tell it to me, said she; it will illustrate "the spirit of religion." Yes, said I, and illustrate your book, too, if you are awritin' one, as most English travellers do. Our congregation, said I, to Slickville, contained most of the wealthy and respectable folk there, and a most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an Elder, and a body of the upper-crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience; found out all at once they had been adrift afore all their lives, and joined another church as different from ourn in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to shew their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these folks jine him; and to shew his zeal for them the next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he, My brether'n, said he, I beg you won't spit down any more on the aisle seats, for there be gentlemen there now. Jist turn your heads, my sable friends, and let go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backey. Well, the niggers seceded; they said it was an infringement on their rights, on their privilege of spittin', as freemen, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body. "Democracy," said they, "is the root of religion."

Is that a fact? said she. No mistake, said I; I seed it myself; I know 'em all. Well, it's a curious fact, said she, and very illustrative. It illustrates the universality of spittin', and the universality of democracy. It's characteristic. I have no fear of a people where the right of spittin' is held sacred from the interminable assaults of priestcraft. She laid down her trumpet, and took out her pocket-book, and began to write it down. She swallar'd it all. I have seen her book since; it's jist what I expected from her. The chapter on religion strikes at the root of all religion; and the effect of such doctrines are exhibited in the gross slander she has written ag'in her own sex in the States, from whom she received nothin' but kindness and hospitality. I don't call that pretty at all; it's enough to drive hospitality out of the land.

I know what you allude to, said I, and fully concur with you in opinion, that it is a gross abominable slander, adopted on insufficient authority, and the more abominable from coming from a woman. Our church may be aristocratic; but if it is, it teaches good manners, and a regard for the decencies of life. Had she listened more to the regular clergy, and less to the modern illuminati, she might have learned a little of that charity which induces us to think well of others, and to speak ill of none. It certainly was a great outrage, and I am sorry that outrage was perpetrated by an Englishwoman. I am proper glad you agree with me, squire, said he; but come and see for yourself, and I will explain matters to you; for without some one to let you into things, you won't understand us. I'll take great pleasure in bein' your guide, for I must say I like your conversation.—How singular this is! to the natural reserve of my country, I *add* an uncommon taciturnity; but this peculiar adaptation to listening has everywhere established for me that rare, but most desirable reputation, of being a good companion. It is evident, therefore, that listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly. Indeed, without them, what would become of the talkers?

Yes, I like your conversation, said the Clockmaker (who, the reader must have observed, has had all the talk to himself). We are like the Chinese; they have two languages, the written language and the spoken language. Strangers only get as far as the spoken one; but all secret affairs of religion and government are sealed up in the written one; they can't make nothin' of it. That's jist the case with us; we have two languages, one for strangers, and one for ourselves. A stranger must know this, or he's all adrift. We've got our own difficulties, our own doubts, our own troubles, as well as other folks,—it would be strange if we hadn't; but we don't choose to blart 'em all out to the world.

Look at our President's Message last year; he said, we was the most prosperous nation on the face of the airth, peace and plenty spreadin' over the land, and more wealth than we know'd how to spend. At that very time we was on the point of national bankruptcy. He said, the great fire at New York didn't cause our failure; good reason why the goods were all owned

at London and Lyons, and the failures took place there, and not here. Our President said on that occasion, our maxim is, "Do no wrong, and suffer no insult." Well, at that very time our gineral was marchin' into the Mexican territory, and our people off South boarded Texas, and took it,—and our folks down North-east were ready to do the same neighbourly act to Canada, only waitin' for Papineau to say, "All ready." He boasted we had no national debt, but a large surplus revenue in the public chist, and yet, add up the public debt of each separate state, and see what a whappin' large one that makes. We don't intertain strangers, as the English do, with the troubles of our household and the bothar our sarvants give us; we think it ain't hospitable, nor polished, nor even good manners; we keep that for the written language among ourselves. If you don't believe my word, go and ask the Britisher that was at Mr. Madison's court when the last war broke out—he was the only man to Washington that know'd nothin' about it—he didn't understand the language. I guess you may go and pack up your duds and go home, said Mr. Madison to him one day, when he called there to the le*vee*. Go home! said he, and he wrinkled up his forehead, and drew up his eyelids, as much as to say, I estimate you are mad, ain't you? Go home! said he. What for? Why, said he, I reckon we are at war. At war! said the Englishman; why, you don't say so? there can't be a word of truth in the report: my dispatches say nothin' of it. Perhaps not, said the President, quite cool, (only a slight twitch of his mouth showed how he would like to haw, haw, haw, right out, only it warn't decent,) perhaps not, but I presume I declared war yesterday, when you was engaged a playin' of a game at chess with Mrs. Madison. Folks said they raelly pitied him, he looked so taken aback, so streaked, so completely dumb-founded. No, when I say you can't make *us* out, you always laugh; but it's true, you can't without an interpreter. *We speak the English language and the American language; you must larn the American language, if you want to understand the American people.*

CHAPTER VI.

ELECTIVE COUNCIL.

WHAT would be the effect, Mr. Slick, said I, of elective councils in this country, if government would consent to make the experiment? Why, that's a thing, said he, you can't do in your form o' government, tryin' an experiment, tho' we can; you can't give the word of command, if it turns out a bunglin' piece of business, that they use in militia trainin',—"as you were." It's different with us—we can—our government is a democracy—all power is in the people at large; we can go on, and change from one thing to another, and try any experiment we choose, as often as we like, *for all changes have the like result, of leavin the power in the same place and the same hands.* But you must know beforehand how it will work in your mixed government, and shouldn't make no change you ain't sure about. What good would an elective council be? It is thought it would give the upper branches, said I, more community of feeling, more sympathy, and more weight with the country at large; that being selected by the people, the people would have more confidence in them, and that more efficient and more suitable men would be chosen by the freeholders than by the crown. You would jist get the identical same sort o' critters, said he, in the eend, as the members of Assembly, if they were elected, and no better; they would be selected by the same judges of horseflesh as t'other, and chose out o' the same flock. It would be the same breed o' cattle at last. But, said I, you forget that it is proposed to raise the qualifications of the voters from forty shillings to forty pounds per year; whereby you would have a better class of electors, and ensure a better selection. Jist you try it, said he, and there never would be an eend to the popular motions in the House of Assembly to extend the suffrages—for every *thing that gives power to numbers will carry numbers*, and be popular, and every feller who lived on excitement, would be for everlastin'ly a agitatin' of it, Candidate, Slangwhanger, and Member. You'd have no peace,

you'd be for ever on the move as our citizens are to New York, and they move into a new house every first o' May-day. If there be any good in that are Council at all, it is in their bein' placed above popular excitement, and subject to no influence but that of reason, and the fitness of things: chaps that have a considerable stake in the country, and don't buy their seats by pledges and promises, pledges that half the time ruin the country if they are kept, and always ruin the man that breaks 'em. It's better as it is in the hands of the government. It's a safety-valve now, to let off the fume, and steam, and vapour, generated by the heat of the lower house. *If you make that branch elective, you put government right into the gap, and all difference of opinion, instead of bein' between the two branches as it is now, (that is, in fact, between the people themselves), would then occur in all cases between the people and the governor.* Afore long that would either seal up the voice of the executive, so that they darn't call their souls their own, or make em onpopular, and whenever the executive once fairly gets into that are pickle, there's an eend of the colony, and a declaration of independence would soon foller. Papinor knows that, and that's the reason he's so hot for it,—he knows what it would lead to in the eend. The critter may want ginger, for ought I know; but he don't want for gumption, you may depend. *Elective councils are inconsistent with colonial dependance.* It's takin' away the crane that holds up the pot from the fire, to keep it from boilin' over, and clappin' it right on the hot coals: what a galloppin' boil it would soon come into, wouldn't it? In all mixed governments like yourn, the true rule is never to interfere with pop'lar rights established. Amend what is wrong, concede what is right, and do what is just always; but *presarve the balance of the constitution* for your life. One pound weight only taken off the executive, and put on t'other eend, is like a shift of the weight on a well-balanced plank till it won't play true no more, but keeps aslidin' and aslidin' down by leetle and leetle to the heaviest eend, till it all stays down to one side, and won't work no longer. It's a system of checks now, but when all the checks run together, and make only one weight, they'll do as our senate did once (for that ain't no check no more)—it actilly passed that cussed embargo law of

Jefferson's that ruined our trade, rotted our shippin', and bankrupted the whole nation, arter it come up from the House of Representatives thro' all its three readins in four hours; I hope I may be skinned if it didn't. It did, I snore. That's the beauty of havin' two bodies to look at things thro' only one spyglass, and blow bubbles thro' one pipe. There's no appeal, no redress, in that case, and what's more, when one party gives riders to both horses, they ride over you like wink, and tread you right onder foot, as arbitrary as old Scratch himself. There's *no tyranny on airth equal to the tyranny of a majority;* you can't form no notion of it unless you seed it. Jist see how they sarved them chaps to Baltimore last war, General Lingan and thirty other fellers that had the impedence to say they didn't approve of the doins of the administration; they jist lynched 'em and stoned 'em to death like dogs.

We find among us *the greatest democrats are the greatest tyrants.* No, squire; repair, amend, enlarge, ventilate, modernize a little too, if you like, your structur; put new roof, new porch, winders, and doors, fresh paint and shingle it, make it more attractive and pleasanter to inhabit, and of course it will be more valuable; but do you leave the foundation alone—don't you meddle with the frame, the braces, the girts for your life, or it will spread, bilge out, leak like the divil, and come to pieces some o' these stormy nights about your ears as sure as you are born. *Make no organic changes.* There are quacks in politics, squire, as well as in med'cine,—critters who have unevarsal pills to cure all sorts o' diseases; and many's the constitution, human and politic, they've fixt atween them. There's no knowin' the gripes and pains and cholicks they've caused; and the worst of it is, the poor devils that get in their hands, when they are on the broad of their backs, can't help themselves but turn up the whites of their eyes, and say, Oh dear! I'm very bad: how will it go? Go, says they; why, like a house a-fire—full split—goin' on grandly,—couldn't do no better,—jist what was expected. *You'll have a new constitution*, strong as a lion: oh! goin' on grandly. Well, I don't know, says the misfortunate critter but I feels a plaguy sight more like goin' *off* than goin' *on*, I tell *you.* Then comes apickin' o' the bed-clothes, a clammy sweat

cold feet, the hiccup, rattles, and death. Sarves him right, says quack; the cussed fool has had doctors too long about him n former days, and they sapped his constitution, and fixt his flint for him: why didn't he call me in sooner? The conceited ass thought he know'd everything, and didn't foller out all *my* prescriptions;—one comfort, though—his estate shall pay for it, I vow. Yes, squire, and that is the pity, win or lose, live or die, the estate does pay for it—that's a fact; and what's worser, too, many on 'em care more about dividin' the spile than effectin the cure, by a long chalk.

There's always some jugglery or quackery agoin' on everywhere a'most. It puts me in mind of the Wilmot springs. One of the greatest flams I ever heard tell of in this province, was brought out hereabouts in Wilmot, and succeeded for a space beyond all calculation. Our sea sarpant was no touch to it—and that was a grand steam-boat spekilation too, for a nation sight of folks went from Boston down to Providence and back ag'in, on purpose to see the sarpant in the boat that first spoke it out to sea. But then they were all pleasurin' parties, young folks takin' a trip by water, instead of a quiltin' frolic to shore. It gave the galls something to talk about and to do, to strain their little eyes through the captain's great big spy-glass to see their natural enemy, the sarpant; and you may depend they had all the cur'osity of old Marm Eve too. It was all young hearts and young eyes, and pretty ones they were, I tell *you*. But this here Wilmot wonder was a sort of funeral affair, an old and ugly assortment, a kind of Irish wake, part dead and part alive, where one half groaned with sorrow and pain, and t'other half groaned to keep 'em company,—a rael, right down, genu*ine* hysteric frolic, near about as much cryin' as laughin'—it beat all natur'. I believe they actilly did good in sartain cases, in proper doses with proper diet; and at some future day in more knowin' hands, they will come into vogue ag'in, and make a good spekilation; but I have always obsarved when an article is once run down, and folks find out that it has got more puffin' than it desarves, they don't give it no credit at all, and it is a long time afore it comes round ag'in. The Wilmot springs are sitiated on the right there, away up onder that mountain a-head on us. They sartainly did make a wonderful

great noise three years ago. If the pool of Saloom had abeen there, it couldn't a'had a greater crowd o' clowns about it. The lame and maimed, the consumptive and dropsical, the cancerous and leprous, the old drunkard and the young rake, the barren wife and sick maid, the larfin' catholic, and sour sectary, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, fools of all ages, sizes, and degrees, were assembled there adrinkin', bathin', and awashin' in the waters, and carryin' off the mud for poultices and plaisters. It killed some, and cured some, and fool'd a nation sight of folks. Down to the mouth of the spring, where it discharges into a stream, there is a soft bottom, and there you'd see a feller standin' with one leg stuck in the mud; another lyin' on a plank, with an arm shoved into the ooze up to the shoulder: a third asittin' down, with a mask o' mould like a gypsum cast on his head; others with naked feet spotted all over with the clay to cure corns; and these grouped ag'in *here* with an unfortunate fellor with a stiff arm, who could only thrust in his elbow; and *there* with another sittin' on a chair, adanglin' his feet in the mire to cure the rheumatis; while a third, sunk up to his ribs, had a man apourin' water on his head for an eruption, as a gard'ner waters a transplanted cabbage-plant, all declarin' they felt better, and wonderin' it hadn't been found out afore. It was horrid, I tell you, to see folks makin' such fools of themselves.

If that are spring had belonged to an American citizen, that had made such an everlastin' touss about it, folks would have said they calkelated it was a Yankee trick; as it was, they sot each other on, and every critter that came home from it sent a half a dozen neighbours off,—so none on 'em could larf at each other. The road was actilly covered with people. I saw one old goney, seventy years of age, stuck in a gig atween two mattresses, like a carcase of mutton atween two bales of wool in a countryman's cart. The old fool was agoin' for to be made young, and to be married when he returned home. Folks believed everything they heerd of it. They actilly swallered a story that a British officer that had a cork leg bathed there, and the flesh growed on it, so that no soul could tell the difference atween it and the natural one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a fellor took a dead pig and throw'd it

in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog. That joke fixt the Wilmot springs: it turned the larf against 'em; and it was lucky they did, for they were findin' springs just like 'em everywhere. Every pool the pigs had ryled was tasted, and if it was too bad for the stomach, it was pronounced medicinal. The nearest doctor wrote an account of it for the newspapers, and said it had sulphur and saltpetre in it, and that the mud when dried would make good powder, quite good enough to blow gypsum and shoot us Yankees. At last they exploded spontaneous, the sulphur, saltpetre, and burnt brans went off of themselves, and nothin' has ever been since heerd of the Wilmot springs.

It's pretty much the case in politics: folks have always some bubble or another,—some elective council,—private ballot,—short parliaments,—or some pill or another to cure all political evils in natur'; with quacks enough to cry 'em up, and interested quacks also, who make their ned out of 'em, afore people get tired of them and their pills too. There was a time when there was too many public officers in your council here, but they've died off, or moved off, and too many of 'em lived to Halifax, and too few of 'em in the country, and folks thought a new deal would give 'em more fair play. Well, they've got a new deal now, and new cards. So far so good. A change of men is no great matter—natur' is a changin' of 'em all the time if government don't. But the constitution is another thing. You can't take out the vitals and put in new ones, as you can in a watchcase, with any great chance of success, as ever I heerd tell of. I've seen some most beautiful operations performed, too, by brother Eldad, where the patients lived thro' 'em,—and he got a plaguy sight of credit for 'em,—but they all died a few days arterwards. Why, 'Dad, says I, what in natur' is the good o' them are operations, and puttin' the poor critters to all that pain and misery, and their estate to so much expense, if it don't do 'em no good?—for it seems to me they all *do* go for it; that's sartain.

Well, it was a dreadful pretty operation tho', Sam, warn't it? he'd say; but the critter was desperate sick and peeowerfully weak; I raely was e'en a'most afeerd I shouldn't carry him thro' it. But what's the use on it at last, when it kills 'em?

said I: for you see they *do* slip thro' your fingers in the eend. A fellor, says he, Sam, that's considerable slippery all his life, may be a little slippery towards the eend on't, and there's no help for it, as I see;—but, Sam, said he, with a jupe o' the head, and a wink quite knowin', you ain't up to snuff yet, I see. *It don't kill 'em if they don't die onder the knife: if you can carry 'em thro' the operation, and they die next day, they always die, of suuthin' else*, and the doctor is made a man for ever and a day arterwards too. Do you apprehend now, my boy? Yes, says I, I apprehend there are tricks in other trades as well as the clock trade; only some on 'em ain't quite so innocent, and there's some *I* wouldn't like to play, *I* know. No, said he, I suppose not; and then, haw-hawin' right out—how soft we are, Sam, ain't we? said he.

Yes, preserve the principle of the mechanism of your constitution, for it ain't a bad one, and preserve the balances, and the rest you can improve on without endangerin' the whole engin'. One thing too is sartain,—*a power imprudently given to the executive, or to the people, is seldom or never got back.* I ain't been to England since your Reform Bill passed, but some folks do say it works complete, that it goes as easy as a loaded waggon down hill, full chisel. Now suppose that bill was found to be alterin' of the balances, so that the constitution couldn't work many years longer, without acomin' to a dead stand, could you repeal it? and say, "as you were?" Let a bird out o' your hand, and try to catch it ag'in, will you? *No, squire, said the Clockmaker, you have laws aregilatin' of quack doctors, but none aregilatin' of quack politicians: now a quack doctor is bad enough, and dangerous enough, gracious knows, but a quack politician is a devil outlawed,—that's a fact.*

CHAPTER VII.

SLAVERY.

THE road from Kentville to Wilmot passes over an extensive and dreary sand plain equally fatiguing to man and horse, and after three hours' hard dragging on this heavy road, we look'd out anxiously for an inn to rest and refresh our gallant "Clay."

There it is, said Mr. Slick; you'll know it by that high post, on which they have jibitted one of their governors ahorseback as a sign. The first night I stopt there, I vow I couldn't sleep a wink for the creakin of it, as it swung backwards and forwards in the wind. It sounded so nateral like, that I couldn't help athinkin' it was rael human hung in chains there. It put me in mind of the slave to Charleston, that was strung up for pysonin his master and mistress. When we drove up to the door, a black man came out of the stable, and took the horse by the head in a listless and reluctant manner, but his attention was shortly awakened by the animal, whom he soon began to examin attentively. Him don't look like blue nose, said blacky,—sartin him stranger. Fine critter, dat, by gosh—no mistake.

From the horse his eye wandered to us; when, slowly quitting his hold of the bridle, and stretching out his head, and stepping anxiously and cautiously round to where the Clockmaker was standing, he suddenly pulled off his hat, and throwing it up in the air, uttered one of the most piercing yells I think I ever heard, and throwing himself upon the ground, seized Mr. Slick round the legs with his arms. Oh, Massa, Sammy! Massa Sammy! Oh, my Gor!—only tink old Scippy see you once more! How you do, Massa Sammy? Gor Ormighty bless you! How you do? Why, who on airth are *you?* said the Clockmaker! what onder the sun do you mean by actin' so like a ravin' distracted fool? Get up this minnit, and let me see who you be, or I'll give you a slockdologer in the ear with my foot, as sure as you are born. Who be *you*, you nigger you? Oh, Massa Sam, you no recollect Old Scip,—Massa 'Siah's nigger boy? How's Massa Sy, and Missey Sy, and all our children, and all our folks to our house to home? De dear little lily, de sweet little booty, de little missy baby. Oh, how I do lub 'em all.

In this manner the creature ran on, incoherently asking questions, sobbing, and blaming himself for having left so good a master, and so comfortable a home. How is dat black villain, dat Cato? he continued;—Massa no hang him yet? He is sold, said Mr. Slick, and has gone to New Or*leens*, I guess. O, I grad, upon my soul, I wery grad! then he catch it, de dam black nigger—it sarve him right. I hope dey cowskin him well—I grad of dat,—oh Gor! dat is good! I tink I see him, da ugly brute.

I hope dey lay it into him well, damn *him!* I guess you'd better onharness Old Clay, and not leave him standin' all day in the sun, said Mr. Slick. Oh goody gracy, yes, said the overjoyed negro, dat I will, and rub him down too till him all dry as bone, —debil a wet hair left. Oh, only tink, Massa Sammy Slick,— Massa Sammy Slick,—Scip see you again!

The Clockmaker accompanied him to the stable, and there gratified the curiosity of the affectionate creature by answering all his inquiries after his master's family, the state of the plantation and the slaves. It appears that he had been inveigled away by the mate of a Boston vessel that was loading at his master's estate; and, notwithstanding all the sweets attending a state of liberty, was unhappy under the influence of a cold climate, hard labour, and the absence of all that real sympathy, which, notwithstanding the rod of the master, exists nowhere but where there is a community of interests. He entreated Mr. Slick to take him into his employment, and vowed eternal fidelity to him and his family, if he would receive him as a servant, and procure his manumission from his master.

This arrangement having been effected to the satisfaction of both parties, we proceeded on our journey, leaving the poor negro happy in the assurance that he would be sent to Slickville in the autumn. I feel provoked with that black rascal, said Mr. Slick, for bein' such a born fool as to run away from so good a master as Josiah, for he is as kind-hearted a critter as ever lived, —that's a fact,—and a plaguy easy man to his niggers. I used to tell him, I guessed he was the only slave on his plantation, for he had to see arter every thin'; he had a dreadful sight more to do than they had. It was all work and no play with *him.* You forget, said I, that his labour was voluntary, and for his own benefit, while that of the negro is compulsory, and productive of no advantage to himself. What do you think of the abolition of slavery in the United States? said I: the interest of the subject appears to have increased very much of late. Well, I don't know, said he,—what is your opinion? I ask, I replied, for information. It's a considerable of a snarl, that question, said he; I don't know as I ever onraveled it altogether, and I ain't jist quite sartin I can—it's not so easy as it looks. I recollect the English gall I met atravellin' in the steamboat, axed me

that same question. What do you think of slavery, said she, sir? Slavery, marm, said I, is only fit for *white lovers*, (and I made the old lady a scrape of the leg,)—only fit, said I, for *white* lovers and *black* niggers. What an idea, said she, for a free man in a land of freedom to utter! How that dreadful political evil demoralises a people! how it deadens our feelins, how it hardens the heart! Have you no pity for the *black?* said she; for you treat the subject with as much levity as if, to use one of the elegant and fashionable phrases of this country, you thought it all "*in my eye.*" No, marm, said I, with a very grave face, I hav'n't no pity at all for 'em, not the least mite nor morsel in the world. How dreadful! said she, and she looked ready to expire with sentiment. No feelin' at all, said I, marm, for the *blacks*, but a great deal of feelin' for the *whites*, for instead of bein' all in *my eye*, it's all in *my nose*, to have them nasty, horrid, fragrant critters agoin' thro' the house like scent bottles with the stoppers out, aparfumin' of it up, like skunks,—it's dreadful! Oh, said I, it's enough to kill the poor critters. Phew! it makes me sick, it does. No; I keeps my pity for the poor whites, for they have the worst of it by a long chalk.

The constant contemplation of this painful subject, said she, destroys the vision, and its deformities are divested of their horrors by occurring so often as to become familiar. That, I said, miss, is a just observation, and a profound and 'cute one too—it is actilly founded in natur' I know a case in pint, I said. What is it? said she, for she seemed mighty fond of anecdotes (she wanted 'em for her book, I guess, for travels without anecdotes is like a puddin' without plumbs—all dough). Why, said I, marm, father had an English cow, a pet cow too, and a beautiful critter she was, a brindled short-horn; he gave the matter of eighty dollars for her;—she was begot by —— Never mind her pedigree, said she. Well, says I, when the great eclipse was, (you've heerd tell how it frightens cattle, hav'n't you?) Brindle stared and stared at it so,—she lost her eyesight, and she was as blind as a bat ever afterwards: I hope I may be shot if she warn't. Now, I guess, we that see more of slavery than you do, are like Brindle; we have stared at it so long we can't see it as other folks do. You are a droll man, said she, very droll; but seriously, now, Mr. Slick, do you not

think these unfortunate fellow-critters, our sable brothers, if emancipated, educated, and civilised, are capable of as much refinement and as high a degree of polish as the whites? Well, said I, joking apart, miss,—there's no doubt on it. I've been considerable down South atradin' among the whites,—and a kind-hearted, hospitable, liberal, race o' men they be, as ever I was among—generous, frank, manly folks. Well, I seed a good deal of the niggers too: it couldn't be otherwise. I must say your conclusion is a just one,—I could give you several instances; but there is one in pitickelar that settles the question; I seed it myself with my own eyes to Charleston, South Car. Now, said she, that's what I like to hear; give me facts, said she, for I am no visionary, Mr. Slick. I don't build up a theory, and then go alookin' for facts to support it; but gather facts candidly and impartially, and then coolly and logically draw the inferences. Now tell me this instance which you think conclusive, for nothin' interests us English so much as what don't consarn us; our West Indgy emancipation has worked so well, and improved our islands so much, we are enchanted with the very word emancipation; it has a charm for English ears, beyond anything you can conceive.—*Them islands will have spontaneous production afore long.* But the refinement and polish of these interestin' critters the blacks—your story, if you please, sir.

I have a younger brother, miss, said I, that lives down to Charleston;—he's a lawyer by trade—Squire Josiah Slick; he is a considerable of a literary character. He's well known in the great world as the author of the Historical, Statistical, and Topographical Account of Cuttyhunck, in five volumes; a work that has raised the reputation of American genius among foreign nations amazin', I assure you. He's quite a self-taught author too. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him. Me! said she, adrawin' up her neck like a swan. You needn't look so scared, said I, marm, for he is a married man, and has one white wife and four white children, fourteen black concu—— I wanted to hear, sir, said she, quite snappishly, of the negroes, and not of your brother and his domestic arrangements. Well, marm, said I; one day there was a dinner-party to Josiah's, and he made the same remark you did, and instanced the rich black marchant of Philadelphia, which position was contradicted by

some other gentleman there; so 'Siah offered to bet one thousand dollars he could produce ten black gentlemen, who should be allowed, by good judges, to be more polished than any like number of whites that could be selected in the town of Charleston. Well, the bet was taken, the money staked, and a note made of the tarms.

Next day at ten o'clock, the time fixed, Josiah had his ten niggers nicely dressed, paraded out in the streets, afacin' of the sun, and brought his friends and the umpires to decide the bet. Well, when they got near 'em, they put their hands to their eyes and looked down to the ground, and the tears ran down their cheeks like anything. Whose cheeks? said she; blacks or whites? this is very interestin'. Oh, the whites, to be sure, said I. Then, said she, I will record that mark of feelin' with great pleasure—I'll let the world know it. It does honour to their heads and hearts. But not to their eycs, tho', said I; they swore they couldn't see a bit. What the devil have you got there, Slick? says they; it has put our eyes out: damn them, how they shine! they look like black japanned tea-trays in the sun—it's blindin'—it's the devil, that's a fact. Are you satisfied? said 'Sy. Satisfied of what? says they; satisfied with bein' as blind as buzzards, eh? Satisfied of the high polish niggers are capable of, said Josiah: why shouldn't nigger hide, with lots of Day and Martin's blackin' on it, take as good a polish as cow hide, eh? Oh lord! if you'd aheerd what a roar of larfter there was, for all Charleston was there amost; what a hurrain' and shoutin': it was grand fun. I went up and shook hands with Josiah, for I always liked a joke from a boy. Well done, 'Sy, says I; you've put the leake into 'em this hitch real completc; it's grand! But, says he, don't look so pleased, Sam; they are cussed vexed, and if we crow I'll have to fight every one on 'em, that's sartin, for they are plaguy touchy them Southerners; fight for nothin' a'most. But Sam, said he, Connecticut ain't a bad school for a boy, arter all, is it? I could tell you fifty such stories, miss, says I. She drew up rather stately. Thank you, sir, said she, that will do; I am not sure whether it is a joke of your brother, or a hoax of yourn, but whosoever it is, it has more practical wit than feelin' in it.

The truth is, said the Clockmaker, nothin' raises my dander

more, than to hear English folks and our Eastern citizens atalkin about this subject that they don't onderstand, and have nothin to do with. If such critters will go down South ameddlin' with things that don't consarn 'em, they desarve what they catch. I don't mean to say I approve of lynchin', because that's horrid; but when a feller gets himself kicked, or his nose pulled, and larns how the cowskin feels, I don't pity him one morsel. Our folks won't bear tamperin' with, as you Colonists do; we won't stand no nonsense. The subject is jist a complete snarl; it's all tangled, and twisted, and knotted so, old Nick himself wouldn't onravel it. What with private rights, public rights, and state rights, feelin', expediency, and public safety, it's a considerable of a tough subject. The truth is, I ain't master of it myself. I'm no book man, I never was to college, and my time has been mostly spent in the clock trade and tooth business, and all I know is jist a little I've picked up by the way. The tooth business, said I; what is that? do you mean to say you are a dentist? No, said he, laughing; the tooth business is pickin' up experience. Whenever a feller is considerable 'cute with us, we say he has cut his eye teeth, he's tolerable sharp; and the study of this I call the tooth business. Now I ain't able to lay it all down what I think as plain as brother Josiah can, but I have an idea there's a good deal in name, and that slavery is a word that frightens more than it hurts. It's some o' the branches or grafts of slavery that want cuttin' off. Take away corporal punishment from the masters and give it to the law, forbid separatin' families and the right to compel marriage and other connexions, and you leave slavery nothin' more than sarvitude in name, and somethin' quite as good in fact.

Every critter must work in this world, and a labourer is a slave; but the labourer only gets enough to live on from day to day, while the slave is tended in infancy, sickness, and old age, and has spare time enough given him to airn a good deal too. A married woman, if you come to that, is a slave, call her what you will, wife, woman, angel, termegant, or devil, she's a slave; and if she happens to get the upper hand, the husband is a slave, and if he don't lead a worse life than any black nigger, when he's under petticoat government, then my name is not Sam Slick. I'm no advocate of slavery, squire, nor are any of

our folks: it's bad for the niggers, worse for the masters, and a cuss to any country; but we have got it, and the question is, what are we to do with it? Let them answer that now,—I don't pretend to be able to.

The subject was a disagreeable one, but it was a striking peculiarity of the Clockmaker's, that he never dwelt long upon anything that was not a subject of national boast; he therefore very dexterously shifted both the subject and the scene of it to England, so as to furnish himself with a retort, of which he was at all times exceedingly fond. I have heerd tell, said he, that you British have 'mancipated your niggers. Yes, said I, thank God! slavery exists not in the British empire. Well, I take some credit to myself for that, said the Clockmaker; it was me that set that agoin' any way. You, said I, with unfeigned astonishment: *you!* how could *you*, by any possibility be instrumental in that great national act? Well, I'll tell you, said he, tho' its a considerable of a long story too. When I returned from Poland, via London, in the hair spickilation of Jabish Green, I went down to Sheffield to execute a commission; I had to bribe some Master Workmen to go out to America, and if I didn't fix 'em it's a pity. The critters wouldn't go at no rate, without the most extravagant onreasonable wages, that no business could afford no how. Well, there was nothin' to be done but to agree to it; but things worked right in the long run, our folks soon larnt the business, and then they had to work for half nothin', or starve. It don't do to drive too hard a bargain always.

When I was down there a gentleman called on me one arternoon, one John Canter by name, and says he, Mr. Slick, I've called to see you, to make some inquiries about America; me and my friends think of emigratin' there. Happy, says I, to give any information in my power, sir, and a sociable dish o' chat is what I must say I do like most amazin',—it's kind o' nateral to me talkin' is. So we sot down and chatted away about our great nation all the arternoon and evenin', and him and me got as thick as two thieves afore we parted.—If you will be to home to-morrow evenin', says he, I will call again, if you will give me leave. Sartain, says I, most happy.

Well, next evenin' he came ag'in; and in the course of talk,

says he, I was born a quaker, Mr. Slick. Plenty of 'em with us, says I, and well to do in the world too,—considerable stiff folks, in their way them quakers—you can't no more move em than a church steeple. I like the quakers too, says I, for there are worse folks than them agoin' in the world by a long chalk. Well, lately I've dissented from 'em, says he.—Curious that, too, says I. I was athinkin' the beaver did not shade the inner man quite as much as I have seed it; but, says I, I like dissent, it shows a man has both a mind and a conscience too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't dissent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church, always stands a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate critter that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that. A quaker is a very set man in his way; a dissenter therefore from a quaker must be what I call a considerable of a——obstinate man, says he, larfin'. No, says I, not jist exactly that, but he must carry a pretty tolerable stiff upper lip, tho'—that's a fact.

Well, says he, Mr. Slick, this country is an aristocratic country, a very aristocratic country indeed, and it tante easy for a man to push himself when he has no great friends or family interest; and besides, if a man has some little talent—says he, (and he squeezed his chin atween his fore-finger and thumb, as much as to say, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, I have a tolerable share of it at any rate,) he has no opportunity of risin' by bringin' himself afore the public. Every avenu is filled. A man has no chance to come forward,—money won't do it, for that I have,—talent won't do it, for the opportunity is wantin'. I believe I'll go to the States where all men are equal, and one has neither the trouble of risin' nor the vexation of failin'. Then you'd like to come forard in public life here, would you, said I, if you had a chance? I would, says he; that's the truth. Give me your hand then, says I, my friend, I've got an idea that it will make your fortin'. I'll put you in a track that will make a man of you first, and a nobleman arterwards, as sure as *thou* says *thee*. *Walk into the niggers, says I, and they'll help you to walk into the whites, and they'll make you walk into parliament.* Walk into the niggers! said he; and he so; and stared like a cat awatchin' of a mouse-hole;—walk into

the niggers!—what's that? I don't onderstand you.—Take up 'mancipation, says I, and work it up till it works you up; call meetins and make speeches to 'em;—get up societies and make reports to 'em;—get up petitions to parliament and get signers to 'em. Enlist the women on your side, of all ages, sects, and denominations. Excite 'em first tho', for women folks are poor tools till you get 'em up; but excite 'em and they'll go the whole figur',—wake up the whole country. It's a grand subject for it,—broken-hearted slaves akillin' of themselves in despair, or dyin' a lingerin' death,—taskmaster's whip acuttin' into their flesh, burnin' suns,—days o' toil—nights o' grief—pestilential rice-grounds—chains—starvation—misery and death,—grand figurs them for ora*try*, and make splendid speeches, if well put together.

Says you, such is the spirit of British freedom, that the moment a slave touches its sea-girt shores, his spirit busts its bonds; he stands 'mancipated, disenthralled, and liberated; his chains fall right off, and he walks in all the naked majesty of a great big black he nigger! It sounds Irish that, and Josiah used to say they come up to the Americans a'most in pure eloquence. It's grand, it's sublime that you may depend. When you get 'em up to the right pitch, then, says you, we have no power in parliament; we must have abolition members. Certainly, says they, and who so fit as the good, the pious, the christian-like John Canter; up you are put then, and bundled free gratis, head over heels, into parliament. When you are in the House o' Commons, at it agin, blue-jacket, for life. Some good men, some weak men, and a'most a plaguy sight of hypocritical men, will jine you. Cant carries sway always now. A large party in the House, and a wappin' large party out o' the house, must be kept quiet, conciliated, or whatever the right word is, and John Canter is made Lord Lavender.

I see, I see, said he; a glorious prospect of doin' good, of aidin' my fellow mortals, of bein' useful in my generation. I hope for a more imperishable reward than a coronet,—the approbation of my own conscience. Well, well, says I to myself, if you ain't the most impudent as well as the most pharisaical villain that ever went onhung, then I never see a finished rascal,—that's all. He took my advice, and went right at it,

tooth and nail; worked day and night, and made a most a deuce of a stir. His name was in every paper;—a meetin' held here to-day,—that great and good man John Canter in the chair;—a meetin' held there to-morrow,—addressed most eloquently by that philanthropist, philosopher, and Christian, John Canter;—a society formed in one place, John Canter secretary;—a society formed in another place, John Canter president:—John Canter everywhere;—if you went to London, he handed you a subscription list,—if you went to Brighton, he met you with a petition,—if you went to Sheffield, he filled your pockets with tracts:—he was a complete jack-o'-lantern, here, and there and everywhere. The last I heerd tell of him he was in parliament, and agoin' out governer-gineral of some of the colonies. I've seen a good many superfine saints in my time, squire, but this critter was the most uppercrust one I ever seed,—he did beat all.

Yes, the English desarve some credit, no doubt; but when you subtract electioneerin' party spirit, hippocrasy, ambition, ministerial flourishes, and all the other ondertow causes that operated in this work, which at best was but clumsily contrived, and bunglin'ly executed, it don't leave so much to brag on arter all, does it now?

CHAPTER VIII.

TALKING LATIN.

Do you see them are country galls there, said Mr. Slick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nines amincin' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were afear'd the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their face like a printed cotton blind? Well, that's jist the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't; they live too extravagant, and dress too extravagant, and won't do what's the only thing that will supply this extravagance;

that is, be industrious. Jist go into one of the meetin' houses, back here in the woods, where there ought to be nothin' but homespun cloth, and home-made stuffs and bonnets, and see the leghorns and palmettors, and silk and shalleys, morenos, gauzes, and blonds, assembled there, enough to buy the best farm in the settlement. There's somethin' not altogether jist right in this; and the wust of these habits is, they ruinate the young folks, and they grow up as big goneys as the old ones, and eend in the same way, by bein' half-starved at last; there's a false pride, false feelin', and false edication here. I mind once, I was down this way to New Canaan, avendin' o' my clocks, and who should I overtake but Nabal Green, apokin' along in his waggon, half loaded with notions from the retail shops, at the cross roads. Why, Nabal, said I, are you agoin' to set up for a merchant, for I see you've got a considerable of an assortment of goods there? you've got enough o' them to make a pedlar's fortin' amost. Who's dead, and what's to pay now?

Why, friend Slick, said he, how do you do? who'd a' thought of seein' you here? You see my old lady, said he, is agoin' for to give our Arabella, that's jist returned from boardin' school to Halifax, a let off to-night. Most of all the bettermost folks in these parts are axed, and the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister is invited; it's no skim-milk story, I do assure you, but upper crust, real jam. Ruth intends to do the thing handsome. She says she don't do it often, but when she does, she likes to go the whole figur', and do it genteel. If she hasn't a show of dough nuts and prasarves, and apple sarse and punkin pies and sarsages, it's a pity; its taken all hands of us, the old lady and her galls too, besides the helps, the best part of a week past preparin'. I say nothin', but its most turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or toatin' 'em out of that into t'other, and all in such a conflustigation, that I'm glad when they send me of an arrand to be out of the way. It's lucky them harrycanes don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy turvey like, that's sartin. Won't you call in and see us to night, Mr. Slick? folks will be amazin' glad to see you, and I'll show you some as pritty-lookin' galls, to my mind, in our settlement here, as you'll see in Connecticut, I know. Well, says I, I don't care if I do;

there's nothin' I like more nor a frolic, and the dear little critters I do like to be among 'em too,—that's sartin.

In the evenin' I drives over to Nabal's, and arter puttin' up my beast, old Clay, I goes into the house, and sure enough, there they was as big as life. The young ladies asittin' on one side, and the men astandin' up by the door and achatterin' away in great good humour. There was a young chap, aholdin' forth to the men about politics; he was a young trader, sot up by some marchant in Halifax, to ruinate the settlement with good-for-nothin' trumpery they hadn't no occasion for,—chock full of concait and affectation, and beginnin' to feel his way with the yard stick to assembly already.

Great dandy was Mr. Bobbin; he looked jist as if he had come out of the tailor's hands, spic and span; put out his lips and drew down his brow, as if he had a trick of thinkin' sometimes—nodded his head and winked, as if he knew more than he'd like to tell—talked of talent quite glib, but disdainful, as if he would'nt touch some folks with a pair of tongs; a great scholar too was Mr. Bobbin, always spoke dictionary, and used heavy artillery words. I don't entertain no manner of doubt if government would take him at his own valiation, he'd be found to be a man o' great worth. I never liked the critter, and always gave him a poke when I got a chance. He was a town meetin' orator; a grand school that to larn public speakin', squire; a nice muddy pool for young ducks to larn to swim in. He was a grand hand to read lectures in blacksmith's shops, at Vandues and the like, and talked politics over his counter at a great size. He looked big and talked big, and altogether was a considerable big man in his own concait. He dealt in reform. He had ballot tape, suffrage ribbon, radical lace, no-tythe hats, and beautiful pipes with a democrat's head on 'em, and the maxim, "No sinecure," onder it. Every thing had its motto. No, sir, said he, to some one he was atalkin' to as I came in, this country is attenuated to pulverization by its aristocracy—a proud, a haughty aristocracy; a corrupt, a lignious, and lapidinous aristocracy; put them into a parcel, envelope 'em with a panoply of paper, tie them up and put them into the scales, and they will be found wantin'. There is not a pound of honesty among 'em, nay, not an ounce, nay not a pennyweight. The

article is wantin'—it is not in their catalogue. The word never occurs either in their order, or in their invoice. They won't bear the inspection, they are not marchantable—nothin' but refuse.

If there is no honesty in market, says I, why don't you import some, and retail it out? you might make some considerable profit on it, and do good to the country too; it would be quite patriotic that. I'm glad to see, says I, one honest man atalkin' politics any how, for there's one thing I've obsarved in the course of my experience, whenever a man suspects all the world that's above him of roguery, he must be a pretty considerable superfine darned—(rogue himself, whispered some critter standin by, loud enough for all on 'em to hear, and to set the whole party achockin' with larfter)—judge of the article himself, says I. Now, says I, if you do import it, jist let us know how you sell it,—by the yard, the quart, or the pound, will you? for it ain't sot down in any tradin' tables I've seen, whether it is for long measure, dry measure, or weight.

Well, says he, atryin' to larf, as if he didn't take the hint, I'll let you know, for it might be of some use to you, perhaps, in the clock trade. May be you'll be a customer, as well as the aristocrats. But how is clocks now? said he, and he gave his neighbour a nudge with his elbow, as much as to say, I guess it's my turn now—how do clocks go? Like some young country traders I've seen in my time, says I; don't go long afore they run down, and have to be wound up again. They are considerable better too, like them, for bein' kept in their own place, and plaguy apt to go wrong when moved out of it. Thinks I to myself, Take your change out o' that, young man, will you? for I'd heerd tell the goney had said they had cheats enough in Nova Scotia, without havin' Yankee clockmakers to put new wrinkles on their horns. Why, you are quite witty this evenin', said he; you've been masticatin' mustard, I apprehend. I was always fond of it from a boy, said I, and it's a pity the blue noses didn't chew a little more of it, I tell you; it would help 'em, p'r'aps, to disgest their jokes better, I estimate. Why, I didn't mean no offence, said he, I do assure you. Nor I neither, said I; I hope you didn't take it in any way parsonal.

Says I, Friend Bobbin, you have talked a considerable hard of

me afore now, and made out the Yankees most as big rogues as your great men be; but I never thought anything hard of it: I only said, says I, he puts me in mind of Mrs. Squire Ichobad Birch. What's that? says the folks. Why, says I, Marm Birch was acomin' down stairs one mornin' airly, and what should she see but the stable help akissin' of the cook in the corner of the entry, and she afendin' off like a brave one. You good-for-nothin' hussey, said Marm Birch, get out o' my house this minit: I won't have no such ondecent carryins on here, on no account. You horrid critter, get out o' my sight; and as for you, said she to the Irishman, don't you never dare to show your ugly face here again. I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves,—both on you begone; away with you, bag and baggage!

Hullo! said the squire, as he follered down in his dressin' gownd and slippers; hullo! says he, what's all this touss about? Nothin', says Pat, ascratchin' of his head, nothin', your honor, —only the mistress says she'll have no kissin' in the house but what she does herself. The cook had my jack knife in her pocket, your honor, and wouldn't give it to me, but sot off and ran here with it, and I arter her, and caught her. I jist put my hand in her pocket promisc'ously to sarch for it, and when I found it I was atryin' to kiss her by way of forfeit like, and that's the long and the short o' the matter. The mistress says she'll let no one but herself in the house do that same. Tut,— tut,—tut! says the squire, and larfed right out; both on you go and attend to your work then, and let's hear no more about it. Now, you are like Marm Birch, friend Bobbin, says I—you think nobody has a right to be honest but yourself; but there is more o' that arter all agoin' in the world than you have any notion of, I tell you.

Feelin' a hand on my arm, I turns round, and who should I see but Marm Green. Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick? I've been lookin' all about for you ever so long.—How do you do?—I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, marm, says I, tho' not quite as strong, and a great deal heartier for aseein' of you.—How be you? Reasonable well, and stirrin', says she: I try to keep amovin'; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella: have you seen her yet? No, says I,

I hav'n't had the pleasure since her return; but I hear folks say she is a'most a splendid fine gall. Well, come, then, said she atakin' of my arm, let me introduce you to her. She *is* a fine gall, Mr. Slick, that's a fact; and tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gall too. There is no touch to her in these parts: minister's darter that was all one winter to St. John can't hold a candle to her. Can't she, tho'? said I. No, said she, that she can't, the concaited minx, tho' she does carry her head so high. One of the gentlemen that played at the show of the wild beast said to me, says he, I'll tell you what it is, Marm Green, said he, your darter has a beautiful touch—that's a fact; most galls can play a little, but your's does the thing complete. And so she ought, says she, takin' her five quarters into view. Five quarters! said I; well, if that don't beat all! well, I never heerd tell of a gall havin' five quarters afore since I was raised! The skin, said I, I must say, is a most beautiful one; but as for the taller, who ever heerd of a gall's taller?

The fifth quarter!—Oh Lord! said I, marm, you'll kill me. —and I haw-hawed right out. Why, Mr. Slick, says she, ain't you ashamed? do, for gracious sake, behave yourself; I meant five quarters schoolin': what a droll man you be! Oh! five quarters schoolin'! says I, now I onderstand. And, said she, if she don't paint it's a pity. Paint! said I; why, you don't say so! I thought that are beautiful color was all nateral. Well, I never could kiss a gall that painted. Mother used to say it was sailin' under false colors—I'most wonder you could allow her to paint, for I'm sure there ain't the least morsel of occasion for it in the world: you may say *that*—it *is* a pity! Get out, said she, you imperance; you know'd better nor that; I meant her picturs. Oh! her picturs, said I, now I see;—does she tho'? Well, that *is* an accomplishment you don't often see, I tell *you*.—Let her alone for that, said her mother. Here Arabella, dear, said she, come here, dear, and bring Mr. Slick your pictur' of the river that's got the two vessels in it,—Captain Noah Oak's sloop, and Peter Zinck's schooner. Why, my sakes, mamma, said Miss Arabella, with a toss of her pretty little saucy mug, do you expect me to show that to Mr. Slick? why, he'll only larf at it—he larfs at everything that ain't

Yankee. Larf! said I; now do tell: I guess I'd be very sorry to do such an ongenteel thing to any one—much less, miss, to a young lady like you. No, indeed, not I. Yes, said her mother; do, Bella, dear; Mr. Slick will excuse any little defects, I'm sure; she's only had five quarters, you know, and you'll make allowances, won't you, Mr. Slick? I dare say, I said, they don't stand in need of no allowances at all; so don't be so backward, my dear. Arter a good deal of mock modesty, out skips Miss Arabella, and returns with a great large water color drawin' as big as a winder shutter, and carried it up afore her face, as a hookin' cow does a board over her eyes to keep her from makin' right at you. Now, said her mother, lookin' as pleased as a peacock when it's in full fig with its head and tail up, now, says she, Mr. Slick, you are a considerable of a judge of paintin'—seein' that you do bronzin' and gildin' so beautiful, —now don't you call that splendid? Splendid! says I; I guess there ain't the beat of it to be found in this country, anyhow: I never seed anything like it: you couldn't ditto it in the province, I know. I guess not, said her mother, nor in the next province neither. It sartainly beats all, said I. And so it did, squire; you'd adied if you'd aseed it, for larfin'. There was the two vessels one right above t'other, a great big black cloud on the top, and a church steeple standin' under the bottom of the schooner. Well, says I, that *is* beautiful—that's a fact! but the water, said I, miss; you hav'n't done that yet: when you put that in, it will be complete. Not yet, said she; the greatest difficulty I have in paintin' is in makin' water. Have you, tho'? said I; well, that is a pity. Yes, said she; it's the hardest thing in natur'—I can't do it straight, nor make it look of the right color; and Mr. Acre, our master, said you must always make water in straight lines in paintin', or it ain't natural and ain't pleasin': vessels too are considerable hard; if you make 'em straight up and down they look stiff and ongraceful like, and if you put 'em onder sail, then you should know all about fixin' the sails the right way for the wind—if you don't, it's blundersome. I'm terribly troubled with the effect of wind. Oh! says I. Yes, I am, said she, and if I could only manage wind and water in paintin' landscapes, why, it would be nothin'—I'd do 'em in a jiffey; but to produce the right

effect, these things take a great deal of practice. I thought I should have snorted right out to hear the little critter run on with such a regular bam. Oh dear! said I to myself, what pains some folks do take to make fools of their children: here's as nice a little heifer as ever was, alettin' of her clapper run away with her like an onruly horse; she don't know where it will take her to yet, no more than the man in the moon.

As she carried it out again, her mother said, Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that;—she is throwed away here: but I was detarmined to have her educated, and so I sent her to boardin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dalhousie and Sharbrooke: you have combined schools in the States, havn't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have, said I; boys and galls combined; I was to one on 'em, when I was considerable well growd up: Lord, what fun we had! it's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once—Oh fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a seminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they larn Latin and English combined. Oh latten! said I; they larn latten there, do they?—Well, come, there is some sense in that; I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten; father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin' tin over iron,—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been of great sarvice to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genu*wine* metals—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you atalkin' about? said Mrs. Green, I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn to schools. Well, I don't know, said I; I never seed any other kind o' latten. nor ever heard tell of any.—What is it? Why, it's a ——, it's a ——. Oh, you know well enough, said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I may be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it anything in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat,

or the cotton warp way? Your head, she said, considerable miffy, is always arunnin' on a factory. Latin is a——. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin, says he,—why, Latin is——ahem! it's————what they teach at the Combined School. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead: but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is—am-o, I love;—am-at, he loves: am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty tho', don't it? says I; and yet if Latin is love, and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion,—and I got up, and slipt my hand into her's—you hadn't no occasion for to go to the Combined School to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a——, and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are asayin' of? Talkin' Latin, says I,—awinkin' to Arabella;—ain't we, miss? Oh yes, said she,—returnin' the squeeze of my hand, and larfin';—oh yes, mother, arter all he onderstands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the eend of the room, and left us a-*talkin' Latin.*

I hadn't been asittin' there long afore Doctor Ivory Hovey came up, asmirkin', and asmilin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin' very witty; and I observed, the moment he came, Arabella took herself off. She said, she couldn't bide him at all. Well, Mr. Slick, said he, how be you? how do you do, upon an average, eh? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of fine bloomin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I *guess*,—(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks larf all round,)—said he, for you to spekilate for a wife, eh? Well, says I, there is a pretty show o' galls, that's sartain,—but they wouldn't condescend to the like o' me. I was athinkin' there was some on 'em that would jist suit you to a T. *Me*, says he, adrawin' of himself up and looking big,—*me!* and he turned up his nose like a pointer dog when the birds flowed off. When *I* honour a lady with the offer of *my* hand, says he, it *will* be a *lady.* Well, thinks I, if you ain't a consaited critter it's a pity; most

on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will jist pay you off in your own coin. Says I, you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicot's dog. What's that? says the folks acrowdin' round to hear it, for I seed plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morsel. Says I, he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him everywhere he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always abotherin' of the judges, agettin' between their legs, and they used to order him to be turned out every day, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Porson said to the constable one day, in a voice of thunder, Turn out that dog! and the judge gave him a kick that sent him half-way across the room, yelpin' and howlin' like anything. The lawyer was properly vexed at this, so says he to the dog, Pompey, says he, come here! and the dog came up to him. Didn't I always tell you, said he, to keep out o' bad company? Take that, said he, agivin' of him a'most an awful kick—take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen; and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend. What do you mean by that are story, sir? said he, abristlin' up like a mastiff. Nothin', says I; only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's too good for him, by mistake; and if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt to get bundled out faster than he came in;—and I got up and walked away to the other side.

Folks gave him the nickname of Endicot's dog arter that, and I was glad on it; it sarved him right, the consaited ass. I heerd the critter amuterrin' sun'thin' of the Clockmaker illustratin' his own case, but as I didn't want to be parsonal, I made as if I didn't hear him. As I went over towards the side-table, who should I see aleanin' up against it but Mr. Bobbin, pretty considerable well shaved, with a glass o' grog in his hand, alookin' as cross as you please, and so far gone, he was athinkin' aloud, and atalkin' to himself. There comes "soft sawder," says he, and "human natur',"—ameanin' me—a Yankey broom, —wooden nutmegs,—cussed sarcy,—great mind to kick him. Arabella's got her head turned,—consaited minx;—good exterior, but nothin' in her,—like Slick's clocks, all gilded and varnished outside, and soft wood within. Gist do for Ivory Hovey, —same breed,—big head,—long ears,—a pair of donkeys! Shy

old cock, that deacon,—joins Temperance Societies to get popular, —slips the gin in, pretends it's water;—I see him. But here goes, I believe I'll slip off. Thinks I, it's gettin' on for mornin'; I'll slip off too; so out I goes, and harnesses up old Clay, and drives home.

Jist as I came from the barn, and got opposite to the house, I heerd some one acrackin' of his whip, and abawlin' out at a great size; and I looked up, and who should I see but Bobbin in his waggon ag'in the pole fence. Comin' in the air had made him blind drunk. He was alickin' away at the top pole of the fence, and afancyin' his horse was there, and wouldn't go.—Who comes there? said he. Clockmaker, said I. Gist take my horse by the head,—that's a good fellor—will you? said he, and lead him out as far as the road. Cuss him, he won't stir. Spiles a good horse to lead him, says I; he always looks for it again. Jist you lay it on to him well,—his hams ain't made o' hickory like mine. Cut away at him; he'll go by-and-bye:—and I drove away, and left him acuttin' and alashin' at the fence for dear life. Thinks I, you are not the first ass that has been brought *to a poll*, anyhow.

Next day, I met Nabal. Well, said he, Mr. Slick, you hit our young trader rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you tho', for the critter is so full of consait, it will do him good. He wants to pull every one down to his own level, as he can't rise to theirs, and is for everlastin'ly spoutin' about House of Assembly business, officials, aristocrats, and such stuff; he'd be a plaguy sight better, in my mind, attendin' to his own business, instead of talkin' of other folks's; and usin' his yardstick more, and his tongue less. And between you and me, Mr. Slick, said he,—tho' I hope you won't let on to any one that I said anything to you about it,—but atween ourselves, as we are alone here, I am athinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Latin is very well, I consait, for them who have time for it, and nothin' better to do at home. It's better p'r'aps to be adoin' of that than adoin' of nothin'; but for the like o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were a little out of place. Be candid now, said he, for I should like

to hear what your rael genu*wine* opinion is touchin' this matter, seein' that you know a good deal of the world.

Why, friend Nabal, says I, as you've axed my advice, I'll give it to you; tho' anythin' partainin' to the apron-string is what I don't call myself a judge of, and feel delicate of meddlin' with. Woman is woman, says I; that's a fact; and a fellor that will go for to provoke hornets, is plaguy apt to get himself stung, and I don't know as it does not sarve him right too; but this I must say, friend, that you're just about half right,—that's a fact. The proper music for a farmer's house is the spinnin'-wheel,—the true paintin' the dye stuffs,—and the tambourin' the loom. Teach Arabella to be useful, and not showy, prudent and not extravagant. She is jist about as nice a gall as you'll see in a day's ride; now don't spoil her, and let her get her head turned, for it would be a rael right down pity. One thing you may depend on for sartin, as a maxim in the farmin' line,—*a good darter and a good housekeeper is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE SNOW WREATH.

WHOEVER has read Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia (which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cuttyhunk, in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen,) will recollect that this good city of Annapolis is the most ancient one in North America; but there is one fact omitted by that author, which I trust he will not think an intrusion upon his province if I take the liberty of recording, and that is, that in addition to its being the most ancient, it is also the most loyal city of this Western Hemisphere. This character it has always sustained, and "royal," as a mark of particular favour, has ever been added to its cognomen by every government that has had dominion over it.

Under the French, with whom it was a great favourite, it was called Port Royal; and the good Queen Anne, who condescended to adopt it, permitted it to be called Annapolis Royal. A book issuing from Nova Scotia is, as Blackwood very justly

observes, in his never-to-be-forgotten, nor ever-to-be-sufficiently-admired review of the first series of this work, one of those unexpected events that, from their great improbability, appear almost incredible. Entertaining no doubt, therefore, that every member of the cabinet will read this *lusus naturæ*, I take this opportunity of informing them that our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has not in all her wide-spread dominions more devoted or more loyal subjects than the good people of Annapolis Royal.

Here it was, said I, Mr. Slick, that the egg was laid of that American bird, whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent. Well, it is a'most a beautiful bird too, ain't it? said he; what a plumage it has; what a size it is! It is a whopper,—that's sartain: it has the courage and the soarin' of the eagle, and the colour of the peacock, and his majestic step and keen eye; the world never seed the beat of it; that's a fact. How streaked the English must feel when they think they once had it in the cage and couldn't keep it there! it is a pity they are so invyous tho', I declare. Not at all, I assure you, I replied; there is not a man among them who is not ready to admit all you have advanced in favour of your national emblem: the fantastic strut of the peacock, the melodious and attic tones, the gaudy apparel, the fondness for display which is perpetually exhibiting to the world the extended tail with painted stars, the amiable disposition of the bird towards the younger and feebler offspring of others, the unwieldy ——. I thought so, said he: I hadn't ought to have spoke of it afore you, for it does seem to rile you; that's sartain; and I don't know as it was jist altogether right to allude to a thin' that is so humblin' to your national pride. But, squire, ain't this been a hot day? I think it would pass muster among the hot ones of the West Indgies a'most. I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't seed such thawy weather this many a year, I know. I calculate I will brew a little lemonade, for Marm Bailey ginerally keeps the materials for that Temperance Society drink.

This climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very near

freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter eend of February, as far as my memory sarves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

Says Marm Bailey to me, Mr. Slick, says she, I don't know what onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax, here, and a batch of moose-huntin' officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare. Well, says I, I'm no ways partikiler—I can put up with most anything. I'll jist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come, says I, first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now-a-days. Yes, I'll jist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm berth it is too. Well, says she, I can't think o' that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but onc; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.

So, arter supper, old Johnny Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was sunthin' or other about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely lookin' critter, but her countenance was sad; she was tall and well made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but, oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had, was a little fever-like-lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not,—that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one morsel, but was full-formed and well-waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for sunthin' or another had gone wrong—that was

clean some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me she looked so streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll jist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty 'cute ears in Annapolis: there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over the town in two twos, and sometimes they think they hear 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a larf, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikiler; but still no smile; her face was cold, and clear, and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent too, you could see the veins in it. Arter a while the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it: but, oh! my sakes, how cold! it was like goin' down into a well in summer; it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Your tumbler is out, squire; try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin wood (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate): and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes round me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets, and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad, they went off like thunder, and now and then you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't chew his nose to it for one minit, and the snow creakin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the winder looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartinty. If I go for to drop off asleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half

like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in tother, then I doubled up all in a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend; at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I seed a flock o' sheep atakin a split for it over a wall, and tried to count 'em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it acomin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and thinks I, it aint so everlastin' long to daylight now; I'll try it any how, I'll be darned if I don't, so here goes.

Jist as I shot my eyes, and made up my mind for a nap, I hears a low moan and a sob; well, I sits up and listens, but all was silent agin. Nothin' but them etarnal nails agoin' off, one arter t'other, like anything. Thinks I to myself, the wind's agettin' up, I estimate; it's as like as not we shall have a change o' weather. Presently I heerd a light step on the entry, and the door opens softly, and in walks the widder's darter on tip-toe, dressed in a long white wrapper; and after peerin' all round to see if I was asleep, she goes and sits down in the chimbly corner, and picks up the coals and fixes the fire, and sits alookin' at it for ever so long. Oh! so sad, and so melancholy; it was dreadful to see her. Says I to myself, says I, what on airth brings the poor critter here, all alone, this time o' night; and the air so plaguy cold too? I guess, she thinks I'll freeze to death; or, p'rhaps she's walkin in her sleep. But there she sot lookin' more like a ghost than a human,—first she warmed one foot and then the other; and then held her hands over the coals, and moaned bitterly. Dear! dear! thinks I, that poor critter is afreezin' to death as well as me; I do believe the world is acomin' to an eend right off, and we shall all die of cold, and I shivered all over. Presently she got up, and I saw her face, part covered with her long black hair, and the other parts so white and so cold, it chilled me to look at it, and her footsteps I consaited sounded louder, and I cast my eyes down to her feet, and I actilly did fancy they looked froze. Well, she come near the bed, and lookin' at me, stood for a space without stirrin', and then she cried bitterly. He, too, is doomed, said she; he is in the sleep of death, and so far from home, and all his friends too.

Not yet, said I, you dear critter you, not yet, you may depend; —but you will be if you don't go to bed;—so says I, do for gracious sake return to your room, or you will perish. It's frozen, says she; it's deathy cold; the bed is a snow wreath, and the piller is ice, and the coverlid is congealed; the chill has struck into my heart, and my blood has ceased to flow. I'm doomed, I'm doomed to die; and oh! how strange, how cold is death! Well I was all struck up of a heap; I didn't know what on airth to do; says I to myself, says I, here's this poor gall in my room carryin' on like ravin' distracted mad in the middle of the night here; she's oneasy in her mind, and is awalkin' as sure as the world, and how it's agoin' for to eend, I don't know,—that's a fact. Katey, says I, dear, I'll get up and give you my bed if you are cold, and I'll go and make up a great rousin' big fire, and I'll call up the old lady, and she will see to you, and get you a hot drink; sunthin' must be done, to a sartainty, for I can't bear to hear you talk so. No, says she, not for the world; what will my mother say, Mr. Slick? and me here in your room, and nothin' but this wrapper on: it's too late now; it's all over; and with that she fainted, and fell right across the bed. Oh, how cold she was; the chill struck into me; I feel it yet; the very thought is enough to give one the ague. Well, I'm a modest man, squire; I was always modest from a boy;—but there was no time for ceremony now, for there was a sufferin', dyin' critter —so I drew her in, and folded her in my arms, in hopes she would come to, but death was there.

I breathed on her icy lips, but life seemed extinct, and every time I pressed her to me, I shrunk from her till my back touched the cold gypsum wall. It felt like a tomb, so chill, so damp, so cold—(you have no notion how cold them are kind o' walls, are, they beat all natur')—squeezed between this frozen gall on one side, and the icy plaster on the other, I felt as if my own life was a ebbin' away fast. Poor critter! says I, has her care of me brought her to this pass? I'll press her to my heart once more; p'r'aps the little heat that's left there may revive her, and I can but die a few minutes sooner. It was a last effort, but it succeeded; she seemed to breathe again—I spoke to her, but she couldn't answer, tho' I felt her tears flow fast on my bosom; but I was actilly sinking fast myself now,—I felt my

eend approachin'. Then came reflection, bitter and sad thoughts they were too, I tell you. Dear, dear! said I; here's a pretty kettle o' fish, ain't there? we shall be both found dead here in the mornin', and what will folks say of this beautiful gall, and one of our free and enlightened citizens, found in such a scrape? Nothin' will be too bad for 'em that they can lay their tongues to, that's a fact: the Yankee villain, the cheatin' Clockmaker, the ——: the thought gave my heart a jupe, so sharp, so deep, so painful, I awoke and found I was ahuggin' a snow wreath, that had sifted thro' a hole in the roof on the bed; part had melted and trickled down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad it was all a dream, you may depend—but amazin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks, with the 'cute rheumatiz,—that's a fact.

But your pale young friend, said I; did you ever see her again? pray, what became of her? Would you believe it? said he; the next mornin,' when I came down, there sot Katey by the fire, lookin' as bloomin' as a rose, and as chipper as a canary bird;—the fact is, I was so uncommon cold, and so sleepy too, the night afore, that I thought every body and everything looked cold and dismal too. Mornin,' sir, said she, as I entered the keepin' room; mornin' to you, Mr. Slick; how did you sleep last night? I'm most afeard you found that are room dreadful cold, for little Binney opened the window at the head of the bed to make the fire draw and start the smoke up, and forgot to shut it again, and I guess it was wide open all night;—I minded it arter I got to bed, and I thought I should ha' died alarfin.' Thank you, said I, for that; but you forget you come and shot it yourself. Me! said she; I never did no such a thing. Catch me indeed agoin' into a gentleman's chamber: no, indeed, not for the world; If I wasn't cold, said I, it's a pity,—that's all! I was e'en a'most frozen as stiff as a poker, and near about frightened to death too, for I seed you or your ghost last night, as plain as I see you now; that's a fact. A ghost! said she: how you talk! do tell. Why, how was that? Well, I told her the whole story from beginning to eend. First she larfed ready to split at my account of the cold room, and my bein' afeard to go to sleep: but then she stopt pretty short, I guess, and blushed like anything when

I told her about her comin' into the chamber, and looked proper frightened, not knowin' what was to come next; but when she heerd of her turnin' first into an icecicle, and then into a snow-drift, she haw-hawed right out. I thought she actilly would have gone into hysterics. You might have frozen, said she, in rael right down airnest, afore I'd agone into your chamber at that time o' night to see arter you, or your fire either, said she, you may depend: I can't think what on airth could have put that are crotchet into your head. Nor I neither, said I; and besides, said I, aketchin' hold of her hand, and drawin' her close to me,—and besides, says I,—I shouldn't have felt so awful cold neither, if you—— Hold your tongue, said she, you goney you, this minit; I won't hear another word about it, and go right off and get your breakfast, for you was sent for half an hour ago. Arter bein' mocked all night, says I, by them are icy lips of your ghost, now I see them are pretty little sarcy ones of yourn, I think I must, and I'll be darned if I won't have a——. Well, I estimate you won't, then, said she, you impedence,—and she did fend off like a brave one—that's a fact; she made frill, shirt collar, and dickey fly like snow; she was at smart as a fox-trap, and as wicked as a meat-axe:—there was no gettin' near her no how. At last, said she, if there ain't mother acomin,' I do declare, and my hair is all spiflicated, too, like a mop,—and my dress all rumfoozled, like anything,—do, for gracious sake, set things to rights a little afore mother comes in, and then cut and run: my heart is in my mouth, I declare. Then she sot down in a chair, and put both hands behind her head a puttin' in her combs. Oh dear, said she, pretendin' to try to get away, is that what you call puttin' things to rights? Don't squeeze so hard; you'll choke me, I vow. It tante me that's achokin' of you, says I, it's the heart that's in your mouth. Oh, if it had only been them lips instead of the ghost! Quick, says she a-openin' of the door,—I hear mother on the steps; quick, be off; but mind you don't tell any one that are ghost story; people might think there was more in it than met the ear. Well, well, said I to myself, for a pale face, sad, melancholy-lookin' gall, if you hav'n't turned out as rosy, a rompin', larkin', light-hearted a heifer as ever I seed afore, it's a pity. There's another lemon left, squire, 'spose we mix a little more sourin' afore we turn in, and take another glass "to the widder's darter."

CHAPTER X.

THE TALISMAN.

It was our intention to have left Annapolis this morning after breakfast, and proceeded to Digby, a small but beautiful village, situated at the entrance of that magnificent sheet of water, once known as Port Royal Basin, but lately by the more euphonious appellation of the "Gut." But Mr. Slick was missing, nor could any trace of him be found; I therefore ordered the horse again to the stable, and awaited his return with all due patience. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before he made his appearance. Sorry to keep you awaitin', said he, but I got completely let in for it this mornin'; I put my foot in it, you may depend. I've got a grand story to tell you, and one that will make you larf too, I know. Where do you think I've been of all places onder the sun? Why, I've been to court; that's a fact. I seed a great crowd of folks about the door, and thinks I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? I think I'll just step in for a minit and see.

What's on the carpet to-day? says I to a blue nose; what's goin' on here? Why, said he, they are agoin' for to try a Yankee. What for? said I. Steelin', said he. A Yankee, says I to myself: well, that's strange too; that beats me anyhow; I never heard tell of a Yankee being such a born fool as to steal. If the feller has been such a ravin' destracted goney, I hope they will hang him, the varmint; that's a fact. It's mostly them thick-skulled, wrong-headed, cussed stupid fools the British that do that are; they ain't brought up well, and hav'n't got no edication; but our folks know better; they've been better larned than to do the like o' that—they can get most anything they want by gettin' hold on the right eend in a bargain; they do manage beautiful in a trade, a slight o'hand, a loan, a failin', a spekilatin, swap, thimble-rig, or some how or another in the rigular way within the law; but as for stealin' —never—I don't believe he's a Yankee. No, thinks I, he can't be American, bred and born, for we are too enlightened

for that, by a long chalk. We have a great respect for the laws, squire; we've been bred to that, and always uphold the dignity of the law. I recollect once that some of our young citizens away above Montgomery got into a flare-up with a party of boatmen that lives on the Mississippi; a desperate row it was too; and three Kentuckians were killed as dead as herrins. Well, they were had up for it afore Judge Cotton. He was one of our revolutionary heroes, a starn, hard-featured old man, quite a Cato,—and he did curry 'em down with a heavy hand, you may depend;—he had no marcy on 'em. There he sot with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, lookin' as sour as an onripe lemon. Bring up them culprits, said he, and when they were brought up, he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners that sit on the outer porch of darkness, and not high-minded, intelligent Americans. You are a disgrace, said he, to our great nation, and I hope I shall never hear the like of it ag'in. If I do, I'll put you on your trial as sure as you are born; I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if I don't. Well, they didn't like this kind o' talk at all, so that night away they goes to the judge's house, to teach him a thing or two with a cowskin, and kicked up a deuce of a row; and what do you think the neighbours did? Why, they jist walked in, seized the ringleaders and lynched them, in less than ten minits, on one of the linden trees afore the judge's door.

They said *the law must be vindicated*,—and that courts must be upheld by all quiet orderly people for a terror to all evil-doers. The law must take its course. No, thinks I, he can't be a Yankee;—if he was, and had awanted the article, he would ha' done him out of it, p'rhaps in a trade, bein' too experienced a man of business for him; but steal it, never, never —I don't believe it, I vow. Well, I walked into the court-house, and there was a great crowd of folks there, ajabberin' and atalkin' away like anything (for bluenose needn't turn his back on any one for talkin'—the critter is all tongue, like an old horse),—presently in come one or two young lawyers in a dreadful hurry, with great piles of books onder their arms with white leather covers, and great bundles of papers tied with red tape, and put 'em down on the table afore 'em, lookin' very big

with the quantity of larnin' they carried. Thinks I, young shavers, if you had more of that in your heads, and less under your arms, you would have the use of your hands to play with your thumbs when you had nothin' to do. Then came in one or two old lawyers, and sot down and nodded here and there to some o' the upper-crust folks o' the county, and then shook hands amazin' hearty with the young lawyers, and the young lawyers larfed, and the old ones larfed, and they all nodded their heads together like a flock of geese agoin' thro' a gate.

Presently the sheriff calls out at the tip eend of his voice, "Clear the way for the judge;"—and the judge walks up to the bench, lookin' down to his feet to see he didn't tread on other folks' toes, and put his arm behind his back, and twirls the tail of his gown over it so, that other folks mightn't tread on hisn. Well, when he gets to the bench, he stands up as straight as a liberty pole, and the lawyers all stands up straight too, and clap their eyes on his till he winks, then both on 'em slowly bend their bodies forard till they nearly touch the tables with their noses, and then they sot down, and the judge took a look all round, as if he saw everything in gineral and nothin' in partikelar,—I never seed anything so queer afore, I vow. It puts me in mind o' the Chinese, but they bob their heads clean away down to the very floor.

Well, then said the crier, "Oh yes! Oh yes! His Majesty's (I mean her Majesty's) court is now opened. God save the King (I mean the Queen.)" Oh! if folks didn't larf it's a pity —for I've often obsarved it takes but a very small joke to make a crowd larf. They'll larf at nothin' a'most. Silence, said the sheriff, and all was as still as moonlight. It looked strange to me, you may depend, for the lawyers looked like so many ministers all dressed in black gouns and white bands on, only they acted more like players than preachers, a plaguy sight. But, said I, is this not the case in your country; is there not some sort of professional garb worn by the bar of the United States, and do not the barristers and the court exchange those salutations which the common courtesies of life not only sanction, but imperatively require as essential to the preservation of mutual respect and general good breeding? What on airth, said the Clockmaker, can a black gound have to do with intel-

ligence? Them sort of liveries may do in Europe, but they don't convene to our free and enlightened citizens. It's too foreign for us, too unphilosophical, too feudal, and a remnant o' the dark ages. No, sir; our lawyers do as they like. Some on 'em dress in black, and some in white; some carry walkin-sticks, and some umbrellas, some whittle sticks with penknives, and some shave the table, and some put their legs onder the desks, and some put 'em a top of them, just as it suits them. They sit as they please, dress as they please, and talk as they please; we are a free people. I guess if a judge in our country was to order the lawyers to appear all dressed in black, they'd soon ax him who elected him director-general of fashions, and where he found such arbitrary power in the constitution, as that, committed to any man.

But I was agoin' for to tell you 'bout the trial.—Presently one o' the old lawyers got up, and said he, My lord, said he, I *move*, your lordship, that the prisoner may be brought up. And if it warn't a *move* it was a pity. The lawyer *moved* the judge, and the judge *moved* the sheriff, and the sheriff *moved* the crowd, for they all *moved* out together, leavin' hardly any one on them but the judge and the lawyers; and in a few minits they all *moved* back ag'in with the prisoner. They seemed as if they had never seed a prisoner before. When they came to call the jury they didn't all answer; so says the sheriff to me, Walk in the box, sir,—you, sir, with the blue coat. Do you indicate me, sir? said I. Yes, says he, I do: walk in the box. I give you thanks, sir, says I, but I'd rather stand where I be: I've no occasion to sit; and besides, I guess, I must be amovin'. Walk in the box, sir, said he, and he roared like thunder. And, says the judge, alookin' up, and smilin' and speakin' as soft as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, you *must* walk in the box, sir. Well, says I, to oblige you, says I, my lord, I will; but there don't seem much room in it *to* walk, I vow. You are called upon, sir, says the judge, as a talisman; take your seat in the box, and be silent. If I must, says I, I do suppose I must; but I don't like the office, and I don't believe I've got a marker about me; but if you've are a piece of chalk about you, you could give me, or lend me an old pencil, I'll try to cypher it as well as I can, and do my possibles to give you satisfaction,

my lord. What are you atalkin' about, sir? said he—what do you mean by such nonsense? Why, says I, my lord, I've been told that in this country, and indeed I know it is the *practice* all over ourn for the jury to *chalk*, that is, every man chalks down on the wall his vote; one man ten pounds, one twenty, another thirty, and another five pounds, and so; and then they add them all up, and divide by twelve, and that makes the vardict. Now, if I'm to be *talysman*, says I, and keep *count*, I'll chalk it as straight as a bootjack. The judge throwed himself back in his chair, and turnin' to the sheriff, says he, Is it possible, Mr. Sheriff, that such an abominable practice as this exists in this country? or that people, onder the solemn obligation of an oath, can conduct themselves with so much levity as to make their vardict depend upon chance, and not upon reason? If I was to know an instance of the kind, said he,—and he looked battle, murder, and sudden death,—I'd both fine and imprison the jury;—I would by —— (and he gave the corner of his mouth a twist jist in time to keep in an oath that was on the tip of his tongue,) and he hesitated a little to think how to get out of the scrape,—at least I concaited so,—by and with the full consent of my brethren on the bench.

I have my suspicions, said the Clockmaker, that the judge had heerd tell of that pra*ctice* afore, and was only waitin' for a complaint to take notice of it rigular-like, for them old judges are as cunnin' as foxes; and if he had, I must say he did do the surprise very well, for he looked all struck up of a heap, like a vessel taken aback with a squall, agoin' down starn foremost.

Who is that man? said he. I am a clockmaker, sir, said I. I didn't ask you *what* you were, sir, says he, acolorin' up; I asked you *who* you were. I'm Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, sir, says I; a clockmaker from Onion County, State of Connecticut, in the United States of America. You are exempt, said he,—you may walk *out of the box*. Thinks I to myself, Old chap, next time you want a talisman, take one of your own folks, will you? Well, when I looked up to the prisoner, sure enough I seed he was one of our citizens, one "Expected Thorne," of our town, an endless villain, that had been two or three times in the State's prison. The case was a very plain one. Captain Billy Slocum produced a watch, which he said was hisn; he said he

went out arter dinner, leavin' his watch ahangin' up over the mantel piece, and when he returned to tea it was gone, and that it was found in Expected Thorne's possession. Long afore the evidence was gone through, I seed he was guilty, the villain. There is a sort of freemasonry in hypocrasy, squire, you may depend. It has its signs and looks by which the brotherhood know each other; and as charity hopeth all things, and forgiveth all things, these appeals of the elect to each other from the lowest depths of woe, whether conveyed by the eye, the garb, or the tongue, are seldom made in vain.

Expected had seed too much of the world, I estimate, not to know that. If he hadn't his go-to-meetin' dress and looks on this day to the jury, it's a pity. He had his hairs combed down as straight as a horse's main; a little thin white cravat, nicely plaited and tied plain, garnished his neck, as a white towel does a dish of calve's head,—a standin' up collar to his coat gave it the true cut, and the gilt buttons covered with cloth eschewed the gaudy ornaments of sinful, carnal man. He looked as demure as a harlot at a christenin',—drew down the corners of his mouth, so as to contract the trumpet of his nose, and give the right base twang to the voice, and turned up the whites of his eyes, as if they had been in the habit of lookin' in upon the inner man for self-examination and reproach. Oh, he looked like a martyr; jist like a man who would suffer death for conscience sake, and forgive his inemies with his dyin' breath.

Gentlemen of the jury, says Expected, I am a stranger and a sojourner in this land, but I have many friends and received much kindness, thanks be to divine Providence for all his goodness to me a sinner: and I don't make no doubt that tho' I be a stranger, his lordship's honor will, under Providence, see justice done to me. The last time I was to Captain Billy's house I seed his watch, and that it was out of order, and I offered to clean it and repair it for him for nothin', free gratis;—*that I cant prove.* But I'll tell you what *I can prove*, and its a privilege for which I desire to render thanks; that when that gentleman, the constable, came to me, and said he came about the watch, I said to him, right out at once, "She's cleaned, says I, but wants regulatin'; if Captain Billy is in a hurry for her he can have her, but he had better leave her two or three days to

get the right beat." And never did I deny havin' it, as a guilty man would have done. And, my lord, said he, and gentlemen of the jury (and he turned up his ugly cantin' mug full round to the box)—I trust I know too well the auful account I must one day give of the deeds done in the flesh to peril my immortal soul for vain, idle, sinful toys; and he held up his hands together, and looked upwards till his eyes turned in like them are ones in a marble statue, and his lips kept amovin' some time as if he was lost in inward prayer.

Well, the constable proved it word for word, and the judge said it *did* appear that there was some mistake; at all events it *did not* appear there was evidence of a felonious takin', and he was acquitted. As soon as it was over, Expected comes to me in the corner, and, says he, quite bold like, Mornin', Slick, how do you do? And then whisperin' in my ear, says he, Didn't I do 'em pretty? cuss 'em,—that's all. Let old Connecticut alone yet; she's too much for any on 'em, I know. The truth is, the moment I seed that cussed critter, that constable acomin, I seed his errand with half an eye, and had that are story ready-tongued and grooved for him as quick as wink. Says I, I wished they had ahanged you, with all my heart, it's such critters as you that lower the national character of our free and enlightened citizens, and degrade it in the eyes of foreigners. The eyes of foreigners be d——! said he. Who cares what they think? And as for these blue-noses, they ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with, the stupid, punkin-headed, consaited blockheads! cuss me if they have. Well, says I, they ain't such an enlightened people as we are, that's sartain, but that don't justify you a bit; you hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong indeed. You might have traded with him, and got it for half nothin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' marchants sew up the soft-horned British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and give your note, and cut stick afore the note became due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally, without resortin', as foreigners do' to stealin' We are a moral people; a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any and all the nations of the universal world out of anything, in the hundred

of millions of clever shifts there are in trade; but as for steal-in', I dispise it: it's a low, blackguard, dirty, mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. *An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!*

CHAPTER XI.

ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

THE next morning we resumed our journey, and travelling through the township of Clements, and crossing Moose and Bear rivers, reached Digby early in the afternoon. It was a most delightful drive. When we left Annapolis the fog was slowly rising from the low grounds and resting on the hills to gather itself up for a flight into upper air, disclosing, as it departed, ridge after ridge of the Granville Mountain, which lay concealed in its folds, and gradually revealing the broad and beautiful basin that extends from the town to Digby.

I am too old now for romance, and, what is worse, I am corpulent. I find, as I grow stout, I grow less imaginative. One cannot serve two masters. I longed to climb the mountain peak, to stand where Champlain stood, and imagine the scene as it then was, when his prophetic eye caught revelations of the future; to visit the holy well where the rite of baptism was first performed in these provinces; to trace the first encampments,—the ruins of the rude fortifications,—the first battle-ground. But, alas! the day is gone. I must leave the field to more youthful competitors. I can gratify my eye as I drive along the road, but I must not venture into the forest. The natural ice house,—the cascade,—the mountain lake,—the beaver's dam,—the General's bridge,—the apocryphal Rossignol,—the iron mines,—and last, not least, the Indian antiquities,—in short, each and all of the lions of this interesting place, that require bodily exertion to be seen, I leave to succeeding travellers. I visit men, and not places. Alas! has it come to this at *last*,—to gout and port wine? Be it so: I will assume the privilege of old age, and talk.

At a short distance from the town of Annapolis we passed

the Court House, the scene of Mr. Slick's adventures the preceding day, and found a crowd of country people assembled about the door. More than a hundred horses were tied to the fences on either side of the road, and groups of idlers were seen scattered about on the lawn, either discussing the last verdict, or anticipating the jury in the next.

I think, said Mr. Slick, we have a right to boast of the justitiary of our two great nations; for yourn is a great nation,—that *is* a fact; and if all your colonies were joined together, and added on to Old England, she would be most as great a nation as ourn. You have good reason to be proud of your judiciary, said I; if profound learning, exalted talent, and inflexible integrity, can make an establishment respectable, the Supreme Court of the United States is pre-eminently so; and I have heard, from those who have the honour of their acquaintance, that the judges are no less distinguished for their private worth than their public virtues. I rejoice that it is so, for I consider the justiciary of America as its sheet-anchor. Amidst the incessant change of men and institutions so conspicuous there, this forms a solitary exception. To the permanency and extensive power of this court you are indebted to the only check you possess, either to popular tumult or arbitrary power, affording, as it does, the only effectual means of controlling the conflicts of the local and general governments, and rendering their movements regular and harmonious.

It is so, said he; but your courts and ourn are both tarred with the same stick,—*they move too slow*. I recollect, once I was in old Kentuck, and a judge was sentincin' a man to death for murder: says he, "Sooner or later punishment is sure to overtake the guilty man. The law moves slow, but it is sure and sartin. Justice has been represented with a heel of lead, from its slow and measured pace, but its hand is a hand of iron, and its blow is death." Folks said it was a beautiful idea that, and every chap that you met said, Ain't that splendid?—did ever old Mansfield or Ellen Borough come up to that?

Well, says I, they might come up to that, and not go very far neither. A funny sort o' figure of justice that; when it's so plaguy heavy-heeled most any one can outrun it; and when its great iron fist strikes so uncommon slow, a chap that's any

way spry is e'en a'most sure to give it the dodge. No; they ought to clap on more steam. The French courts are the courts for me. I had a case once at Marsailles, and if the judge didn't turn it out of hand ready hooped and headed in less than no time, it's a pity. But I believe I must first tell you how I came for to go there.

In the latter eend of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory sarves me, I was in my little back studio to Slickville, with off coat, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, abronzin' and gildin' of a clock case, when old Snow, the nigger help, popped in his head in a most a terrible conflustrigation, and says he, Massa, says he, if there ain't Massa Governor and the Gineral at the door, as I'm alive! what on airth shall I say? Well, says I, they have caught me at a nonplush, that's sartain; but there's no help for it as I see,—show 'em in. Mornin', says I, gentlemen, how do you do? I am sorry, says I, I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is,—I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is all covered with isle, and t'other with copper bronze. Don't mention it, Mr. Slick, said his excellency, I beg of you; the fine arts do sometimes require detergants, and there is no help for it. But that's a'most a beautiful thing, said he, you are adoin' of; may I presume to chatichise what it is? Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with a great white two story house in it, havin' a washin' tub of apple sarce on one side, and a cart chockfull of punkin pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P initialise it Airthly Paradise. Well, says he, who is that *he* one on the left? I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate he at all, said I, tho' I see now they do; I guess I must altar that. That tall graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long Bowie knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H and E means heavenly emigrants.

It's alle—*go*—ry.—And a beautiful alle—*go*—ry it is, said he, and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our

young growin' and great Republic. It is a fine conception that. It is worthy of West. How true to life—how much it conveys —how many chords it strikes! It addresses the heart—it's splendid.

Hallo! says I to myself, what's all this? It made me look up at him. Thinks I to myself, you laid that soft sawder on pretty thick anyhow. I wonder whether you are in rael right down airnest, or whether you are only arter a vote. Says he, Mr. Slick, it was on the subject of picturs we called. It's a thing I'm enthusiastic upon myself; but my official duties leave me no time to fraternise with the brush. I've been actilly six weeks adoin' of a bunch of grapes on a chair, and it's not yet done. The department of paintin' in our Atheneum,—in this risin' and flourishin' town of Slickville—is placed under the Gineral and myself, and we propose detailin' you to Italy to purchase some originals for our gallery, secin' that you are a n*ative* artist yourself, and have more practical experience than most of our citizens. There is a great aspiration among our free and enlightened youth for perfection, whether in the arts or sciences. Your expenses will be paid, and eight dollars a day while absent on this diplomacy. One thing, however, do pray remember, don't bring any picturs that will evoke a blush on female cheeks, or cause vartue to stand aforc 'em with averted eyes or indignant looks. The statues imported last year we had to clothe, both male and female, from head to foot, for they actilly came stark naked, and were right down ondecent. One of my factory ladies went into fits on seein' 'cm, that lasted her a good hour: she took Jupiter for a rael human, and said she thought that she had got into a bathin' room, among the men, by mistake. Her narves received a heavy shock, poor critter; she said she never would forget what she seed there the longest day she lived. So none o' your Potiphar's wives, or Susannahs, or sleepin' Venuses; such picturs are repugnant to the high tone o' moral feelin' in this country.

Oh Lord! I thought I should have split; I darsn't look up for fear I should abust out alarfin' in his face, to hear him talk so spooney about that are factory gall. Thinks I to myself, how delicate she is, ain't she! If a common marble statue threw her into fits, what would———? And here he laughed so immo-

derately, it was some time before he resumed intelligibly his story.

Well, says he at last, if there is one thing I hate more nor another, it is that cussed mock modesty some galls have, pretendin' they don't know nothin' It always shows they know too much. Now, says his excellency, a pictur', Mr. Slick, may exhibit great skill and great beauty, and yet display very little flesh beyond the face and the hands. You apprehend me, don't you? A nod's as good as a wink, says I, to a blind horse: if I can't see thro' a ladder, I reckon I'm not fit for that mission; and, says I, tho' I say it myself, that shouldn't say it, I must say, I do account myself a considerable of a judge of these matters,—I won't turn my back on any one in my line in the Union. I think so, said he; the alle—*go*—ry you jist show'd me, displays taste, tact, and a consummate knowledge of the art. Without genius there can be no invention,—no plot without skill, and no character without the power of discrimination. I should like to associate with you Ebenezer Peck, the Slickville poet, in this diplomatic mission, if our funds authorised the exercise of this constitutional power of the executive committee, for the fine arts are closely allied, Mr. Slick. Poetry is the music of words, music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colors;—what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimate and fraternate them among us. Conceivin' an elective governor of a free and enlightened people to rank afore an hereditary prince, I have given you letters of introduction to the *Eye*talian princes and the Pope, and have offered to reciprocate their attentions should they visit Slickville. Farewell, my friend, farewell, and fail not to sustain the dignity of this great and enlightened nation abroad—farewell!

A very good man, the governor, and a genu*wine* patriot too, said Mr. Slick. He knowed a good deal about paintin', for he was a sign-painter by trade; but he often used to wade out too deep, and got over his head now and then afore he knowed it. He warn't the best o' swimmers neither, and sometimes I used to be scared to death for fear he'd go for it afore he'd touch bottom ag'in. Well off I sot in a vessel to Leghorn, and I laid out there three thousand dollars in picturs. Rum-lookin' old cocks them saints, som on 'em too with their long beards, bald heads, and

hard featurs, bean't they? but I got a lot of 'em of all sizes. I bought two Madonnas, I think they call them—beautiful little picturs they were too,—but the child's legs were so naked and ondecent, that to please the governor and his factory galls, I had an artist to paint trousers, and a pair of lace boots on him, and they look quite genteel now. It improved 'em amazin'ly; but the best o' the joke was those Macaroni rascals, seein' me a stranger, thought to do me nicely (most infarnal cheats them dealers too,—walk right into you afore you know where you be). The older a pictur' was, and the more it was blacked, so you couldn't see the figurs, the more they axed for it; and they'd talk and jabber away about their Tittyan tints and Gauido airs by the hour. How soft we are, ain't we? said I. Catch a weasel asleep, will you? Second-hand farniture don't suit our market. We want picturs, and not things that look a plaguy sight more like the shutters of an old smoke-house than paintins, and I hope I may be shot if I didn't get bran new ones for half the price they axed for them rusty old veterans. Our folks were well pleased with the shipment, and I ought to be too, for I made a trifle in the discount of fifteen per cent for comin' down handsum' with the cash on the spot. Our Atheneum is worth seein', I tell you; you won't ditto it easy, I know; it's actilly a sight to behold.

But I was agoin' to tell you about the French court. Arter I closed the consarn about the picturs, and shipped 'em off in a Cape codder that was there, I fell in with some of our folks on their way to London, where I had to go afore I returned home, so, says I, s'pose we hire a vessel in Co. and go by water to Marsailles; we'll get on faster and considerable cheaper too, I calculate, than agoin' by land. Well, we hired the *Eye*taliano to take us, and he was to find us in bed, board, and liquor, and we paid him one-third in advance, to enable him to do it genteel; but the everlastin' villain, as soon as he got us out to sea, gave us no bed-clothes and nothin' to eat, and we almost perished with hunger and damp; so when we got to Marsailles, Meo friendo, says I, for I had picked up a little *Eye*talian, meo friendo, cumma longo alla courto, will you? and I took him by the scruff of the neck and toated him into court. Where is de pappia? says a little skip-jack of a French judge, that was chock

full of grins and grimaces like a monkey arter a pinch of snuff, —where is de pappia? So I handed him up the pappia signed by the master, and then proved how he cheated us. No sooner said than done, Mount Sheer Bullfrog gave the case in our favour in two twos, said *Eye*taliano had got too much already, cut him off the other two-thirds, and made him pay all costs, If he didn't look bumsquabbled it's a pity. It took the rust off of him pretty slick, you may depend.

Begar, he says to the skipper, you keep de bargain next time; you von very grand damne rogue, and he shook his head and grinned like a crocodile, from ear to ear, all mouth and teeth. You may depend, I warn't long at Marsailles arter that. I cut stick and off, hot foot for the channel without stopping to water the horses or liquor the drivers, for fear *Eye*taliano would walk into my ribs with his stiletto, for he was as savage as a white bear afore breakfast. Yes, our courts move too slow. It was that ruinated Expected Thorne. The first time he was taken up and sent to jail, he was as innocent as a child, but they kept him there so long afore his trial, it broke his spirits, and broke his pride,—and he came out as wicked as a devil. *The great secret is speedy jusiice.* We have too much machinery in our courts, and I do'nt see but what we prize juries beyond their rael valy. One half the time with us they don't onderstand a thing, and the other half they are prejudiced. True, said I, but they are a great safeguard to liberty, and indeed the only one in all cases between the government and the peaople. The executive can never tyrannise where they cannot convict, and juries never lend themselves to oppression. Tho' a corrupt minister may appoint corrupt judges, he can never corrupt a whole people. Well, said he, far be it from me to say they are no use, because I know and feel that they be in sartain cases most invaluable, but I mean to say that they are only a drag on business, and an expensive one too, one half the time. I want no better tribunal to try me or my cases than our supreme judges to Washington, and all I would ax is a resarved right to have a jury when I call for one. That right I never would yield, but that is all I would ax. You can see how the lawyers valy each by the way they talk to 'em. To the court they are as cool as cucumbers,—dry argument, sound reasonin', an application to

judgment. To the jury, all fire and tow and declamations,—all to the passions, prejudices, and feelins. The one they try to convince, they try to *do* the other. I never heerd tell of judges chalkin'. I know brother Josiah the lawyer thinks so too. Says he to me once, Sam, says he, they ain't suited to the times now in all cases, and are only needed occasionally. *When juries first came into vogue* there were no judges, but the devil of it is, when public opinion runs all one way in this country, you might jist as well to try to swim up Niagara as to go for to stem it,—it will roll you over and over, and squash you to death at last. You may *say* what you like here, Sam, but other folks may *do* what they like here too. Many a man has had a goose's jacket lined with tar here, that he never bought at the tailor's, and a tight fit it is too, considerin' its made without measurin'. So as I'm for Congress some day or another, why I jist fall to and flatter the people by chimin' in with them. I get up on a stump, or the top of a whiskey barrel, and talk as big as ony on 'em about that birth-right—that sheet anchor, that mainstay, that blessed shield, that glorious institution—the rich man's terror, the poor man's hope, the people's pride, the nation's glory—*Trial by jury.*

CHAPTER XII.

SHAMPOOING THE ENGLISH.

DIGBY is a charming little town. It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valetudinarians of New Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John. About as pretty a location this for business, said the Clockmaker, as I know on in this country. Digby is the only safe harbour from Blowmedown to Briar Island. Then there is that everlastin' long river, runnin' away up from the wharfes here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dikes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best herrin' fishery in America, but it wants one thing to make it go ahead. And pray what is that?

said I, for it appears to me to have every natural advantage that can be desired. It wants to be made a free port, said he. They ought to send a delegate to England about it; but the fact is, they don't onderstand diplomacy here, nor the English either. They hav'n't got no talents that way.

I guess we may stump the univarse in that line. Our statesmen, I consait, *do* onderstand it. They go about so beautiful, tack so well, sail so close by the wind, make so little lee-way, shoot ahead so fast, draw so little water, keep the lead agoin constant, and a bright look-out ahead always; it's very seldom you hear o' them runnin' aground, I tell *you*. Hardly anything they take in hand they do'nt succeed in. How glib they are in the tongue too! how they *do* lay in the soft sawder! They *do* rub John Bull down so pretty, it does one good to see 'em: they pat him on the back, and stroke him on the cheek, and coax and wheedle and flatter till they get him as good-natured as possible. Then they jist get what they like out of him; not a word of a threat to *him* tho', for they know it won't do. He'd as soon fight as eat his dinner, and sooner too, but they tickle him, as the boys at Cape Ann sarve the bladder fish. There's a fish comes ashore there at ebb tide, that the boys catch and tickle, and the more they tickle him the more he fills with wind. Well, he gets blowed up as full as he can hold, and then they just turn him up and give him a crack across the belly with a stick, and off he goes like a pop-gun, and then all the little critters run hoppin' and hollowin' like ravin' distracted mad,—so pleased with foolin' the old fish.

There are no people in the univarsal world so eloquent as the Americans; they beat the ancients all hollor; and when our diplomatists go for to talk it into the British, they do it so pretty, it's a sight to behold. Descended, they say, from a common stock, havin' one common language and *a community of interests*, they cannot but hope for justice from a power distinguished alike for its honour and its generosity. Indebted to them for the spirit of liberty they enjoy,—for their laws, literature, and religion,—they feel more like allies than aliens, and more like relatives than either. Though unfortunate occurrences may have drawn them asunder, with that frankness and generosity peculiar to a brave and generous people, both nations

have now forgotten and forgiven the past, and it is the duty and the interest of each to cultivate these amicable relationst, now so happily existing, and to draw closer those bonds which unite two people essentially the same in habit and feelings. Though years have rolled by since they left the paternal roof, and the ocean divides them, yet they cannot but look back at the home beyond the waters with a grateful remembrance,—with veneration and respect.

Now that's what I call dictionary, said the Clockmaker. It's splendid penmanship, ain't it? When John Adams was minister at the Court of St. Jimes's, how his weak eye would have sarved him a' utterin' of this galbanum, wouldn't it? He'd turn round to hide emotion, draw forth his handkerchief and wipe off a manly tear of genu*wine* feelin'. It is easy enough to stand a woman's tears, for they weep like children, everlastin' sun-showers; they cry as bad as if they used a chesnut burr for an eyestone; but to see the tear drawn from the starn natur' of man, startin' at the biddin' of generous feelin', there's no standin' that. Oh dear! how John Bull swallers this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hands in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as cider sot out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sulky, and then one haughty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till all starnness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benevolent expression, like a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intelligent all the time as a skim milk cheese. Arter his stare is gone, a kind o' look comes over his face as if he thought, Well, now, this d——d Yankey sees his error at last, and no mistake; that comes o' that good lickin' I gave him last war; there's nothin' like fightin' things out. The critter seems humble enough now tho'; give me your fist, Jonathan, my boy, says he; don't look so cussed dismal; what is it?

Oh, nothin', says our diplomatist; a mere trifle, and he tries to look as onconsarned as possible all the time; nothin' but what your sense of justice, for which you are always distinguished, will grant; a little strip of land, half fog, half bog, atween the State of Maine and New Brunswick; it's nothin' but wood, water, and snakes, and no bigger than Scotland. Take

it, and say no more about it, says John; I hope it will be accepted as a proof of my regard. I don't think nothin' of half a colony. And then when our chap gets home to the President, don't he say, as Expected Thorne did of the blue-nose jury, "*Didn't I do him pretty? cuss him, that's all.*"

Then he takes Mount-Sheer on another tack. He desires to express the gratitude of a free and enlightened people to the French,—their first ally, their dearest friend,—for enablin' them, under Providence, to lay the foundation-stone of their country. They never can forget how kindly, how *disinterestedly*, they stept in to aid their infant struggles,—to assist them to resist the unnateral tyranny of England, who, while affectin' to protect liberty abroad, was enslavin' her children to home. Nothin' but the purest feelin', unalloyed by any jealousy of England, dictated that step; it emanated from a virtuous indignation at seein' the strong oppress the weak,—from a love of constitutional freedom, —from pure philanthropy. How deeply is seated in American breasts a veneration of the French character! how they admire their sincerity,—their good faith,—their stability! Well may they be called the Grand Nation! Religious, not bigoted—brave, not rash—dignified, not volatile—great, yet not vain! Magnanimous in success,—cheerful and resolved under reverses, —they form the beau-ideal to American youth, who are taught, in their first lessons, to emulate, and imitate, and venerate the virtues of their character! Don't it run off the tongue like ile? Soft and slick, ain't it pretty talk?

Lord! how Mount-Sheer skips, and hops, and bows, and smirks when he hears that are, don't he? How he claps his hand upon his heart, and makes faces like a monkey that's got a pain in his side from swallerin' a nut without crackin' it. With all other folks but these great powers, it's a very different tune they sing. They make short metre with them little powers; they never take the trouble to talk much; they jist make their demands, and ax them for their answer right off the reel. If they say, let us hear your reasons, Oh! by all means, says our diplomatist, jist come along with me; and he takes the minister under his arm, walks lock and lock with him down to the harbour, claps him aboard a barge, and rows him off to one of our little hundred gun sloops o' war. Pretty little sloop o' war,

that of ourn, I reckon, ain't it? says he. Oh! very pretty, very pretty, indeed, says foreigner; but if that be your *little* sloop, what must be your *great big* men-o'-war? That's just what I was agoin' for to say, says Jonathan,—a Leviathan, a Mammoth, blow all creation to atoms a'most, like a harricane tipt with lightnin', and then he looks up to the captain and nods. Says he, captain, I guess you may run out your guns, and he runs them out as quick as wink. These are my reasons, says Jonathan, and pretty strong arguments too, I guess; that's what I call shewin' our teeth; and now you, mister, with a d——n hard name, your answer, if you please. You don't understand us, I see, foreigner; we got chaps in our country, that can stand on one side of the Mississippi, and kill a racoon on t'other side, with a sneeze,—rigular ring-tail roarers; don't provoke us; it wouldn't be oversafe, I assure you. We can out-talk thunder, out-run a flash of lightnin', and out-reach all the world —we can whip our weight of wild cats. The British can lick all the world, and we can lick the British. I believe, says he, and he claps his name to the treaty in no time. We made these second-class gentry shell out a considerable of cash, these few years past, on one excuse or another and frightened some on them, as the naked statue did the factory gall, in fits a'most. But the English we have to soft sawder, for they've got little sloops of war, too, as well as we have; and not only show their teeth, but bite like bull-dogs. We shampoo them,—you know what shampooing is, squire, don't you? It is an eastern custom, I think, said I: I have heard of it, but I do not retain a very distinct recollection of the practice. Well, said the Clockmaker, I estimate I ought to know what it means any how: for I came plaguy nigh losin' my life by it once. When I was jist twenty years old, I took it into my head I'd like to go to sea,—so father got me a berth of supercargo of a whaler at New Bedford, and away we went arter sperm: an amazin' long voyage we had of it too—gone nearly three years. Well, we put into Sandwich Island for refreshments; and, says the captain, 'Spose we go and call on the queen! So all us cabin party went, and dressed ourselves up full fig, and were introduced in due form to the young queen. Well, she was a rael, right down, pretty lookin' heifer, and no mistake; well-dressed and well-demeaned,

and a plaguy sight cleaner skinn'd than some white folks—for they bathe every day a'most. Where you'd see one piece of farniture better than her, you'll see fifty worser ones, *I* know.

What is your father, Mr. Shleek? says she. A prince, marm, said I. And his'n ugly man's? says she, p'intin' to the captain. A prince too, said I, and all this party are princes; fathers all sovereigns to home,—no bigger men than them, neither there nor anywhere else in the univarsal world. Then, said she, you all dine wid me to-day; me proud to have de prinches to my table.

If she did'nt give us a regular blow-out it's a pity, and the whole on us were more than half-seas over: for my part the hot mulled wine actilly made me feel like a prince, and what put me in tip top spirits was the idee of the hoax I played off on her about our bein' princes; and then my rosy cheeks and youth pleased her fancy, so that she was oncommon civil to me, talked to no one else a'most. Well, when we rose from table, (for she stayed there till the wine made her eyes twinkle ag'in,) Prince Shleek, said she, atakin' o' my hand, and puttin' her sarcy little mug close up to me, (and she raelly did look pretty, all smiles and sweetness,) Prince Shleek, will you have one shampoo? said she. A shampoo? said I; to be sure I will, and thank you too; you are jist the gall I'd like to shampoo, and I clapt my arms round her neck, and gave her a buss that made all ring again. What the devil are you at? said the captain, and he seized me round the waist and lugged me off. Do you want to lose your head, you fool, you? said he; you've carried this joke too far already without this rompin'—go aboard. It was lucky for me she had a wee drop in her eye herself—for after the first scream she larfed ready to split; says she, No kissy,—no kissy—shampoo is shampoo, but kissy is anoder ting. The noise brought the sarvants in, and says the queen p'intin' to me, "shampoo him"—and they up with me, and into another room, and before I could say Jack Robinson, off went my clothes, and I was gettin' shampoo'd in airnest. It is done by a gentle pressure, and rubbin' all over the body with the hand; it is delightful,—that's a fact, and I was soon asleep.

I was pretty well corned that arternoon, but still I knew what I was about; and recollected when I awoke the whisper of the

captain at partin'—"Mind your eye, Slick, if ever you want to see Cape Cod ag'in." So, airly next mornin,' while it was quite mooney yet, I went aboard, and the captain soon put to sea, but not before there came a boat-load of pigs and two bullocks off to "Prince Shleek." So our diplomatists shampoo the English, and put 'em to sleep. How beautiful they shampoo'd them in the fishery story! It was agreed we was to fish within three leagues of the coast; but then, says Jonathan, wood and water, you know, and shelter, when it blows like great guns, are rights of hospitality. You wouldn't refuse us a port in a storm, would you? so noble, so humane, so liberal, so confidin' as you be. Sartainly not, says John Bull; it would be inhuman to refuse either shelter, wood, or water. Well, then, if there was are a snug little cove not settled, disarted like, would you have any objection to our dryin' our fish there?—they might spile, you know, so far from home;—a little act of kindness like that, would bind us to you for ever and ever, and amen. Certainly, says John, it is very reasonable that—you are perfectly welcome—happy to oblige you. It was all we wanted, an excuse for enterin', and now we are in and out when we please, and smuggle like all vengeance: got the whole trade and the whole fishery. It was splendidly done, warn't it?

Well, then, we did manage the boundary line capitally too. We know we havn't got no title to that land—*it wasn't given to us by the treaty, and it warn't in our possession when we declared independence or made peace.* But our maxim is, it is better to get things by treaty than by war: it is more Christian-like, and more intellectual. To gain that land, we asked the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the St. John, which we knew would never be granted; but then it gave us somethin' to concede on our part, and brag on as liberal, and it is nateral and right for the English to concede on their side somethin' too,—so they will concede the disputed territory.

Ah, squire, said he, your countrymen have a good heart, and I believe they have; indeed, it would be strange if a full puss didn't make a full heart; but they have a most plaguy poor head, that's a fact.—This was rather too bad. To be first imposed upon and then ridiculed, was paying rather too heavy a penalty for either negligence or ignorance. There was unhap-

pily too much truth in the remark for me to join in the laugh. If your diplomatists, said I, have in one or two instances been successful by departing from the plain intelligible path, and resorting to flattery and cunning, (arts in which I regret to say diplomatists of all nations are but too apt to indulge,) it is a course which carries its own cure: and, by raising suspicion and distrust, will hereafter impose difficulties in their way even when their objects are legitimate and just. I should have thought that the lesson read on a celebrated occasion, (which you doubtless remember) by Mr. Canning, would have dictated the necessity of caution for the future.—Recollect that confidence once withdrawn is seldom restored again. You have, however, omitted to state your policy with Russia.—Oh! said he, Old Nick in the North is sarved in the same way.

Excuse me, said I, (for I felt piqued,) but if you will permit me, I will suggest some observations to you relative to Russia that may not have occurred to you. Your diplomatists might address the Emperor thus: May it please you Majesty, there is an astonishing resemblance between our two countries; in fact there is little or no difference except in name,—the same cast of countenance, same family-likeness, same Tartar propensity to change abode. All extremes meet. You take off folks' heads without law, so do our mobs. You send fellows to Siberia, our mobs send them to the devil. No power on airth can restrain you, no power on airth can restrain our mobs. You make laws and break 'em as suits your convenience, so do our lynchers. You don't allow any one to sport opinions you don't hold, or you stifle them and their opinions too. It's just so with us; our folks forbid all talkin' about niggers; and if a man forgets himself, he is reminded of it by his head supportin' his body instead of his heels. You have got a liquorish mouth for fartile lands beyond your borders, so have we; and yet both have got more land than tenants. You foment troubles among your neighbours, and then step in to keep the peace, and hold possession when you get there, so do we. You are a great slave-holder, so are we. Folks accuse you of stealin' Poland, the same libellin' villains accuse us of stealin' Texas, and a desire to have Canada too; and yet the one is as much without foundation as the other. You plant colonies in Tartar lands,

and then drive out the owners: we sarve the Indgians the same way. You have extarminated some of your enemies, we've extarminated some of ourn. Some folks say your empire will split to pieces—it's too big; the identical same prophecy they make of us, and one is just as likely as the other. Every man in Russia must bow to the pictur' of his Emperor; every man must bow to the pictur' of our great nation, and swear through thick and thin he admires it more nor anything on the face of the airth. Every man in Russia may say what he likes *if he dare*, so he may in the *U*-nited States. If foreign news-papers abusin' Polish matters get into the Russian mail, the mail is broken open and they are taken out; if abolition papers get into the Southern mail, our folks break open the bags and burn 'em, as they did at Charleston. The law institutes no inquiries in your dominions as to your acts of execution, spoliation, and exile; neither is there any inquest with us on similar acts of our mobs. There is no freedom of the press with you, neither is there with us. If a paper offends you, you stop it: if it offends our sovereigns, they break the machinery, gut the house, and throw the types into the street; and if the printer escapes, he may thank God for givin' him a good pair of legs. In short, they may say to him—it's generally allowed the freedom of one country is as like the despotism of the other as two peas—no soul could tell the difference; and therefore there ought to be an actual as there is a nateral alliance between us. And then the cunnin' critters, if they catch him alone where they won't be overheard, they may soft sawder him, by tellin' they never knew before the blessin' of havin only one tyrant instead of a thousand, and that is an amendment they intend to propose to the constitution when they return home, and hope they'll yet live to see it. From this specimen you may easily perceive that it requires no great penetration or ability to deceive even an acute observer, whenever recourse is had to imagination for the facts. How far this parallel holds good, I leave you to judge; I desire to offer you no offence, but I wish you to understand that all the world are not in love with your republican institutions or your people, and that both are better understood than you seem to suppose. Well, well, says he; I didn't mean to ryle you, I do assure

you; but if you hav'n't made a good story out of a Southern mob or two, neither of which are half as bad as your Bristol riot or Irish frays, it's a pity. After all, said he, I don't know whether it wouldn't comport more with our dignity to go strait ahead. I believe it's in politics as in other matters—*honesty is the best policy.*

CHAPTER XIII.

PUTTING A FOOT IN IT.

One amusing trait in the Clockmaker's character was his love of contradiction. If you suggested any objection to the American government, he immediately put himself on the defensive; and if hard pressed, extricated himself by changing the topic. At the same time he would seldom allow me to pass a eulogy upon it without affecting to consider the praise as misapplied, and as another instance of "our not understanding them." In the course of our conversation, I happened to observe that the American government was certainly a very cheap one: and that the economy practised in the expenditure of the public revenue, tho' in some instances carried so far as to border on meanness, was certainly a very just subject of national pride. Ah, said he, I always said, "you don't onderstand us." Now it happens that this is one of the few things if you was only availed of it that you could fault us in. It is about the most costly government in the world, considerin' our means. We are actilly eat up by it—it is a most plaguy sore, and has spread so like statiee that it has got its root into the very core. Cheap government!—well, come, that beats all!!

I should like to know, said I, how you can make that appear, for the salaries paid to your public officers are not only small but absolutely mean; and, in my opinion, wholly inadequate to procure the services of the best and most efficient men. Well, said he, which costs most, to keep one good horse well, or half a dozen poor ones ill, or to keep ten rael complete good sarvants, or fifty lazy, idle, do-nothin' critters? because that's jist our case,—we have too many of 'em altogether. We have twenty-four independent states, besides the general

government; we have therefore twenty-five presidents, twenty-five secretaries of state, twenty-five treasurers, twenty-five senates, twenty-five houses of representatives, and fifty attorney-generals, and all our legislators are paid, every soul of 'em, and so are our magistrates, for they all take fees and seek the office for pay, so that we have as many paid legislators as soldiers, and as many judges of all sorts and sizes as sailors in our navy. Put all these expenses together, of state government, and general government, and see what an awful sum it comes to, and then tell me it's a cheap government. True, said I, but you have not that enormous item of expenditure known in England under the name of half-pay. We have more officers of the navy on half-pay than you have in your navy altogether. So much the better for you, says he, for ourn are all on full pay, and when they ain't employed we set 'em down as absent on leave. Which costs the most, do you suppose? That comes of not callin' things by their right names, you see. Our folks know this, but our popularity-seekin' patriots have all their own interest in multiplying these offices; yes, our folks have put their foot in it: that's a fact. They cling to it as the bear did to Jack Fogler's mill-saw, and I guess it will sarve them the same way. Did I ever tell you that are story? for I'm most afeard sometimes I've got father's fashion of tellin' my stories over twice. No, said I, it is new to me; I have never heard it. Well, says he, I will tell you how it was.

Jack Fogler lives to Nictau-road, and he keeps a saw-mill and tavern; he's a sneezer, that fellow; he's near hand to seven feet high, with shoulders as broad as a barn-door; he is a giant, that's a fact, and can twitch a mill-log as easy as a yoke of oxen can—nothin' never stops him. But that's not all, for I've seen a man as big as all out doors afore him; but he has a foot that beats all—folks call him the man with the foot. The first time I seed him I could not keep my eyes off of it. I actilly could not think of anything else. Well, says I, Jack, your foot is a whopper, that's a fact; I never seed the beat of that in all my born days,—it beats Gasper Zwicher's all holler, and his is so big, folks say he has to haul his trowsers on over his head. Yes, says he, lawyer Yule says it passes *all onderstandin'* Well, he has a darter most as big as he is, but for all

that she is near about as pretty a gall as I ever laid eyes on, but she has her father's foot; and, poor thing, she can't bear to hear tell of it. I mind once when I came there, there was no one to home, and I had to see to old Clay myself; and arter I had done, I went in and sot down by the fire and lighted a cigar. Arter a while in come Lucy, looking pretty tired. Why, said I, Lucy dear, where on airth have you been? you look pretty well beat out. Why, says she, the bears are plaguy thick this while past, and have killed some of our sheep, so I went to the woods to drive the flock home ag'in night-fall, and, fegs! I lost my way. I've been gone ever so long, and I don't know as I'd ever afound my way out again, if I hadn't a met Bill Zink alookin' up his sheep, and he shewed me the way out.

Thinks I to myself, let the galls alone for an excuse; I see how the cat jumps. Well, says I, Lucy, you are about the luckiest gall I ever seed. Possible, says she;—how's that? Why, says I, many's the gall I've known that's lost her way with a sweetheart afore now, and got on the wrong track; but you're the first one ever I seed that got put on the right way by one anyhow. Well, she larfed, and says she, you men always suspect evil; it shows how bad you must be yourselves. Perhaps it may be so, says I, but mind your eye, and take care you *don't put you're foot in it*. She looked at me the matter of a minit or so without sayin' a word, and then burst out acryin' She said, if she had such an awful big foot, it warn't her fault, and it was very onkind to larf at it to her face—that way. Well, I felt proper sorry too, you may depend, for I vow she was so oncommon handsum' I had never noticed the big foot of hern till then. I had hardly got her pacified when in come Jack, with two halves of a bear, and threw 'em down on the floor, and larfed ready to kill himself. I never see the beat o' that, said he, since I was raised from a seedlin'. I never see a feller so taken in in all *my* life—that's a fact. Why, says I, what is it?—It was some time afore he could speak agin for larfin'—for Jack was considerable in the wind, pretty nearly half shaved. At last, says he, you know my failin', Mr. Slick: I like a drop of grog better than it likes me. Well, when the last rain come, and the brook was pretty considerable full, I kag'd for a month, (that is, said the Clockmaker, he had taken an oath to abstain from drawing liquor

from the keg—they calls it kaggin',) and my kag was out to-day at twelve o'clock. Well, I had just got a log on the ways when the sun was on the twelve o'clock line, so I stops the mill and takes out my dinner, and sets it down on the log, and then runs up to the house to draw off a bottle of rum. When I returned, and was jist about to enter the mill, what should I see but that are bear asittin' on the pine stick in the mill aeatin' of my dinner, so I jist backs out, takes a good swig out of the bottle, and lays it down, to run off home for the gun, when, says I to myself, says I, he'll make a plaguy sight a shorter work of that are dinner than I would, and when he's done he'll not wait to wipe his mouth with the towel neither. May be he'll be gone afore I gets back; so I jist crawls onder the mill —pokes up a stick thro' the j'ice, and starts the plug, and sets the mill agoin' Well, the motion was so easy, and he was so busy, he never moves, and arter a little the saw jist gives him a scratch on the back: well, he growls and shoves forward a bit on his rump; presently it gives him another scratch, with that he wheels short round and lays right hold of it, and gives it a most devil of a hug with his paws, and afore he knowed what he was about it pinned him down and sawed him right in two, he squeelin' and kickin' and singin' out like a good feller the whole blessed time. Thinks *I*, *he put his foot in it*, that feller, any how.

Yes, our folks have put their foot in it: a cheap article ain't always the best; if you want a rael right down first chop, genu*wine* thing, you must pay for it. Talent and integrity ain't such common things anywhere, that they are to be had for half nothin' A man that has them two things can go ahead anywhere, and if you want him to give up his own consarns to see arter those of the public, and do'nt give him the fair market price for 'em, he's plaguy apt to put his integrity in his pocket, and put his talents to usury. What he loses one way he makes up another; if he can't get it out of his pay, he takes it out of parquesites, jobs, and patronage, or sunthin' or another. Folks won't sarve the public for nothin', no more than they will each other free-gratis. An honest man won't take office, if it won't support him properly, hut a dishonest one will, 'cause he won't stand about trifles, but goes the whole figur'—and where you

have a good many such critters as public servants—why, a little slip of the pen or trip of the foot ain't thought nothin' of, and the tone of public feelin' is lowered, till at last folks judge of a man's dishonesty by the 'cuteness of it. If the slight-o'-hand ain't well done, they say, when he is detected, he is a fool—cuss him, it sarves him right; but if it is done so slick that you can't hardly see it even when it's done afore your eyes, people say, a fine bold stroke that—splendid business talents that man—considerable powers—a risin' character,—eend by being a great man in the long run.

You recollect the story of the quaker and his insurance, don't you? He had a vessel to see that he hadn't heerd of for a considerable time, and he was most plaguyly afeeard she had gone for it; so he sent an order to his broker to insure her. Well, next day he larnt for sartin that she was lost, so what does he do but writes to his broker as if he meant to save the premium by recallin' the order: If thee hast not insured, thee need'st not do it, esteemed friend, for I have heerd of the vessel. The broker, thinkin' it would be all clear gain, falls right into the trap; tells him his letter came too late, for he had effected the insurance half an hour afore it arrived. Verily, I am sorry for thee, friend, said the quaker, if that be the case, for a heavy loss will fall on thee; of a sartainty I have heerd of the vessel, but she is lost. Now that was what I call handsum'; it showed great talents that, and a knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder.

I thought, said I, that your annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and system of rotation of office, had a tendency to prevent corruption, by removing the means and the opportunity to any extent. Well, it would, perhaps, to a certain point, said the Clockmaker, if you knew where that point was, and could stop there; but wherever it is, I am afeerd we have passed it. Annual parliaments bring in so many raw hands every year, that they are jist like pawns in the game at chess, only fit for tools to move about and count while the game is played by the bigger ones. They get so puzzled—the critters, with the forms o' the house, that they put me in mind of a feller standin' up for the first time in a quadrille. One tells him to cross over here, and afore he gets there another calls him back ag'in; one pushes him to the right, and another to the left; he runs ag'in

every body, and every body runs ag'in him; he treads on the heels of the galls, and takes their skin and their shoes off, and they tread on his toes, and return the compliment to his corns; he is no good in natur' except to bother folks, and put them out. The old hands that have been there afore, and cut their eye-teeth, know how to bam these critters, and make 'em believe the moon is made of green cheese. That gives great power to the master movers, and they are enabled to spikelate handsum in land stock, bank stock, or any other corporate stock, for they can raise or depress the article jist as they please by legislative action.

There was a grand legislative speck made not long since, called the pre-emption speck. A law was passed, that all who had settled on government lands without title, should have a right of pre-emption at a very reduced price, below common upset sum, if application was made on a partikelar day. The jobbers watched the law very sharp, and the moment it passed, off they sot with their gangs of men and a magistrate, camped out all night on the wild land, made the affidavits of settlement, and run on till they went over a'most a deuce of a tract of country, that was all picked out aforehand for them; then returned their affidavits to the office, got the land at pre-emption rate, and turned right round, and sold it at market price—pocketed the difference— and netted a most handsum thing by the speck.

Them pet banks was another splendid affair; it deluged the land with corruption that,—it was too bad to think on. When the government is in the many, as with us, and rotation of office is the order of the day, there is a nateral tendency to multiply offices, so that every one can get his share of 'em, and it increases expenses, breeds office-seekers, and corrupts the whole mass. It is in politics as in farmin',—one large farm is worked at much less expense and much greater profit, and is better in many ways, than half a dozen small ones; and the head farmer is a more 'sponsible man, and better to do in the world, and more influence than the small fry. Things are better done too on *his* farm—the tools are better, the teams are better, and the crops are better: it's better altogether. Our first-rate men ain't in politics with us. It don't pay 'em, and they won't go thro' the mill for it. Our principle is to consider all public men rogues,

and to watch 'em well that they keep straight. Well, I ain't jist altogether sartified that this don't help to make 'em rogues; where *there is no confidence, there can be no honesty;* locks and keys are good things, but if you can't never trust a sarvant with a key, he don't think the better of you for all your suspicions, and is plaguy apt to get a key of his own. Then they do get such a drill through the press, that no man that thinks any great shakes of himself can stand it. A feller must have a hide as thick as a bull's to bear all the lashing our public men get the whole blessed time, and if he can bear it without winkin', it's more perhaps than his family can. There's nothin' in office that's worth it. So our best men ain't in office—they can't submit to it.

I knew a judge of the state court of New York, a first chop man too, give it up, and take the office of clerk in the identical same court. He said he couldn't afford to be a judge; it was only them who couldn't make a livin' by their practice that it would suit. No, squire, it would be a long story to go through the whole thing; but we ain't the cheapest government in the world,—that's a fact. When you come to visit us and go deep into the matter, and see general government and state government, and local taxes and gineral taxes, although the items are small, the sum total is a'most a swingin' large one, I tell you. You take a shop account, and read it over. Well, the thing appears reasonable enough, and cheap enough; but if you have been arunnin' in and out pretty often, and goin' the whole figur', add it up to the bottom, and if it don't make you stare and look corner ways, it's a pity.

What made me first of all think o' these things, was seein' how they got on in the colonies: why, the critters don't pay no taxes at all a'most—they actilly don't desarve the name o' taxes. They don't know how well they're off—that's sartin: I mind when I used to be agrumblin' to home, when I was a boy about knee high to a goose or so, father used to say, Sam, if you want to know how to valy home, you should go abroad for a while among strangers. It ain't all gold that glitters, my boy. You'd soon find out what a nice home you've got; for mind what I tell you, home is home, however homely,—that's a fact.—These bluenoses ought to be jist sent away from home a little while;

if they were, when they returned, I guess, they'd larn how to valy their location. It's a lawful colony this,—things do go on rig'lar,—a feller can rely on law here to defend his property,—he needn't do as I seed a squatter to Ohio do once. I had stopt at his house one day to bait my horse; and in the course of conversation about matters and things in gineral, says I, What's your title? is it from government, or purchased from settlers?—I'll tell you, Mr. Slick, he says, what my title is,—and he went in, and took his rifle down, and brought it to the door. Do you see that are hen, said he, with the top-knot on, afeedin' by the fence there?—Yes, says I, I do.—Well, says he, see that; and he put a ball right through the head of it. *That*, said he, I reckon, is my title; and that's the way I'll sarve any tarnation scoundrel that goes for to meddle with it. Says I, if that's your title, depend on it you won't have many fellers troublin' you with claims.—I rather guess not, said he, larfin'; and the lawyers won't be over forrard to buy such claims on spekilation,—and he wiped his rifle, reloaded her, and hung her up ag'in. There's nothin' of that kind here.

But as touchin' the matter o' cheap government, why, it's as well as not for our folks to hold out that ourn is so; but the truth is, atween you and me, though I would'nt like you to let on to any one I said so, the truth is, somehow or another, *we've put our foot in it*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND YANKEE MOBOCRACY.

When we had taken our tower, said the Clockmaker, I estimate I will return to the *U*-nited States for good and all. You had ought to visit our great nation: you may depend, it's the most splendid location atween the poles. History can't show nothin' like it: you might bile all creation down to an essence, and not get such a concrete as New England. It's a sight to behold twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens, and I guess we shall have all these provinces, and all South America. There is no eend to us; old Rome that folks made

such a touss about, was nothin' to us—it warn' fit to hold a candle to our federal government,—that's a fact. I intend, said I, to do so before I go to Europe, and may perhaps avail myself of your kind offer to accompany me. Is an Englishman well received in your country now? Well, he is now, said Mr. Slick; the last war did that; we licked the British into a respect for us: and if it warn't that they are so plaguy jealous of our factories, and so invyus of our freedom, I guess we should be considerable sociable, but they can't stomach our glorious institutions no how. *They don't onderstand us.* Father and our minister used to have great arguments about the British. Father hated them like pyson, as most of our revolutionary heroes did; but minister used to stand up for 'em considerable stiff.

I mind one evenin' arter hay harvest, father said to me, Sam, said he, 'spose we go down and see minister; I guess he's a little miffey with me, for I brought him up all standin' t'other night by sayin' the English were a damned overbearin' tyrannical race, and he hadn't another word to say. When you make use of such language as that are, Colonel Slick, said he, there's an eend of all conversation.—I allow it is very disrespectful to swear afore a minister, and very onhandsum to do so at all, and I don't approbate such talk at no rate. So we will drop the subject, if you please. Well, I got pretty grumpy too, and we parted in a huff. I think myself, says father, it warn't pretty to swear afore him; for, Sam, if there is a good man agoin', it is minister,—that's a fact. But, Sam, says he, we military men—and he straightened himself up considerable stiff, and pulled up his collar, and looked as fierce as a lion,—we military men, says he, have a habit of rappin' out an oath now and then. Very few of our heroes didn't swear; I recollect that tarnation fire-eater, Gineral Gates, when he was in our sarvice, ordered me once to attack a British outpost, and I didn't much more than half like it. Gineral, says I, there's a plaguy stone wall there, and the British have lined it, I guess; and I'm athinkin' it ain't altogether jist safe to go too near it. D—m—n,—Captain Slick, says he,—(I was jist made a captain then)—d—m—n, Captain Slick, says he, ain't there two sides to a stone wall? Don't let me hear the like ag'in from you, said he, captain, or I hope I may be tetotally and effectually d—d if I don't break you!—I

will, by gosh! He warn't a man to be trifled with, you may depend; so I drew up my company, and made at the wall double quick, expectin' every minit would be our last.

Jist as we got near the fence, I heerd a scramblin' and a scuddin' behind it, and I said, now, says I, for'ard, my boys, for your lives! hot foot, and down onder the fence on your bellies! and then we shall be as safe as they be, and p'rhaps we can loophole 'em. Well, we jist hit it, and got there without a shot, and down on our faces as flat as flounders. Presently we heerd the British run for dear life, and take right back across the road, full split. Now, says I, my hearties, up and let drive at 'em, right over the wall! Well, we got on our knees, and cocked our guns, so as to have all ready, and then we jump'd up an eend; and seein nothin' but a great cloud o' dust, we fired right into it, and down we heard 'em tumble; and when the dust clear'd off, we saw the matter o' twenty white breeches turned up to us sprawlin' on the ground. Jist at that moment we heerd three cheers from the inemy at the fort, and a great shout of larfin' from our army too; they haw-hawed like thunder. Well, says I, as soon as I could see, if that dont bang the bush. I'll be darn'd if it aint a flock of sheep belongin' to Elder Solomon Longstaff, arter all,—and if we ain't killed the matter of a score of 'em too, as dead as mutton; that's a fact. Well, we returned considerable down in the mouth, and says the gineral, Captain, says he, I guess you made the enemy look pretty sheepish, didn't you? Well, if the officers didn't larf, it's a pity; and, says a Varginy officer that was there, in a sort of half whisper, that wall was well lined, you may depend—sheep on one side and asses on the other! Says I, stranger, you had better not say that are ag'in, or I'll ——. Gintlemen, says the gineral, resarve your heat for the inemy; no quarrels among ourselves—and he rode off, havin' first whispered in my ear, Do you hear, captain, d—n you! there are two sides to a wall. Yes, says I, gineral, and two sides to a story too. And don't, for gracious sake, say no more about it. Yes, we military men all swears a few—it's the practice of the camp, and seems kinder nateral. But I'll go and make friends with minister.

Well, we walked down to Mr. Hopewell's, and we found him in a little summer-house, all covered over with honeysuckle, as

as busy as you please with a book he was astudyin', and as soon as he seed us he laid it down and came out to meet us. Colonel Slick, says he, I owe you an apology, I believe; I consait I spoke too abrupt to you t'other evenin' I ought to have made some allowance for the ardour of one of our military heroes. Well, it took father all aback that, for he know'd it was him that was to blame, and not minister, so he began to say that it was him that ought to ax pardon; but minister wouldn't hear a word,—(he was all humility was minister—he had no more pride than a babe,)—and, says he, come, Colonel walk in and sit down here, and we will see if we can muster a bottle of cider for you, for I take this visit very kind of you. Well, he brought out the cider, and we sot down quite sociable like. Now, says he, colonel, what news have you?

Well, says father, neighbour Dearbourn tells me that he heard from excellent authority that he can't doubt, when he was in England, that King George the Third has been dead these two years: but his ministers darsen't let the people know it, for fear of a revolution; so they have given out that he took the loss of these States so much to heart, and fretted and carried on so about it, that he ain't able to do business no more, and that they are obliged to keep him included. They say the people want to have a government jist like ourn, but the lords and great folks won't let 'em, and that if a poor man lays by a few dollars, the nobles send and take it right away, for fear they should buy powder and shot with it. It's awful to think on, ain't it? I allow the British are about the most enslaved, oppressed, ignorant, and miserable folks on the face of creation.

You mustn't believe all you hear, said minister; depend upon it, there ain't a word of truth in it. I have been a good deal in England, and I do assure you they are as free as we be, and a most plaguy sight richer, stronger, and wiser. Their government convenes them better than ourn would, and I must say there be some things in it I like better than ourn too. Now, says he, colonel, I'll p'int out to you where they have a'most an amazin' advantage over us here in America. First of all, there is the King on his throne, an hereditary King—a born King,—the head of his people, and not the head of a party; not supported, right or wrong, by one side because they chose

him, nor hated and oppressed, right or wrong, by t'other, because they don't vote for him; but loved and supported by all because he *is* their King; and regarded by all with a feelin' we don't know nothin' of in our country, a feelin' of loyalty. Yes, says father, and they don't care whether it's a man, woman, or child; the ignorant, benighted critters. They are considerable sure, says minister, he ain't a rogue at any rate.

Well, the next link in the chain———(Chains enough, poor wretches! says father; but its good enough for 'em tho', I guess) —Well, the next link in the chain is the nobility, independent of the crown on one side, and the people on the other; a body distinguished for its wealth, its larnin', its munificence, its high honour, and all the great and good qualities that ennoble the human heart. Yes, said father, and yet they can sally out of their castles, seize travellers, and rob 'em of all they have; hav'n't they got the whole country enslaved? the debauched, profligate, *effeminate*, tyrannical gang as they be; and see what mean offices they do fill about the King's parson. They put me in mind of my son Eldad, when he went to larn the doctor's trade; they took him the first winter to the dissectin' room. So in the spring, says I, Eldad, says I, how do you get on? Why, says he, father, I've only had my first lesson yet. What is that? says I. Why, says he, when the doctors are dissectin' of a carcass of cold meat, (for that's the name a subject goes by,) I have to stand by 'em and keep my hands clean, to wipe their noses, give 'em snuff, and light cigars for 'em: and the snuff sets 'em asneezin' so, I have to be awipin' of their noses everlastin'ly. It's a dirty business, that's a fact; but dissectin' is a dirty affair, I guess, altogether. Well, by all accounts the nobility fill offices as mean as the doctors' apprentices do the first winter.

I tell you, these are mere lies, says minister, got up here by a party to influence us ag'in the British. Well, well! said father, go on, and he threw one leg over the other, tilted back in his chair, folded his arms over his breast, and looked as determined as if he thought, now you may jist talk till you are hoarse, if you like, but you won't convince me, I can tell you. Then there is an Established Church, containin' a body o' men distinguished for their piety and larnin', uniform practice,

Christian lives, and consistent conduct; jist a beach that keeps off the assaults of the waves o' infidelity and enthusiasm from the Christian harbour within, the great bulwark and breakwater that protects and shelters Protestantism in the world. Oh dear! oh dear! said father, and he looked over to me, quite streaked, as much as to say, Now, Sam, do only hear the nonsense that are old critter is atalkin' of; ain't it horrid? Then there is the gentry, and a fine, honorable, manly, hospitable, independent race they be; all on 'em suns in their little spheres, illuminatin', warmin', and cheerin' all within their reach. Old families, attached to all around them, and all attached to them, both them and the people recollectin' that there have been twenty generations of 'em kind landlords, good neighbours, liberal patrons, indulgent masters; or if any of 'em went abroad, heroes by field and by flood. Yes, says father, and they carried back somethin' to brag on from Bunker's Hill, I guess, didn't they? We spoilt the pretty faces of some of their landlords, that hitch, any how, ay, and their tenants too; hang me if we didn't. When I was at Bun———

Then there is the professional men, rich marchants and opulent factorists, all so many outworks to the king, and all to be beat down afore you can get to the throne. Well, all these blend and mix, and are entwined and interwoven together, and make that great, harmonious, beautiful, social, and political machine—the British constitution. The children of nobles ain't nobles—(I guess not, says father, why should they be? ain't all men free and equal? read Jefferson's declara———)—but they have to mix with the commons, and become commoners themselves, and part of the great general mass,—(and enough to pyson the whole mass too, said father, jist yeast enough to farment it, and spile the whole batch.) Quite the revarse, says minister; to use a homely simile, it's like a piece of fat pork thrown into a boilin' kettle of maple syrup; it checks the bublin' and makes the boilin' subside, and not run over. Well, you see, by the House of Lords gettin' recruits from able commoners, and the commoners gettin' recruits from the young nobility, by intermarriage, and by the gradual branchin' off of the young people of both sexes, it becomes the *people's nobility*, and not the *king's nobility*, sympathisin' with both, but inde-

pendent of either. That's jist the difference 'atween them and foreigners on the continent; that's the secret of their power, popularity, and strength, the king leans on 'em, and the people leans on 'em, they are the key-stone of the arch. They don't stand alone, a high, cold, snowy peak, a'overlookin' of the world beneath, and athrowin' a dark deep shader o'er the rich and fertile regions below it. They ain't like a cornish of a room, pretty to look at, but of no airthly use whatever; a thing you could pull away, and leave the room standin' jist as well without, but they are the pillars of the state—the flooted, and grooved, and carved, and ornamental, but solid pillars—you can't take away the pillars, or the state comes down—you can't cut out the flootin', or groovin', or carvin', for it's in so deep you'd have to cut the pillars away to nothin' a'most to get it out. Well, says father, araisin' of his voice till he screamed, have you nothin', sir, to praise to home, sir? I think you whitewashed that British sepulchre of rottenness and corruption, that House o' Lords, pretty well, and painted the harlot's eldest darter, till she looks as flarnty as the old one of Babylon herself; let's have a touch o' your brush to home now, will you? You don't understand me yet, Colonel Slick, said he; I want to show you somethin' in the workin' o' the machinery you ain't thought of, I know. Now you see, Colonel, all these parts I described are checks we ain't got,—(and I trust in God we never shall, says father,—we want no check—nothin' can never stop us but the limits o' creation,) and we ain't provided any in their place, and I don't see what on airth we shall do for these drag-chains on popular opinion. There's nothin' here to make it of,—nothin' in the natur' of things to substitute; nothin' invented, or capable of the wear-and-tear, if invented, that will be the least morsel of use in the world. Explain what you mean, for gracious sake, says father, for I don't onderstand one word of what you are sayin' of: who dares talk of chains to popular opinion of twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens? Well, says minister, jist see here, colonel, instead of all these gradations and circles, and what not, they've got in England—each havin' its own principle of action, harmonizin' with one another, yet essentially independent—we got but one class, one mass, one people. Some natur' has made a little

smarter than others, and some edication has distinguished, some are a little richer, some a little poorer—but still we have nothin' but a mass, a populace, a people; all alike in great essentials, all havin' the same power, same rights, same privileges, and of course same feelins: *call it what you will, it's a populace*, in fact.

Our name is Legion, says father, ajumpin' up in a great rage. Yes, sir, Legion is our name—we have twelve millions of freemen ready to march to the utmost limits o'creation, and fight the devil himself if he was there, with all his hosts; and I'm the man to lead 'em, sir; I'm the boy that jist will do it. Rear rank, take open order, right shoulders for'ard,—march! and the old man begun to step out as if he was aleadin' of 'em on their way ag'in old Nick, whistling Yankee-doodle all the time, and lookin' as fierce as if he could whip his weight in wild cats. Well, says minister, I guess you won't have to go quite so far to find the devils to fight with us as the eend of creation neither; you'll find them nearer to home than you're athinkin' on some o' these days, you may depend. But, colonel, our people present one smooth, unbroken surface—do you see?—of the same uniform materials, which is *acted on all over alike by one impulse.* It's like a lake. Well, one gust o' wind sweeps all over it, and puts all in agitation, and makes the waters look angry and dangerous (and shaller waters makes the ugliest seas always). Well, as soon as the squall is over, what a'most a beautiful pitchin' and heavin' there is for a while, and then down it all comes as calm and as stagnant and tiresome as you please. That's our case.

There's nothin' to check popular commotion here, nothin' to influence it for good, but much to influence it for evil. There is one tone and one key here; strike the octaves where you like, and when you like, and they all accord.

The press can lash us up to a fury here in two twos any day, because a chord struck at Maine vibrates in Florida, and when once roused, and our dander fairly up, where are the bodies above all this commotion, that can soften, moderate, control, or even influence it? The law, we see, is too feeble; people disregard it; the clergy can't, for if they dare to disagree with their flocks, their flocks drive 'em out of the pastur'.

in little less than half no time; the legislators can't, for they are parts of the same turbid water themselves; the president can't, for he is nothin' but a heap of froth thrown up by conflictin' eddies at the central point, and floats with the stream that generated him. He has no motion of himself, no locomotive power. It ain't the drift-log that directs the river to the sea, but the river that carries the drift-log on its back. Now in England, a lyin', agitatin', wicked press, demagogues and political jugglers, and them sort o' cattle, finds a check in the Executive, the great, the larned, the virtuous, the prudent, and the well-established nobility, church, and gentry. It can't deceive them, they are too well informed;—it can't agitate them, for they don't act from impulse, but from reason. It can't overturn 'em, for they are too strong. Nothin' can move so many different bodies but somethin' genu*wine* and good, sunthin' that comes recommended by common sense for the public weal by its intrinsic excellence. Then the clergy bless it, the nobles sanction it, and the king executes it. It's a well-constructed piece o' machinery that, colonel, and I hope they won't go adabblin' too much with it,—*there's nothin' like leavin' all's well alone.*

I'll suppose a case now:—If the French in Canada were to rebel; as they will, like that priest that walked on crutches till they elected him Pope, and when he got into the chair, he up crutches and let 'em fly at the heads of the cardinals, and told 'em to clear out, or he'd kick 'em out,—they'll rebel as soon as they can walk alone, for the British have made 'em a French colony instead of an English one, and then they'll throw away their crutches. If they do rebel, see if our people don't go to war, tho' the government is to peace. They'll do jist as they please, and nothing can stop 'em. What do they care for a president's proclamation, or a marshal's advertisements? they'd lynch one, or tar and feather the other of those chaps as quick as wink, if they dared to stand in the way one minit. No; we want the influence of an independent united clergy, of a gentry, of an upper class, of a permanent one, too, of a sunthin' or another, in short, we hav'n't got, and I fear never will get. What little check we had in Washinton's time is now lost; our senate has degenerated into a mere second house of represen-

tatives; our legislators are nothin' but speakin' trumpets for the mobs outside to yell and howl thro' The British government is like its oak; it has its roots spread out far and wide, and is supported and nourished on all sides, besides its tap-roots, that run right straight down into the ground (for all hard-wood trees have tap-roots, you know). Well, when a popular storm comes, it bends to the blast, do you see, till its fury is spent; it gets a few leaves shook down, and, perhaps, a rotten branch or two twisted off; but when the storm is o'er, there it is ag'in bolt upright, as straight and stiff as a poker. But our government is like one of our forest trees, all top and no branches, or downward roots, but a long, slim stalk, with a broom-head, fed by a few superficial fibres, the air, and the rain; and when the popular gust comes, it blows it right over, a great onwieldy windfall, smashin' all afore it, and breakin' itself all up to pieces. It's too holler and knotty to saw, or to split, or to rip, and too shaky to plane, or to do anythin' with; all its strength lies in growin' close alongside of others; but it grows too quick, and too thick, to be strong. It *has no intrinsic strength;* some folks to England ain't up to this themselves, and raelly talk like fools. They talk as if they were in a republic instead of a limited monarchy. If ever they get upsot, mark my words, colonel, the squall won't come out of royalty, aristocracy, or prelacy, but out o' democracy, and a plaguy squally sea democracy is, I tell you: wind get's up in a minit; you can't show a rag of sail to it, and if you don't keep a bright look-out, and shorten sail in time, you're wrecked or swamped afore you know where you be. I'd rather live onder an absolute monarch any day than in a democracy, for one tyrant is better nor a thousand; oppression is better nor anarchy, and hard law better nor no law at all. Minister, says father (and he put his hands on his knees, and rose up slowly, till he stretched himself all out), I have sot here and heerd more abuse of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens, from you this ev'nin', than I ever thought I could have taken from any livin' soul breathin'; it's more than I can cleverly swaller, or disgest either, I tell *you.*

Now, sir, says he, and he brought his two heels close together, and taking hold of his coat-tail with his left hand, brought his right hand slowly round to it, and then lifted it gradually up as

if he was drawin' out a sword,—and now, sir, said he, makin' a lounge into the air with his arm, now, sir, if you was not a clergyman, you should answer it to me with your life, you should, I snore. It's nothin' but your cloth protects you, and an old friendship that has subsisted atween us for many years. You revolutionary heroes, colonel, says minister, smilin', are covered with too much glory to require any aid from private quarrels: put up your sword, colonel, put it up, my good friend, and let us see how the cider is. I have talked so much, my mouth feels considerable rusty about the hinges, I vow. I guess we had, says father, quite mollified by that are little revolutionary hero, and I will sheathe it; and he went thro' the form of puttin' a sword into the scabbard, and fetched his two hands together with a click that sounded amazin'ly like the rael thing. Fill your glass, colonel, says minister, fill your glass, and I will give you a toast:—*May our government never degenerate into a mob, nor our mobs grow strong enough to become our government.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEPOSED MINISTER.

SINCE I parted with you, squire, to Windsor, last fall, I've been to home. There's been an awful smash among the banks in the States, they've been blowed over, and snapped off, and torn up by the roots, like the pines in the southward in a tornado: awful work, you may depend. Everything prostrated as flat as if it had been chopped with an axe for the fire; it's the most dismal sight I ever beheld. Shortly after I left you, I got a letter from Mr. Hopewell, atellin' of me there was a storm abrewin', and advisin' of me to come to home as soon as possible, to see arter my stock in the Slickville bank, for they were carrying too much sail, and he was e'en a'most sartain it would capsize when the squall struck it. Well, I rode night and day; I nearly killed Old Clay and myself too, (I left the old horse to St. John's;) but I got there in time, sold out my shares, and jist secured myself, when it failed tetotally, it won't pay five cents to the dollar; a total wrack, stock and fluke. Poor old

minister, he is nearly used up; he is small potatoes now, and few in a hill. It made me feel quite streaked to see him, for he is a rael good man, a genu*wine* primitive Christian, and one of the old school. Why, Sam, said he, how do you do, my boy? The sight of you is actilly good for sore eyes. Oh! I am glad to see you once more afore I go; it does me good, it happifies me, it does, I vow—for you always seemed kind o' nateral to me. I didn't think I should ever take any interest in anything ag'in; but I must have a talk with you, it will do me good, it revives me. And now, Sam, said he, open that are cupboard there, and take that big key off the nail on the right hand side, it's the key of the cellar; and go to the north bin, and bring up a bottle of the genu*wine* cider, it will refresh you arter your fatigue; and give me my pipe and tobacco, and we will have a talk, as we used to do in old times.

Well, says I, when I returned and uncorked the bottle, Minister, says I, it's no use atalkin'—and I took a heavy pull at the cider—it's no use atalkin', but there's nothin' like that are among the Blue-noses, anyhow. I believe you might stump the univarse for cider—*that* caps all—it's super-excellent—that's a fact.

I shall stump out of the univarse soon, Sam, said he; I'm e'en amost done; my body is worn out, and my spirits are none of the best now, I'm a lone man. The old men are droppin' off fast into the grave, and the young men are troopin' off fast into the Far West; and Slickville don't seem the same place to me it used to do no more. I'm well stricken in years now; my life stretches over a considerable space of the colony time, and over all our republic: my race is run, my lamp is out, and I am ready to go. I often say, Lord, now lettest thou thy sarvant depart in peace. Next birthday, if the Lord spares me to see it, I shall be ninety-five years old. Well, says I, Minister, you've seen great changes in your time, that's sartin; haven't we grown cruel fast? There ain't such a nation as ourn p'rhaps atween the poles, jist at this present time. We are a'most through to the Pacific, and spreadin' all over this great continent; and our flag floats over every part of the world. Our free and enlightened people do present a'most a glorious spectacle, that's a fact. Well, he sot still and said nothin'; but takin' the pipe

out of his mouth, he let go a great big long puff of smoke, and then replaced his pipe ag'in, and arter a space, says he, Well, Sam, what of all that? Why, said I, minister, you remind me of Joab Hunter; he whipped every one that darst try him, both in Slickville and its *vic*inity; and then he sot down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeerd of him, and none on 'em would fight him.

It's a law o' natur', Sam, said he, that things that grow too fast, and grow too big, go to decay soon, I am afeerd we shall be rotten afore we are ripe. Precosity ain't a good sign in anything. A boy that outgrows his strength, is seldom healthy: an old head on young shoulders is plaguy apt to find afore long the shoulders too old and weak for the head. I am too aged a man to be led away by names—too old a bird to be caught by chaff. Tinsel and glitter don't deceive me into a belief that they are solid, genu*wine* metals. Our eagle that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird, and an aspirin' bird; but *he is a bird of prey, Sam, too fond of blood—too prone to pounce on the weak and unwary.* I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but them stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves risin' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is? Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are sartinly free. But is that freedom? Is it in havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it in havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt.

Yes, we know what we are atalkin' about; we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light; we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is, p'rhaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and so glibly; but it may not be so free to all comers as our country is. But what is freedom? My little grandson, little Sammy (I had him named arter you, Sam), told me yesterday I was behind the enlightenment of the age; perhaps you, who are ahead of it, will answer me. What is freedom? A colt is free, he is onrestrained; he acknowledges no master, no law, but the law of natur'. A man may get his

brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse or the wild ass? If not, what is it? Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular spirits? Is it in the absence of all subordination, or the insufficiency of all legal or moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. *That is freedom.*

Why, minister, said I, what on airth ails you, to make you talk arter that fashion? If you had abin drinkin' any of that are old cider, I do think I should have believed it had got into your brain, for it's pretty considerable stiff that, and tarnation heady. How can you go for to say we have no government, no law, and no religion, when it's ginerally allowed we are the most free and enlightened people on the face of the airth? I didn't say *that*, Sam; I was definin' freedom in its gineral acceptation. We have got a government somewhere, if folks could only find it. When they searched for it at Texas, they said it was to Canady lines; and when they got to Canady lines to seek it, they say it is gone to the Seminole war; and when they get there, they'll tell 'em they've been lookin' for it; but it hasn't arrived yet, and they wish to gracious it would make haste and come, for if it wor there, three thousand Injians couldn't beat us three years runnin', and defy us yet. We've got law too; and when the judges go on the circuit, the mob holds its courts, and keeps the peace. Whose commission does the mob hold? The people's commission. And whose commission does the supreme judge hold? The President's. Which is at the top of the pot then? Can the judges punish the mob? No; but the mob can punish the judges. Which is the supreme court, then? No; we have law. Yes, said I, and the prophets too; for if you ain't a prophet of evil, it's a pity. I fairly felt ryled, for if there is a thing that raises my dander, and puts my Ebenezer up, it is to hear a man say anything ag'in the glorious institutions of our great, splendid country.

There you go agin, said he; you don't know what you are a talkin' about· a prophet *used* to be a person who foretold future

events to come. What they be now in Webster's new dictionary, I don't know; but I guess they now be those who foretell things arter they happen. I warn't aprophesyin'—I was speakin' of things afore my eyes. Your ideas of prophets are about as clear as your ideas of freedom. Yes, we've got law, and written law too, as well as written constitutions, (for we dispise that on-written law, the common law of the ignorant British; we dispise it as a relic of barbarism, of the age of darkness and fable,) and as soon as our cases that are tried afore the mob courts are collected and reported to some of our iminent mob orators, these state trials will have great authority. They'll be quoted by England with great respect I know; for they've got orators of the same breed there too,—the same gentle, mild, Christian-like philanthropists. Pity you hadn't asported that kind of doctrine, says I, minister, afore our glorious revolution. The British would have made a bishop of you, or a Canter of Berry, or whatever they call their Protestant pope. Yes, you might have had the canon law, and the tythe law enforced with the baggonet law. Abusin' the British don't help us, Sam. I am not *their* advocate, but the advocate for law, just and equal law, impartially administered, voluntarily obeyed, and, when infringed, duly enforced. Yes, we have religion, too, from the strict good old platform, through every variety and shade of tinker, mormonite, and mountebank, down to the infidel,—men who preach peace and good will, but who fight and hate each other like the devil. Idolatry like ourn you won't find even among the heathen. We are image worshippers: we have two images. There's the golden image, which all men worship here, and the American image. The American image! said I; do tell: what on airth is that? I do believe in my heart, minister, that you have taken leave of your senses. What onder the sun is the American image? An image of perfection, Sam, said he; fine phrenological head, high forehead, noble countenance, intelligent face, limbs Herculean but well proportioned, graceful attitude, a figure of great elegance and beauty, the personification of everything that is great and good; *that* is the American image; *that* we set up and admire, and every body thinks it is an image of himself. Oh! It is humiliatin', it is degradin'; but we are all brought up to this idolatry from our cradle: we are taught first to worship gold, and then to idolize ourselves.

Yes, we have a government, have a law, and have a religion; and a precious government, law, and religion it is. I was once led to believe we had made a great discovery, and were tryin' a great experiment in the art of self-government, for the benefit of mankind, as well as ourselves. Oh, delusion of delusions! It had been tried before and signally failed, and tried on our own ground too, and under our own eyes. We are copies and not originals; base imitators. When he got this far, I seed how it was; he was delirious, poor old gentleman: the sight of me was too much for him; his narves was excited, and he was aravin'; his face was flushed, his eye glared, and looked quite wild like. It touched me to the heart, for I loved him like a father, and his intellects were of the first order afore old age, like a cloud, had overshadowed 'em. I thought I should have boohooed right out. So, instead of contradictin' him, I humoured him. Where was it tried, minister? said I; who had the honour afore us? for let us give the credit where it is due. The North American Indians, said he, had tried it afore in all its parts. They had no king, no nobles, no privileged class, no established religion. Their mobs made laws, Lynch law too, for they had burned people before the citizens at Mobile was ever born, or was even thought on, and invaded also other folks' territory by stealth, and then kept possession. They, too, elected their presidents and other officers, and did all and everything we do. They, too, had their federal government of independent states, and their congress and solemn-lookin' boastin' orators. They, too, had their long knives as well as Arkansas' folks have, and were as fond of blood. And where are they now? Where is their great experiment? their great spectacle of a people governin' themselves? Gone! where our own will go; gone with the years that are fled, never to return! Oh, Sam, Sam! my heart is sick within me. Where now is our beautiful republic bequeathed to us by Washington, and the sages and heroes of the revolution? Overwhelmed and destroyed by the mighty waters of democracy. Nothin' is now left but a dreary waste of angry waters, moved and excited by every wind that blows, and agitated by every conflictin' current, onsafe to navigate, fearful even to look upon.

This is too excitin' a subject, said I, minister, and admits of a great deal bein' said on both sides. It ain't worth our while to

get warm on it. As for an established church, said I, you know what a hubbub they make in England to get clear of that are. I don t think we need envy 'em, unless they'll establish our platform, if they did *that*, said I, and I looked up and winked, I don't know as I wouldn't vote for it myself. Sam, said he, we are agoin' to have an established church; it may be a very good church, and is a great deal better than many we have; but still it ain't the church of the Pilgrims. What church, said I, minister? Why, said he, the Catholic Church; before long it will be the established church of the United States. Poor old man, only think of his getting such a freak as that are in his head; it was melancholy to hear him talk such nonsense, warn't it? What makes you think so? said I. Why, said he, Sam, the majority here do everything. The majority voted at first against an establishment; a majority may at last vote for it; the voice of the majority is law. Now the Catholics are fast gainin' a numerical majority. Don't you believe census or other tables? I know it, and I could easily correct the errors of the census.

They gain constantly,—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets,—as soon as they have the majority, this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes and Persians of Europe, the nolumus leges mutari people. What then will the nateral order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this, I don't dread it; I hope, and trust, and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don't, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. *We shall be a Catholic nation.*

Sam, my heart is broken! my last tie is severed, and I am now descendin' to the grave full of years and full of sorrers! I have received my dismissal; my elders have waited upon me with the appallin' information that they have given a call to a Unitarian, and have no further need of my sarvices. My labours, Sam, were not worth having—that's a fact: I am now old, gray-headed, and infirm, and worn out in the service of my Master. It was time for me to retire. Tempus abire tibi est. (I hope you hav'n't forgot what little Latin you had, Sam.) I don't blame them for *that:*—but a Unitarian in my pulpit! It has killed me—I *cannot* survive it; and he cried like a child. I looked on 'em, said he, as *my* childern, I loved 'em as my own taught 'em their infant prayers,—I led 'em to the altar of the Lord, —I fed 'em with the bread of life, encouraged them when they was right, reproved 'em when they was wrong, and watched over 'em always. Where now is my flock? and what account shall I give of the shepherd? Oh, Sam, willin'ly would I offer up my life for 'em as a sacrifice, but it may not be. My poor flock, my dear children, my lost sheep, that I should have lived to have seen this day! and he hid his face in his hands, and moaned bitterly.

Poor old gentleman, it had been too much for him; it was evident that it had affected his head as well as his heart. And this I will say, that a better head and a better heart there ain't this day in the United States of America than minister Joshua Hopewell's of Slickville. I am glad to hear you speak so affectionately of him, said I. It shows there are good and warm hearts in Slickville besides his; but do you really think he was delirious? No doubt in the world on it, said he. If you had aseen him and heerd him, you would have felt that his troubles had swompified him. It was gone goose with him, that's a fact. That he spoke under the influence of excited feelings, I replied and with a heart filled with grief and indignation, there can be no doubt: but I see no evidence of delirium; on the contrary, his remarks strike me as most eloquent and original. They have made a great impression upon me, and I shall long remember the *confessions of a deposed minister.*

CHAPTER XVI.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

THE next day we reached Clare, a township wholly settled by descendants of the Acadian French. The moment you pass the bridge at Scissiboo, you become sensible that you are in a foreign country. And here I must enter my protest against that American custom of changing the old and appropriate names of places, for the new and inappropriate ones of Europe. Scissiboo is the Indian name of this long and beautiful river, and signifies the great deep, and should have been retained, not merely because it was its proper name, but on account of its antiquity, its legends, and, above all, because the river had a name, which the minor streams of the province have not. A country, in my opinion, is robbed of half its charms when its streams, like those of Nova Scotia, have no other names than those of the proprietors of the lands through which they pass, and change them as often as the soil changes owners. Scissiboo sounded too savage and uncouth in the ears of the inhabitants, and they changed it to Weymouth, but they must excuse me for adopting the old reading.

I am no democrat; I like old names and the traditions belonging to them. I am no friend to novelties. There has been a reaction in Upper Canada. The movement party in that colony, with great form and ceremony, conferred the name of Little York upon the capital of the colony; but the Conservatives have adopted the ancient order of things, and with equal taste and good feeling have restored the name of Toronto. I hope to see the same restoration at Scissiboo, at Tatamagouche, and other places where the spoiler has been.

There is something very interesting in these Acadians. They are the lineal descendants of those who made the first effective settlement in North America, in 1606, under De Monts, and have retained to this day the dress, customs, language, and religion of their ancestors. They are a peaceable, contented, and happy people; and have escaped the temptations of English agitators, French atheists, and domestic demagogues.

I have often been amazed, said the Clockmaker, when travelling among the Canadians, to see what curious critters they be. They leave the marketin' to the women, and the business to their notaries, the care of their souls to their priests, and of their bodies to the doctors, and resarve only frolickin', dancin', singin', fidlin', and gasconadin', to themselves. They are as merry as crickets, and happy as the day is long. They don't care a straw how the world jogs, who's up or who's down, who reigns or who is deposed. Ask 'em who is king, and they believe Papinor is; who is Pope, and they believe their bishop is; who is the best off in the world, and they believe Mount-sheer Chatter-box Habitan is. How is it then, said I, they are just on the eve of a rebellion? If they are so contented and happy as you represent them, what can induce them to involve the country in all the horrors of a civil war; and voluntarily incur the penalties of treason, and the miseries of a revolution?

Because, said he, they are jist what I have described them to be—because they don't know nothin'. They are as weak as Taunton water, and all the world knows that that won't even run down hill. They won't do nothin' but jist as they are bid. Their notaries and doctors tell 'em, them sacra diabola foutera English are agoin', by-and-bye, to ship 'em out o' the country; and in the mean time rob 'em, plunder 'em, and tax 'em; hang their priests, seize their galls, and play hell and Tommy with them, and all because they speak French. Hay beang, says Habitan, up and at them then, and let 'em have it! But how can we manage all them redcoats? Oh! says their leaders, old France will send a fleet and sodgers, and Yankies will send an army. Yankies very fond of us, all larnin' French apurpose; very fond of Catholics too, all thro' New England; great friend of ourn,—hate English like the diable. Allong dong, then, they say; up and cut their throats! and when winter comes, burn 'em up, hang 'em up, use 'em up! One grand French nation we shall have here then; all French, and no sacra English.

But do they really talk such nonsense to them as that, or are they such fools to believe it? Fact, I assure; they are so ignorant they believe it all, and will believe anything they tell 'em. It is a comfortable ignorance they are in too, for they are actilly the happiest critters on the face of the airth; but then it is a dan-

gerous ignorance, for it is so easily imposed upon. I had been always led to believe, I said, that it was a great constitutional question that was at stake; the right to stop the supplies; and from hearing there were so many speculative and theoretical points of dispute between them and the English as to the machinery of the local government, I thought they were at least an enlightened people, and one that, feeling they had rights, were determined to maintain those rights at all hazards. Oh, dear, said the Clockmaker, where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that? They don't know nothin' about the matter, nor don't want to. Even them that talk about those things in the assembly don't know much more; but they jist know enough to ax for what they know they can't get, then call it a grievance, and pick a quarrel about it. Why, they've got all they want, and more nor they could have under us, or any other power on the face of the airth than the English, ay more than they could have if they were on their own hook. They have their own laws, and plaguy queer, old-fashioned laws they are too; Old Scratch himself couldn't onderstand 'em; they parley voo language, religion, old customs and usages, and everything else, and no taxes at all.

If such is the case, what makes their leaders discontented? There must be something wrong somewhere, when there is so much disaffection. All that is the matter may be summed up in one word, said the Clockmaker, *French*, devil a thing else but that—*French*. You can't make an Englishman out of a Frenchman, any more than you can a white man out of a nigger; if the skin ain't different, the tongue is. But, said I, though you cannot make the Ethiopian change his skin, you can make the Frenchman change his language. Ay, now you have it, I guess, said he; you've struck the right nail on the head this time. The reform they want in Canada is to give 'em English laws and English language. Make 'em use it in courts and public matters, and make an English and not a French colony of it; and you take the sting out o' the snake,—the critter becomes harmless. Them doctors pyson 'em. Them chaps go to France, get inoculated there with infidelity, treason, and republicanism, and come out and spread it over the country like small-pox. They've got a bad set o' doctors in a gineral way, I tell you; and when

rebellion breaks out there, as you'll see it will to a sartainty by-and-bye, you'll find them doctors leading them on everywhere,—the very worst fellers among 'em,—boys of the glorious July days to Paris. Well, it's no use atalkin', squire, about it; it's a pity, too, to see the poor simple critters so imposed upon as they be, for they'll catch it, if they do rebel, to a sartinty. Jist as sure as Papinor takes that step he is done for,—he's a refugee in six weeks in the States, with a price set on his head, for the critter won't fight. The English all say he wants the clear grit —ain't got the stuff—no ginger in him—it's all talk.

The last time I was to Montreal, I seed a good deal of the leaders of the French; they were very civil to me, and bought ever so many of my clocks,—they said they liked to trade with their American friends, it was proper to keep up a good feelin' among neighbours. There was one Doctor Jodrie there, a'most everlastinly at my heels a introducin' of me to his countrymen, and recommendin' them to trade with me. Well, I went to his shop one night, and when he heerd my voice, he come out of a back room, and, said he, walk in here, Mountsheer Slick, I want you for one particular use; come along with me, my good feller, there are some friends here atakin' of a glass of grog along with me and a pipe; won't you join us? Well, said I, I don't care if I do; I won't be starched. A pipe wouldn't be amiss jist now, says I, nor a glass of grog neither; so in I went: but my mind misgived me there was some mischief abrewin' in there, as I seed he bolted the door arter him, and so it turned out.

The room was full of chaps, all doctors, and notaries, and members of assembly, with little short pipes in their mouths, achattin' away like so many monkeys, and each man had his tumbler o' hot rum and water afore him on the table. Sons of liberty, says he, here's a brother, Mountsheer Slick, a haul of jaw clockmaker. Well, they all called out, Five Clockmaker! No, says I, not five clockmakers, but only one; and hardly trade enough for him neither, I guess. Well, they haw-hawed like anything, for they beat all natur' for larfin', them French. Five is the same as hurrah, says he, long life to you! Oh! says I, I onderstand now. No fear of that anyhow, when I am in the hands of a doctor. Yankee hit him hard that time, be gar! said a little onder-sized, parchment-skinned lookin' lawyer.

May be so, said the doctor; but a feller would stand as good a chance for his life in my hands, I guess, as he would in yourn, if he was to be defended in court by you. The critters all yelled right out at this joke, and struck the table with their fists till the glasses all rang ag'in. Bon, bon, says they. Says the doctor, Don't you understand French, Mr. Slick? No, says I, not one word; I wish to goodness I did though, for I find it very awkward sometimes atradin' without it. (I always said so when I was axed that are question, so as to hear what was agoin' on: it helped me in my business considerable. I could always tell whether they actilly wanted a clock or not, or whether they had the money to pay for it: they let out all their secrets.) Would you like to see a bull-bait? said he, we are goin' to bait a bull winter arter next,—grand fun, said he; we'll put fire to his tail,—stick squibs and matches into his hide,—make him kick, and roar, and toss, like the diable: then we'll put the dogs on, worry him so long as he can stand,—then, tamn him, kill him, skin him, and throw his stinkin' carcass to the dogs and de crows. Yes, said the other fellers, kill him, tamn him,—kill him! and they got up and waved their glasses over their heads: death to the beast, "*à la lanterne.*"

Says one of them in French to the doctor, Prenny garde; are you sure, are you clear he is not English? Oh, sartain, said he in the same lingo; he is a Yankee clockmakin', cheatin', vagabond from Boston, or thereabouts; but we must court him, we must be civil to them if we expect their aid. If we once get clear o' the English, we will soon rid ourselves of them too. They are chips of the old block, them Yankees; a bad breed on both sides o' the water. Then turnin' to me, says he, I was just desirin' these gentlemen, Mr. Slick, to drink your health, and that of the United States. Thank you, says I, I believe our people and the French onderstand each other very well; a very *disinterested* friendship on both sides. Oh, sartain, says he, aputtin' of his hand on his heart, and lookin' spooney. One sentiment, one grand sympathy of feelin', one real amitty yea. Your health, sir, said he; and they all stood up ag'in, and made a deuce of a roar over it! Five Americanes!

I hope you have good dogs, said I, for your bull-bait? Oh, true breed and no mistake, said he. It takes a considerable of

a stiff dog, says I, and one of the rael grit, to face a bull. Them fellers, when they get their danders up, are plaguy onsafe critters; they'll toss and gore the common kind like nothin',—make all fly ag'in: it ain't oversafe to come too near 'em when they are once fairly raised. If there is anythin' in natur' I'm afeerd on, it's a bull when he is ryled. Oh, yes, said he, we got the dogs, plenty of 'em too, genu*ine* breed from old France, kept pure ever since it came here, except a slight touch of the fox and the wolf: the one makes 'em run faster, and t'other bite sharper. It's a grand breed. Thinks I to myself, I onderstand you, my hearties. I see your drift; go the whole figur', and do the thing genteel. Try your hand at it, will you; and if John Bull don't send you aflyin into the air sky-high, in little less than half no time, it's a pity. A pretty set o' yelpin' curs you be to face such a critter as he is, ain't you? Why, the very moment he begins to paw and to roar, you'll run sneakin' off with your tails atween your legs, ayelpin' and asqueelin' as if Old Nick himself was arter you.

Great man, your Washington, says the doctor. Very, says I; no greater ever lived, p'r'aps the world never seed his ditto. And Papinor is a great man, too, said he. Very, said I, especially in the talking line; he'd beat Washinton at that game, I guess, by a long chalk. I hope, says he, some day or another, Mr. Slick, and not far off neither, we shall be a free and independent people, like you. We shall be the France of America afore long—the grand nation—the great empire. It's our destiny, everything foretells it; I can see it as plain as can be. Thinks I to myself, this is a good time to broach our interests; and if there is to be a break-up here, to put in a spoke in the wheel for our folks—a stitch in time saves nine. So, says I, you needn't flatter yourselves, doctor; you can't be a distinct nation; it ain't possible in the natur' o' things. You may jine us, if you like, and there would be some sense in that move,—that's a fact; but you never can stand alone here, no more than a lame man can without crutches, or a child of six days old. No, not if all the colonies were to unite, you couldn't do it. Why, says I, jist see here, doctor; you couldn't show your noses on the fishin' ground for one minit, you can hardly do it now, even tho' the British have you onder their wing. Our

folks would drive you off the banks, seize your fish, tear your nets, and lick you like a sack; and then go home and swear you attacked them first, and our government would seize the fisheries as an indemnification. How could you support an army, and a navy, and a diplomacy, and make fortifications? Why, you couldn't build and support one frigate, nor maintain one regiment, nor garrison Quebec itself, let alone the outposts. Our folks would navigate the St. Lawrence in spite of your teeth, and the St. John River too, and how could you help yourselves? They'd smuggle you out of your eye-teeth, and swear you never had any. Our fur traders would attack your fur traders, and drive 'em all in. Our people would enter here and settle—then kick up a row, call for American volunteers, declare themselves independent, and ask admission into the Union; and afore you know'd where you were, you'd find yourselves one of our states. Jist look at what is goin' on to Texas, and what has gone on to Florida, and then see what will go on here. We shall own clean away up to the North and South Pole, afore we're done.

Says the doctor in French, to the other chaps, that would be worse than bein' a colony to the English. Them Yankee villains would break up our laws, language, and customs; that cat wouldn't jump at all, would it? *Jamais, Jamais!* says the company. We must have aid from old France; we must be the grand nation, and the great empire, ourselves;—and he stopt, went to the door, onbolted it, looked round the shop, and then turned the bolt ag'in. Would your folks, says he, help us, if we was to revolt, Mr. Slick? Certainly, said I; they'd help you all they could, and not go to war with the British. They'd leave all the armories on the line onguarded, so you could run over and pretend to rob 'em, and leave all the cannon in the forts without any body to see arter them, so you might have them if you wanted them. Lots o' chaps would volunteer in your ranks, and our citizens would subscribe hansum. They'd set up a claim pretty fierce, at the same time, about the New Brunswick boundary line, so as to make a devarsion in your favour in that quarter. We can't go to war jist now; it would ruin us, stock and fluke. We should lose our trade and shippin', and our niggers and Indgians are ugly customers, and would take a whole army to watch them in case of a war. We'd do all we

could to help you as a *people*, but not as a *government*. We'd furnish you with arms, ammunition, provision, money, and volunteers. We'd let you into our country, but not the British. We'd help you to *ar*range your plans and to *de*range theirn. But we'd have to respect our treaties, for we are a high-minded, right-minded, sound-minded and religious people. We scrupulously fulfil our engagements. What we undertake we perform—ther's no mistake in us; you always know where to find us. We are onder great obligations to the British; they saved us from the expense and miseries of a war with France—they have built us up with their capital and their credit, and are our best customers. We could not, consistently with our treaties or our conscience, send an army or a navy to help you; but we will hire you or lend you our steam-boats, and other craft; send you men to make an army, and the stuff to feed, clothe, arm, and pay them. In short, the nations of the airth will look on with admiration at the justice and integrity of our doings. We shall respect the treaty with the British on the one side, and prove ourselves, a kind, a liberal, and most obliging neighbour to you on the other. Government will issue proclamations against interference. The press of the country will encourage it. The nation will be neutral, but every soul in it will aid you. Yes, we are as straight as a shingle in our dealins, and do things above board handsum'. We do love a fair deal above all things, that's a fact. *Bon, bon;* says they, *Les aristocrats à la lanterne*, and they broke out a singin', *à la lanterne.*

It was now twelve o'clock at night when we quit, and jist as we got into the street I heerd the word Doric, Doric; and, says I, what on airth is that? what sort o' a critter is a Doric? A Doric is a loyalist, says they,—a diable bull,—*sacré foutre*—kill him,—and they arter him, full split like the wind, caught him, knocked him down, and most finished him; they e'en a'most beat him to a jelly, and left him for dead. That's the way, says they, we'll sarve every Englishman in Canada,—extarminate 'em, damn 'em. Time for me to be off, says I, a'most, I'm athinkin'; it's considerable well on towards mornin'. Good night, Mount-sheer. *Bon swore, bon swore!* says they, asingin'—

"Oh! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats à la lanterne.'

And the last I heerd of them, at the end of the street, was an everlastin' almighty shout, Five Papinor—five Papinor!

Yes, I pity them poor Canadians, said the Clockmaker. They are a loyal, contented, happy people, if them sarpents of doctors and lawyers would leave 'em alone, and let 'em be, and not pyson their minds with all sorts of lies and locrums about their government. They will spunk 'em up to rebellion at last, and when it does come to the scratch, they will desart 'em as sure as eggs is eggs, and leave 'em to be shot down by the sodgers: they ain't able of themselves to do nothin', them Canadians; they ain't got the means nor the energy, nor the knowledge for it; they ain't like the descendants of the Pilgrims, that's a fact. The worst of it is, too, the punishment won't fall on the right heads neither, for them critters will cut and run to a sartainty; I know it, I'm e'en a'most sure of it; if they'd ahad the true blue in 'em, they wouldn't have half murdered and maimed that poor defenceless Doric, as they did. None but cowards do 'em are things; a brave man fights—a coward sticks a bowie knife into your ribs; but p'r'aps it will all turn out for the best yet in the eend, said he; for if there is a blow up, Papinor will off to the States full chisel with the other leaders,—the first shot, and them that they don't catch and hang, can never show their faces in Canada ag'in. It will clear the country of them, as they clear a house of rats; frighten 'em out of their seven senses by firin' off a gun.

A thunderstorm, squire, said the Clockmaker, most always cools the air, clears the sky, lays the dust, and makes all look about right ag'in.

Everything will depend on how the English work it arterwards; if they blunder ag'in, they'll never be able to set it to rights. What course ought they to adopt? said I, for the subject is one in which I feel great interest. I'll tell you, said he. First, they should——, and he suddenly checked himself, as if doubtful of the propriety of answering the question; and then smiling, as if he had discovered a mode of escaping the difficulty, he continued,—They should make you plenipo, and appoint me your secretary.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING.

WHEREVER *natur' does least, man does most*, said the Clockmaker. Jist see the difference atween these folks here to Liverpool and them up the bay of Fundy. There natur' has given them the finest country in the world,—she has taken away all the soil from this place, and chucked it out there, and left nothin' but rocks and stones here. There they jist vegetate, but here they go a-head like anything. I was credibly informed, when Liverpool was first settled, folks had to carry little light ladders on their shoulders to climb over the rocks, and now they've got better streets, better houses, better gardens, and a better town than any of the baymen. They carry on a considerable of a fishery here, and do a great stroke in the timber business.

I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a frolic him and me had with the tide-waiter. Ichabod had a large store o' goods, and I was in there one evenin' adrinkin' tea along with him, and we got atalkin' about smugglin'. Says he, Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they *do* smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable of a sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' freights of money from the West Indgies, warn't employed more a protectin' of our fisheries and our trade. Why don't you smuggle then too, says I, and meet 'em in their own way?—tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize *them;*—free trade and sailor's rights is our maxim. Why, says he, I ain't jist altogether certified that it's right; it goes ag'in my conscience to do the like o' that are, and I must say I like a fair deal. In a gineral way a'most, I've observed what's got over the devil's back is commonly lost onder his belly. It don't seem to wear well. Well, that's onconvenient too, to be so thin skinned, said I; for conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the sole of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look

decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without anythin' over it. Now, says I, I will put you on a track that will sarve you without bringin' corns on your conscience either. Do you jist pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer and full out as profitable as the rael thing, and besides there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait that. Now always onload your vessels at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place atween two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the axles so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and oneasy. Says you, (when a chap says, I guess you were up late last night,) ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimpin' eyes about now, a body has to be cautious, if he don't want to get into the centre of a hobble. If I'm up late, I guess its nobody's business but my own I'm about anyhow; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you seed or heerd.

Well, when a feller axes arter a thing, do you jist stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, inquirin' like with a dubersum' look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then jist wink, put your finger on your nose, and say mum is the word. Take a candle and light it, and say, foller me now, and take him into the cellar. Now, says you, friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to any one about this place;—people will never think o' suspectin' me, if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things, says you, that will please you, I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article, says you, atakin' up one that cost three pounds, I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds, and that one as cheap as six pounds, on one condition,—but mind you it's on them tarms only,—and that is, that you don't tell any one, not even your wife, where you got it; but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man. The critter will fall right into the trap, and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his wife, and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear; it will run right

thro', and she'll go abraggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole country in the same way, as a secret of the cheap things Ichabod Gates has. Well, the excise folks will soon hear o' this, and come and sarch your house from top to bottom, and the sarch will make your fortin', for, as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style.

Well, well, said Ichabod, if you Yankees don't beat all natur' I don't believe on my soul there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would athought o' such a scheme as that, but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it paralls pretty close with the truth: I'll try it. Try it, says I, to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night, and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar,—put some in the garrat and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell to-morrow, and all the time I'm to Liverpool I'll keep a runnin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll jist come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back ag'in, as if I didn't want folks to see me, and sometimes I'll make as if I was agoin' out, and if I see any one acomin' I'll spring back and hide behind the door: it will set the whole town on the look-out,—and they'll say it's me that asmugglin' either on my own hook or yourn. In three days he had a great run o' custom, particularly arter night-fall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bammed by that hoax.

On the fifth day the tide-waiter came. Mr. Slick, says he, I've information th—— Glad to hear it, says I: an officer without information would be a poor tool—that's a fact. Well, it brought him up all astandin' Says he, Do you know who you are atalkin' to? Yes, says I, I guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information, and that bein' the case, I'll be so bold as to ax you one question,—have you anything to say to me, for I'm in a considerable of a hurry? Yes, said he, I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house. Well, then, says I, you can say what many galls can't boast on at any rate. What's that? says he. Why, says I, that you are *miss*informed.

Mr. Gates, said he, give me a candle—I must go to the cellar. Sartainly, sir, said Ichabod, you may sarch where you please: I've never smuggled yet, and I am not agoin' now to commence at my time of life. As soon as he got the candle,

and was agoin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod. Here, says I, Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time; and off we ran up stairs as hard as we could leg it, and locked the door; the sarcher heerin' that, up too and arter us hot foot, and bust open it. As soon as we heerd him adoin' of that, we out o' the other door and locked that also, and down the back stairs to where we started from. It was some time afore he broke in the second door, and then he follered us down, lookin' like a proper fool. I'll pay you up for this, said he to me. I hope so, said I, and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this when folks can tare and race over a decent man's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it? Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to sunthin', you may depend;—a joke is a joke, but that's no joke. Arter that he took his time, searched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize; he was all cut up, and amazin' vexed and put out. Says I, Friend, if you want to catch a weasel, you must catch him asleep; now, if you want to catch me a smugglin', rise considerably airly in the mornin', will you? This story made Ichabod's fortin' a'most; he had smuggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where onder the sun he had him 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up smugglin on the whole shore. That story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

There's nothin' a'most, said the Clockmaker, I like so much as to see folks cheat themselves. I don't know as I ever cheated a man myself in my life: I like to do things above board handsum', and go strait ahead; but if a chap seems bent on cheatin' himself, I like to be neighbourly and help him to do it. I mind once, when I was to the eastward of Halifax atradin', I bought a young horse to use while I gave old Clay a run to grass. I do that most every fall, and it does the old critter a deal of good. He kinder seems to take a new lease every time, it sets him up so. Well, he was a most aspecial horse, but he had an infarnal temper, and it required all my knowledge of horse flesh to manage him. He'd kick, sulk, back, bite, refuse to draw, or run away, jist as he took the notion. I mastered him, but it was jist as much as a bargain

too; and I don't believe, tho' I say it myself, there is any other gentleman in the province could have managed him but me. Well, there was a parson livin' down there that took a great fancy to that horse. Whenever he seed me adrivin' by, he always stopt to look at his action and gait, and admired him amazin'ly. Thinks I to myself, that man is inokilated—it'll break out soon—he is detarmined to cheat himself, and if he is, there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. One day I was adrivin' out at a'most a deuce of a size, and he stopped me. Hallo! says he, Mr. Slick, where are you agoin' in such a desperate hurry? I want to speak a word to you. So I pulls up short. Mornin', says I, parson, how do you do to-day? That's a very clever horse of yourn, says he. Middlin', says I; he does my work, but he's nothin' to brag on; he ain't jist equal to old Clay, and I doubt if there's are a blue-nose horse that is either. Fine action that horse, said he. Well, says I, people do say he has considerable fine action, but that's better for himself, than me, for it makes him travel easier.

How many miles will he trot in the hour? said he. Well, says I, if he has a mind to and is well managed, he can do fifteen handsum' Will you sell him? said he. Well, says I, parson, I would sell him, but not to you; the truth is, said I, smilin', I have a great regard for ministers; the best friend I ever had was one, the Reverend Joshua Hopewell, of Slickville, and I wouldn't sell a horse to one I didn't think would suit him. Oh! said he, the horse would suit me exactly; I like him amazin'ly: what's your price? Fifty pounds to anybody else said I, but fifty-five to you, parson, for I don't want you to have him at no price. If he didn't suit you, people would say I cheated you, and cheatin' a parson is, in my mind, pretty much of piece with robbin' of a church. Folks would think considerable hard of me for to go for to sell you a horse that worn't quite the thing, and I shouldn't blame them one mite or morsel if they did. Why, what's the matter of him? said he. Well, says I, minister, says I, alarfin' right out, everything is the matter of him. Oh! says he, that's all nonsense: I've seen the horse in your hands often, and desire no better. Well, says I, he will run away with you, if he gets a chance, to a certainty. I will drive him with a curb, said he. He will

kick, says I. I'll put a back strap on him, said he. He will go backwards faster than forward, said I. I will give him the whip and teach him better, says he. Well, says I, alarfin' like anything, he won't go at all sometimes. I'll take my chance of that, said he; but you must take off that five pounds. Well, says I, parson, I don't want to sell you the horse—that's a fact; but if you must have him, I suppose you must, and I will substract the five pounds on one condition, and that is, if you don't like the beast, you tell folks that you would have him, tho' I tried to set him out as bad as I could, and said everythin' of him I could lay my tongue to. Well, says he, the horse is mine, and if he don't suit me, I acquit you of all blame.

Well, he took the horse, and cracked and boasted most prodigiously of him; he said he wouldn't like to take a hundred pounds for him; that he liked to buy a horse of a Yankee, for they were such capital judges of horse-flesh they hardly ever a'most had a bad one, and that he knew he was agoin' to get a first-chop one, the moment he found I didn't want to sell him, and that he never saw a man so loath to part with a beast. Oh dear! how I larfed in my sleeve when I heerd tell of the gooney talkin' such nonsense; thinks I, he'll live to larn yet some things that ain't writ down in Latin afore he dies, or I'm mistakened—that's all. In the course of a few days the horse began to find he'd changed hands, and he thought he'd try what sort o' stuff his new master was made on; so he ist took the bit in his mouth one fine mornin', and ran off with him, and kicked his gig all to flinders, and nearly broke the parson's neck; and findin' that answer, he took to all his old tricks ag'in, and got worse than ever. He couldn't do nothin' with him,—even the helps were frightened out of their lives to go into the stable to him, he skeered them so.

So he come to me one day lookin' quite streaked, and, says he, Mr. Slick, that horse I bought of you is a perfect devil; I never saw such a critter in my life; I can neither ride him nor drive him. He jist does what he pleases with us, and we can't help ourselves nohow. He actilly beats all the unruly animals I ever seed in my life. Well, says I, I told you so, minister—I didn't want to sell him to you at all; but you would have him. I know you did, said he; but you larfed so all the time,

I thought you were in jeest. I thought you didn't care to sell him, and jist said so to put me off, jokin' like: I had no idee you were in airnest: I wouldn't give ten pounds for him. Nor I either, said I; I wouldn't take him as a gift, and be bound to keep him. How could you then, said he, have the conscience to ax me fifty pounds for him, and pocket it so coolly? To prevent you from buying him, parson, said I, that was my reason. I did all I could for you, I axed you five times as much as he was worth, and said all I could think on to run him down too; but *you took yourself in.* There's two ways of tellin' a thing, said he, Mr. Slick,—in airnest and in jeest. You told it as if you were in jeest, and I took it so; you may call it what you like, but I call it a deception still. Parson, says I, how many ways you may have of tellin' a thing I don't know; but I have only one, and that's the true way: I told you the truth, but you didn't choose to believe it. Now, says I, I feel kinder sorry for you too; but I'll tell you how to get out of the scrape. I can't take him back, or folks would say it was me and not you that cheated yourself. Do you ship him. You can't sell him here without doin' the fair thing, as I did, tellin' all his faults; and if you do, no soul would take him as a present, for people will believe you, tho' it seems they wont always believe a Clockmaker. Jist send him off to the West Indgies, and sell him at auction there for what he will fetch. He'll bring a good price: and if he gets into a rael right down genu*wine* horseman's hands, there is no better horse. He said nothin', but shook his head, as if that cat wouldn't jump.

Now, says I, there's another piece of advice I'll give you free gratis for nothin'—*never buy a horse on the dealer's judgment, or he will cheat you if he can; never buy him on your own, or you will cheat yourself as sure as you are born.* In that case, said he, larfin', a man will be sure to be cheated either way; how is he to guard ag'in bein' taken in, then? Well, says I, he stands a fair chance anyway, of havin' the leake put into him—that's sartin, for next to womankind there is nothin' so deceitful as horse-flesh that ever I seed yet. Both on 'em are apt to be spoiled in the breakin': both on 'em puzzle the best judges sometimes to tell their age when well vamped up, and it takes some time afore you find out al their tricks. Pedigree must be attended to in both cases, par

ticularly on the mother's side, and both require good trainin', a steady hand, and careful usage. Yes; both branches require great experience, and the most knowin' ones do get bit sometimes most beautiful. Well, says he, as touching horses, how is a man to avoid bein' deceived? Well, says I, I'll tell you—never buy a horse of a total stranger on no account,—never buy a horse of a gentleman, for—— Why, said he, he's the very man I should like to buy of, above all others. Well, then, says I, he's not the man for my money, anyhow! you think you are safe with him, and don't inquire enough, and take too much for granted: you are apt to cheat yourself in that case. Never buy a crack horse; he's done too much. Never buy a colt; he's done too little; you can't tell how he'll turn out. In short, says I, it's a considerable of a long story to go all through with it; it would take me less time to teach you how to make a clock, I calculate. If you buy from a man who ain't a dealer, he actilly don't know whether his horse is a good one or not; you must get advice from a friend who does know. If you buy from a dealer, he is too much for you or your friend either. If he has no honour, don't trade with him. If he has, put yourself wholly and entirely on it, and he'll not deceive you, there's no mistake—he'll do the thing genteel. If you'd a' axed me candidly now about that are horse, says I, I'd——At that he looked up to me quite hard for a space, without sayin' a word, but pressed his lips together quite miffy like, as if he was strivin' for to keep old Adam down, and turned short off and walked away. I felt kinder pity for him too; but if a man is so infarnal wise, he thinks he knows better nor you, and will cheat himself in spite of all you can do, why there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. Do you, squire?

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAKING OFF THE FACTORY LADIES.

THERE are few countries in the world, squire, said the Clockmaker, got such fine water-powers as these provinces; but the folks don't make no use of 'em, tho' the materials for factories are spread about in abundance everywhere. Perhaps the whole world might be stumped to produce such a factory stand as

Niagara fall; what a nation sight of machinery that would carry, wouldn't it?—supply all Barmin'ham a'most.

The first time I returned from there, minister said, Sam, said he, you have seen the falls of Niagara? Yes, sir, said I, I guess I have. Well, said he, ain't it a'most grand *sight* that? I guess it is a *scite*, says I, and it would be a grand speck to get up a jint stock company for factory purposes, for such another place for mills ain't to be found atween the poles. Oh dear! said I, only think of the cardin' mills, fullin' mills, cotton mills, grain mills, saw mills, plaster mills, and gracious knows what sort o' mills might be put up there, and never fail for water: any fall you like, and any power you want, and yet them goneys the British let all run away to waste. It's a dreadful pity, ain't it? Oh Sam! said he,—and he jumped as if he was bit by a sarpent right up on eend, now don't talk so profane, my sakes!—don't talk so sacrilegious. How that dreadful thirst o' gain has absorbed all other feelins in our people, when such an idea could be entertained for a moment! It's a grand spectacle, it's the voice o' nature in the wilderness, proclaimin' to the untutored tribes thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible Architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and tremblin', nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man, as to Moses of old, "Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." He who appeared in a flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introducin' the money-changers into the temple of the Lord. Talk not.—You needn't go, said I, minister, for to work yourself up that way ag'in me, I do assure you, for I didn't mean to say nothin' out o' the way at all; so come now. And now you do mention it, says I, it does seem kinder grand-like—that are great big lake does seem like an everlastin' large milk-pan with a lip for pourin' at the falls, and when it does fall head over heels, all white froth and spray like Phœbe's syllabub, it does look grand, no doubt, and it's nateral for a minister to think on it as you do; but still for all that, for

them that ain't preachers, I defy most any man to see it, without thinkin' of a cotton mill.

Well, well, said he awavin' of his hand; say no more about it, and he walked into his study and shot to the door. He warn't like other men, minister. He was full of crotchets that way, and the sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky, or even a mere flower, would make him fly right off at the handle that way when you warn't athinkin' on it at all; and yet for all that he was the most cheerful critter I ever seed, and nothin' amost pleased him so much as to see young folks enjoyin' themselves as merry as crickets. He used to say that youth, innocence, and cheerfulness was what was meant by the three graces, It was a curious kink, too, he took about them falls, warn't it? for, arter all, atween you and me, it's nothin' but a river takin' a lick over a cliff full split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way—I never hear tell of 'em I don't think of that tantrum of hisn.

Our factories in New England are one of the best fruits of the last war, squire, said he; they are actilly worth seein'. I know I have reason to speak well of 'em, any how, for it was them gave me my first start in life, and a pleasant start it was too, as well as a profitable one. I spent upwards of a year there among the galls, atakin' of them off in the portrait line, and in that time I cleared three hundred pounds of your money good: it warn't so bad that, was it?

When I was down to Rhode Island, larnin' bronzin', gildin', and sketchin' for the clock business, I worked at odd times for the Honourable Eli Wad, a foundationalist—apainting for him. A foundationalist, said I; what is that?—is it a religious sect? No, said he; it's a bottom-maker. He only made bottoms, he didn't make arms and legs, and he sold these wooden bottoms to the chair-makers. He did 'em by a sarcular saw and a turnin lathe, and he turned off amazin' quick; he made a fortin out of the invention, for he shipped 'em to every part of the Union. The select men objected to his sign of bottom-maker; they said it didn't sound pretty, and he altered it to foundationalist. That was one cause the speck turned out so well, for every one that seed it a'most stopt to inquire what it meant, and it brought his patent into great vogue; many's the larf folks had over that sign I tell you.

So, said he, when I had done, Slick, said he, you've a considerable of a knack with the brush, it would be a grand speck for you to go to Lowell and take off the factory ladies; you know what the women are—most all on 'em will want to have their likeness taken. The whole art of portrait paintin', says he, as far as my observation goes, lies in a free sketcht of the leadin' featur. Give it good measure: do you take? No, says I, I don't onderstand one word of it. Well, says he, what I mean is this; see what the leadin' featur is, and exaggerate that, and you have a strikin' likeness. If the nose is large. jist make it a little more so; if there is a slight cast o' the eye, give it a squint; a strong line in the face, deepen it; a big mouth, enlarge it; a set smile, make it a smirk; a high cheek bone, square it out well. Reciprocate this by paintin' the rest o' the face a little handsumer, and you have it complete; you'll never fail—there's no mistake. Dead colorin', with lots of varnish, will do for that market, and six dollars apiece for the pictures is about the fair deal for the price. If you don't succeed, I will give my head for a foot-ball. You'll hear 'em all say, Oh! that's her nose to a hair,—that's her eye exactly; you could tell that mouth anywhere, that smile you could swear to as far as you can see it—it's a'most a beautiful likeness. She's taken off complete—it's as nateral as life. You could do one at a sittin', or six a week, as easy as kiss my hand, and I'm athinkin' you'd find it answer a good eend, and put you in funds for a start in the clock line.

But, Sam, says he, aputtin' of his hand on my shoulder, and lookin' me strong in the face, mind your eye, my boy; mind you don't get tangled in the deep sea-grass, so you can't clear hand or foot. There are some plaguy pretty galls there, and some on 'em have saved a considerable round sum too; don't let 'em walk into you now afore you know where you be. Young gentlemen are scarce in New England, sweethearts ain't to be had for love nor money, and a good lookin' feller like you, with a five hundred pair of pretty little good-natured longin' eyes on him, is in a fair way o' gettin' his flint fixed, I tell you. Marriage won't do for you, my hearty, till you've seed the world and made sunthin' handsum. To marry for money is mean, or marry without it is folly, and to marry both young and poor is

downright madness; so hands off, says you; love to all, but none in partiklar. If you find yourself agettin spooney, throw brush, palette, and paint over the falls, and off full split; change of air and scene to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken airly in the disease, or it's no good. An ounce o' prevention is worth a pound o' cure. Recollect, too, when you are married, you are tied by the leg, Sam; like one of our sodger desarters, you have a chain adanglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the eend of it. It keeps you to one place most all the time, for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothin' with it.

If you think you can trust yourself, go; if not, stay where you be. It's a grand school, tho', Sam; you'll know sunthin' of human natur' when you leave Lowell, I estimate, for they'll larn you how to cut your eye-teeth, them galls; you'll see how wonderful the ways of womankind is, for they do beat all—that's sartin. Well, down I went to Lowell, and arter a day or two spent a visitin' the factories and gettin' introduced to the ladies, I got a room and sot up my easel, and I had as much work as ever I could cleverly turn my hand to. Most every gall in the place had her likeness taken; some wanted 'em to send to home, some to give to a sweetheart to admire, and some to hang up to admire themselves. The best of the joke was, every gall had an excuse for bein' there. They all seemed as if they thought it warn't quite genteel, a little too much in the help style. One said she came from the benefit of the lecturs at the Lyceum, another to carry a little sister to dancin' school, and a third to assist the fund for foreign missions, and so on, but none on 'em to work. Some on 'em lived in large buildings belongin' to the factory, and others in little cottages—three or four in a house.

I recollect two or three days arter I arrived, I went to call on Miss Naylor, I knew down to Squantum, and she axed me to come and drink tea with her and the two ladies that lived with her. So in the evenin' I put on my bettermost clothes and went down to tea. This, says she, introducin' of me to the ladies, is Mr. Slick, a *native* artist of great promise, and one that is self-taught too, that is come to take us off; and this is Miss Jemima Potts, of Milldam, in Umbagog; and this is Miss

Binah Dooly, a lady from Indgian Scalp, Varmont. Your sarvant, ladies, says I; I hope I see you well. Beautiful factory this, it whips English all holler; our free and enlightened citizens have exhibited so much skill, and our intelligent and enterprisin' ladies, says I, (with a smile and a bow to each,) so much science and taste, that I reckon we might stump the universal world to ditto Lowell. It sartainly is one of the wonders of the world, says Miss Jemima Potts; it is astonishing how jealous the English are, it makes 'em so ryled they can't bear to praise it at all. There was one on 'em agoin' thro' the large cotton factory to-day with Judge Beler, and says the Judge to him, Now don't this astonish you? said he; don't it exceed any idea you could have formed of it? you must allow there is nothin' like it in Europe, and yet this is only in its infancy—its only jist begun. Come now, confess the fact, don't you feel that the sun of England is set for ever—her glory departed to set up its standard in the new world? Speak candidly now, for I should like to hear what you think. It certainly is a respectable effort for a young country with a thin population, said he, and a limited capital, and is creditable to the skill and enterprise of New England; but as for rivalry, it's wholly out of the question; and he looked as mad as if he could aswallered a wild cat alive. Well, well, said the Judge, larfin', for he is a sweet-tempered, dear man, and the politest one too I ever knew, I don't altogether know as it is jist fair to ask you to admit a fact so humblin' to your national pride, and so mortifyin' to your feelins as an Englishman; but I can easily conceive how thunderstruck you must have been on enterin' this town, at its prodigious power, its great capacity, its wonderful promise. It's generally allowed to be the first thing of the kind in the world. But what are you a lookin' at, Mr. Slick? said she; is there anything on my cheek? I was only athinkin, says I, how difficult it would be to paint such a'most beautiful complexion, to infuse into it the softness and richness of natur's colorin'; I'm most afeer'd and it would be beyond my art—that's a fact.

Oh, you artists do flatter so, said she; tho' flattery is a part of your profession, I do believe; but I'm e'en a'most sure there is somethin' or another on my face:—and she got up and looked into the glass to satisfy herself. It would adone you

good, squire, to see how it did satisfy her too. How many of the ladies have you taken off? said Miss Dooly. I have only painted three, said I, yet; but I have thirty bespoke. How would you like to be painted, said I, miss? On a white horse, said she, accompanyin' of my father, the General, to the review. And you, said I, Miss Naylor? Astudyin' Judge Naylor, my uncle's specimens, said she, in the library. Says Miss Jemima, I should like to be taken off in my brother's barge. What is he? said I, for he would have to have his uniform on. He? said she;—why, he is a——, and she looked away and coloured up like anything—he's an officer, sir, said she, in one of our national ships. Yes, miss, said I, I know that; but officers are dressed accordin' to their grade, you know, in our sarvice. We must give him the right dress. What is his grade? The other two ladies turned round and giggled, and Miss Jemima hung down her head and looked foolish. Says Miss Naylor, why don't you tell him, dear? No, says she, I won't; do you tell him. No, indeed, said Miss Naylor; he is not my brother; you ought to know best what he is;—do you tell him yourself. Oh, you know very well, Mr. Slick, said she, only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me, and make me say it. I hope I may be shot if I do, says I, miss; I never heerd tell of him afore, and if he is an officer in our navy, there is one thing I can tell you, says I, you needn't be ashamed to call one of our naval heroes your brother, nor to tell his grade neither, for there ain't an office in the sarvice that ain't one of honour and glory. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British.

Well, says she, alookin' down and takin' up her handkerchief, and turnin' it eend for eend to read the marks in the corner of it, to see if it was hern or not,—if I must, then I suppose I must; he is a rooster swain, then, but it's a shame to make me. A rooster swain! says I; well, I vow I never heerd that grade afore in all my born days; I hope I may die if I did. What sort of a swain is a rooster swain? How you do act, Mr. Slick, said she; ain't you ashamed of yourself? Do, for gracious sake, behave, and not carry on so like Old Scratch. You are goin' too far now: ain't he, Miss Naylor? Upon my word I don't know what you mean, said Miss Naylor, affectin' to look

as innocent as a female fox: I'm not used to sea-tarms, and I don't onderstand it no more than he does; and Miss Dooly got up a book, and began to read and rock herself backward and forward in a chair, as rigilar as a Mississippi sawyer, and as demure as you please. Well, thinks I, what onder the sun can she mean? for I can't make head nor tail of it. A rooster swain!—a rooster swain! says I: do tell.—Well, says she, you make me feel quite spunky, and if you don't stop this minit, I'll go right out of the room; it ain't fair to make game of me so, and I don't thank you for it one mite or morsel. Says I, miss, I beg your pardon; I'll take my davy I didn't mean no offence at all; but, upon my word and honour I never heerd the word rooster swain afore, and I don't mean to larf at your brother, or teaze you neither. Well, says she, I suppose you never will ha' done, so turn away your face and I will tell you. And she got up and turned my head round with her hands to the wall, and the other two ladies started out, and said they'd go and see arter the tea.

Well, says I, are you ready now, miss? Yes, said she; a rooster swain, if you must know, you wicked critter you, is a cockswain; a word you know'd well enough warn't fit for a lady to speak; so take that to remember it by,—and she fetched me a deuce of a clip on the side of the face, and ran out of the room. Well, I swear I could hardly keep from larfin' right out, to find out arter all it was nothin' but a cockswain she made such a touss about; but I felt kinder sorry, too, to have bothered her so, for I recollect there was the same difficulty among our ladies last war about the name of the English officer that took Washington; they called him always the "British Admiral," and there warn't a lady in the Union would call him by name. I'm a great friend to decency, a very great friend indeed, squire,—for decency is a manly vartue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine vartue; but as for squeamishness, rat me if it don't make me sick.

There was two little rooms behind the keepin' room; one was a pantry, and t'other a kitchen. It was into the fardest one the ladies went to get tea ready, and presently they brought in the things and sot them down on the table, and we all got sociable once more. Jist as we began conversation ag'in, Miss

Jemima Potts said she must go and bring in the cream-jug. Well, up I jumps, and follers her out and says I, Pray let me, miss, wait upon you; it ain't fair for the ladies to do this when the gentlemen are by—is it? Why didn't you call on me? I overtook her jist at the kitchen door. But this door-way, said I, is so plaguy narrer,—ain't it? There is hardly room for two to pass without their lips atouchin', is there? Ain't you ashamed? said she: I believe you have broke my comb in two, —that's a fact;—but don't do that ag'in, said she, awhisperin',— that's a dear man; Miss Dooly will hear you, and tell every lady in the factory, for she's plaguy jealous;—so let me pass now. One more to make friends, said I, miss. Hush! said she,—there—let me go; and she put the jug in my hand, and then whipped up a plate herself, and back into the parlour in no time.

A curtain, says I, ladies, (as I sot down ag'n,) or a book shelf, I could introduce into the pictur', but it would make it a work o' great time and expense, to do it the way you speak of; and, besides, says I, who would look at the rest if the face was well done? for one thing, I will say, three prettier faces never *was* seen painted on canvass. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how you bam! ain't you ashamed? Fact, says I, ladies, upon my honour: a fact, and no mistake. If you would allow me, ladies, said I, to suggest, I think hair done up high, long tortoise-shell comb, with flowers on the top, would become you, Miss Naylor, and set off your fine Grecian face, grand. A fashionable mornin' cap, lined with pink and trimmed with blue bows, would set off your portrait, Miss Dooly, and become your splendid Roman profile complete. And what for me? said Jemima. If I might be so bold, said I, I would advice leavin' out the comb in your case, miss, said I, as you are tall, and it might perhaps be in the way, and be broke in two (and I pressed her foot onder the table with mine); and I would throw the hair into long loose nateral curls, and let the neck and shoulders be considerable bare, to give room for a pearl necklace, or coral beads, or any little splendid ornament of that kind. Miss Jemima looked quite delighted at this idea, and jumpin' up, exclaimed, Dear me, said she, I forgot the sugar-tongs! I'll jist go and fetch 'em. Allow me, says I, miss, follerin' her; but ain't it funny

tho', says I too, that we should jist get scroudged ag'in in this very identical little narrer door-way,—ain't it? How you act, said she; now this is too bad; the curl is all squashed, I declare; I won't come out ag'in to-night, I vow. Nor I neither then, said I, larfin'; let them that wants things go for 'em. Then you couldn't introduce the specimens, could you? said Miss Naylor, the judge, my uncle, has a beautiful collection. When he was in business as a master mason, he built the great independent Democratic Sovereignty Hall at Sam Patchville (a noble buildin' that, Mr. Slick; it's generally allowed to be the first piece of architecture in the world). He always broke off a piece of every kind of stone used in the buildin', and it makes it a'most a complete collection. If I could be taken off at a table astudyin' and asortin' 'em into primary formations, secondary formations, and trap, I should like it amazin'ly.

Well, says I, I'll do the best I can to please you, miss, for I never hear of secondary formations without pleasure, that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed arter men, and as for trap, says I, if they ain't up to that, it's a pity. Why, as I'm alive, said I, if that ain't the nine o'clock bell; well, how time has flowed, hasn't it? I suppose I must be amovin', as it is gettin' on considerable late, but I must say I've had a most delightful evenin' as ever I spent in my life. When a body, says I, finds himself in a circle of literary and scientific ladies, he takes no note of time, it passes so smooth and quick. Now, says I, ladies, excuse me for mentionin' a little bit of business, but it is usual in my profession to be paid one half in advance; but with the ladies I dispense with that rule, says I, on one condition,—I receive a kiss as airnest. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how can you? No kiss, no pictur', says I. Is that an invariable rule? says they. I never deviated from it in my life, said I, especially where the ladies are so beautiful as my kind friends here to-night are. Thank you, my sweet Miss Naylor, said I. Oh, did you ever——? said she. And you also, dear Miss Dooly. Oh, my sakes, said she, how ondecent! I wish I could take my pay altogether in that coin, said I. Well, you'll get no such airnest from me, I can tell you, said Miss Jemima, and off she sot and darted out o' the room like a kitten, and I arter her. Oh! that

dear little narrer door-way seems made on purpose, said I, don't it? Well, I hope you are satisfied now, said she, you forward, impudent critter; you've taken away my breath a'most. Good night, ladies, said I. Good night, Mr. Slick, says they; don't forget to call and take us off to-morrow at intermission. And, says Miss Jemima, walkin' out as far as the gate with me, when not better engaged, we shall be happy to see you sociably to tea. Most happy, miss, said I; only I fear I shall call oftener than will be agreeable; but dear me! says I, I've forgot somethin' I declare, and I turned right about. Perhaps you forgot it in the little narrer door-way, said she, alarfin' and steppin' backwards, and holdin' up both hands to fend off. What is it? said she, and she looked up as saucy and as rompy as you please. Why, said I, that dreadful horrid name you called your brother. What was it? for I've forgot it, I vow. Look about and find it out, said she; it's what you ain't, and never was, and never will be, and that's a gentleman. You are a nasty, dirty, ondecent man,—that's flat, and if you don't like it you may lump it, so there now for you; good night. But stop, shake hands afore you go, said she; let's part friends, and she held out her hand. Jist as I was agoin' to take it, it slipt up like flash by my face, and tipt my hat off over my shoulder, and as I turned and stooped to pick it up she up with her little foot and let me have it, and pitched me right over on my knees. It was done as quick as wink. Even and quit now, said she, as good friends as ever. Done, said I. But hush, said she; that critter has the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a lynx. What critter? said I. Why, that frightful, ugly Varmont witch, Binah Dooly, if she ain't acomin' out here, as I'm a livin' sinner. Come again soon, that's a dear! good night! and she sailed back as demure as if nothin' had ahappened. Yes, squire, the Honourable Eli Wad, the foundationalist, was right when he said I'd see sunthin' of human natur' among the factory galls. The ways of womankind are wonderful indeed. This was my first lesson, that *squeamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, that in manners, as in other things, extremes meet.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD

THE road from Chester to Halifax is one of the worst in the province; and daylight failing us before we made half our journey, we were compelled to spend the night at a small unlicensed house, the occasional resort of fishermen and coasters. There was but one room in the shanty, besides the kitchen and bedroom; and that one, though perfectly clean, smelt intolerably of smoked salmon that garnished its rafters. A musket, a light fowling-piece, and a heavy American rifle, were slung on the beams that supported the floor of the garret; and snow-shoes, fishing-rods, and small dip-nets with long ash handles, were secured to the wall by iron hooks. Altogether it had a sporting appearance, that indicated the owner to be one of those amphibious animals to whom land or water is equally natural, and who prefer the pleasures of the chase and the fishery to the severer labour, but more profitable employment, of tilling the soil. A few fancy articles of costly materials and superior workmanship that ornamented the mantel-piece and open closet, (probably presents from the gentlemen of the garrison at Halifax,) showed that there were sometimes visiters of a different description from the ordinary customers. As the house was a solitary one, and situated at the head of a deep, well-sheltered inlet, it is probable that smuggling may have added to the profits, and diversified the pursuits of the owner. He did not, however, make his appearance. He had gone, his wife said, in his boat that afternoon to Margaret's bay, a distance of eight miles, to procure some salt to cure his fish, and would probably not return before the morning.

I've been here before, you see, squire, said Mr. Slick, pointing to a wooden clock in the corner of the room; folks that have nothin' to do like to see how the time goes,—and a man who takes a glass of grog at twelve o'clock is the most punctual feller in the world. The draft is always honoured when it falls due. But who have we here? As he said this, a man entered the room, carrying a small bundle in his hand,

tied up in a dirty silk pocket-handkerchief. He was dressed in an old suit of rusty black, much the worse for wear. His face bore the marks of intemperance, and he appeared much fatigued with his journey, which he had performed alone and on foot. I hope I don't intrude, gentlemen, said he; but you see Dulhanty, poor fellow, has but one room, and poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows sometimes. Brandy, my little girl, and some cold water: take it out of the north side of the well, my dear; and, do you hear, be quick, for I'm choked with the dust. Gentlemen, will you take some brandy and water? said he. Dulhanty always keeps some good brandy; none o' your wretched Yankee peach brandy, that's enough to pyson a horse, but real Cogniak. Well, I don't care if I do, said Mr. Slick. Arter you, sir. By your leave, the water, sir. Gentlemen, all your healths, said the stranger. Good brandy, that, sir; you had better take another glass before the water gets warm,—and he helped himself again most liberally; then taking a survey of the Clockmaker and myself, observed to Mr. Slick that he thought he had seen him before.

Well, it's not onlikely;—where?

Ah, that's the question, sir; I cannot exactly say where.

Nor I neither.

Which way may you be travellin'? Down east, I expect

Which way are you from then? Somewhere down south.

The traveller again applied himself to brandy and water.

Ahem! then you are from Lunenberg.

Well, I won't say I warnt at Lunenburg.

Ahem! pretty place that Lunenburg; but they speak Dutch. D—n the Dutch; I hate Dutch: there's no language like the English.

Then I suppose you are going to Halifax?

Well, I won't say I won't go to Halifax afore I return, neither.

A nice town that Halifax—good fishmarket there; but they are not like the English fish arter all. Halibut is a poor substitute for the good old English turbot. Where did you say you were from, sir?

I don't jist altogether mind that I said I was from any place in particklar, but from down south last.

Ahem! your health, sir; perhaps you are like myself, sir, a stranger, and have no home: and after all, there is no home like England. Pray what part of England are you from?

I estimate I'm not from England at all.

I'm sorry for you, then: but where the devil are you from?

In a gineral way folks say I'm from the States.

Knock them down then, d—n them. If any man was to insult me by calling me a Yankee, I'd kick him; but the Yankees have no seat of honour to kick. If I hadn't been thinkin' more of my brandy and water than your answers, I might have known you were a Yankee by your miserable evasions. They never give a straight answer; there's nothing straight about them but their long backs; and he was asleep in his chair, overcome by the united effects of the heat, the brandy and fatigue.

That's one o' their schoolmasters, said Mr. Slick; and it's no wonder the Blue-noses are such 'cute chaps when they got such masters as that are to teach the young idea how to shoot. The critter has axed more questions in ten minutes that if he was a full-blooded Yankee, thou' he does hate them so *peeow*-erfully. He's an Englishman, and, I guess, has seen better days; but he is ruinated by drink now. When he is about half shaved he is an everlastin' quarrelsom' critter, and carries a most plaguy uncivil tongue in his head: that's the reason I didn't let on where I came from, for he hates us like pyson. But there ain't many such critters here; the English don't emigrate here much,—they go to Canada or the States: and it's strange too, for, squire, this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it.

It will have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufacturs, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The resources, nateral advantages, and political position of this place beat all. Take it all together, I don't know jist such a country in the univarsal world a'most. What. Nova Scotia? said I; this poor little colony, this Ultima Thule of America; what is ever to make *it* a place of any consequence? Everything, squire, said he, everything that constitutes greatness. I wish we had it, that's all; and we will have it too some o' these days if they don't look sharp. In

the first place, it has more nor twice as many great men-o'-war harbours in it, capable of holdin' the whole navy in it, stock, lock, and barrel, than we have from Maine to Mexico, besides innumerable small harbours, island lees, and other shelters, and its jist all but an island itself; and most all the best o' their harbours don't freeze up at no time. It ain't shot up like Canada and our back country all winter, but you can in and out as you please; and it's so intersected with rivers and lakes, most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water to the sea; and then it is the nearest point of our continent to Europe. All that, said I, is very true; but good harbours, though necessary for trade, are not the only things requisite in commerce. But it's in the midst of the fisheries, squire; all sorts of fisheries too. River fisheries of shad, salmon, gasperaux, and herring, shore fishery of mackerel and cod, bank fishery, and Labrador fishery. Oh dear! it beats all, and they don't do nothin' with 'em, but leave 'em to us. They don't seem to think 'em worth havin' or keepin', for government don't protect 'em. See what a school for seamen that is, to man the ships to fill the harbours.

Then look of the beeowells of the airth; only think of the coal; and it's no use atalkin', that's the only coal to supply us that we can rely on. Why, there ain't nothin' like it. It extends all the way from Bay of Fundy right out to Pictou thro' the province, and then under all the island of Cape Breton; and some o' them seams are the biggest, and thickest, and deepest ever yet discovered since the world began. Beautiful coal it is too. Then natur' has given 'em most grand abundant iron-ore, here and there and everywhere, and wood and coal to work it. Only think o' them two things in such abundance, and a country possessed of the first chop-water powers everywhere, and then tell me Providence hasn't laid the foundation of a manufacturin' nation here. But that ain't all. Jist see the plaster of Paris, what almighty big heaps of it there is here. We use already more nor a hundred and fifty thousand tons of it a year for manure, and we shall want ten times that quantity yet,—we can't do without it: it has done more for us than steam; it has made our barren lands fertile, and whole tracts habitable, that never would have been worth a cent an acre without it. It will

go to South America and the West Indgies yet—it is the magic wand—it's the philosopher's stone; I hope I may be shot if it ain't; it turns all it touches into gold. See what a sight of vessels it takes to carry a great bulky article like that—what a sight of men it employs, what a host of folks it feeds, what a batch of sailors it bakes, what hardy tars for the wooden walls of Old England. But Old England is as blind as a bat, and Blue-nose is a puppy only nine days old; he can't see yet. If the critter was well trained, had his ears cropped and tongue wormed, he might turn out a decent-lookin' whelp yet, for the old one is a good nurse and feeds well. Well, then, look at the lead, copper, slate, (and as for slate, they may stump Wales, I know, to produce the like,) granite, grindstone, freestone, lime, manganese, salt, sulphur. Why, they've got everything but enterprise, and that I *do* believe in my soul they expect to find a mine of, and dig up out of the ground as they do coal. But the soil, squire, where will you find the like o' that? A considerable part of it along the coast is poor, no doubt; but it's the fishin' side of the province, and therefore it's all right; but the bay side is a tearin', rippin' fine country. Them dyke mashes have raised hay and grain year arter year now for a whole centery without manur', and I guess will continue to do so from July to etarnity. Then natur' has given them that sea-mud, salt-sand, sea-weed, and river-sludge for dressin' their upland, so that it could be made to carry wheat till all's blue again.

If it possesses all these advantages you speak of, said I, it will doubtless be some day or another both a populous and rich country; but still it does not appear to me that it can be compared to the country of the Mississippi. Why, squire, said he, if you was once to New Orleens I think you wouldn't say so. That is a great country, no doubt, too great to compare to a small province like this; great resources, great river, fartile land, great trade; but the climate is awful, and the emigrant people ain't much better than the climate. The folks at New Orleens put me in mind of children playin' in a churchyard, jumpin' over the graves, hidin' behind the tombs, alarfin' at the emblems of mortality, and the queer old rhymes onder 'em, all full of life and glee, and fun above ground, while onderneath it is a great charnel-house, full of windin'-sheets, skeletons, and generations

of departed citizens. That are place is built in a bar in the harbor, made of snags, driftwood, and chokes, heaped up by the river, and then filled and covered with the sediment and alluvial of the rich bottoms above, brought down by the freshets. It's peopled in the same way. The eddies and tides of business of all that country centre there, and the froth and scum are washed up and settle at New Orleens. It's filled with all sorts of people, black, white, and Indgians, and their different shades, Freneh, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch; English, Irish, and Scotch, and then people from every state in the Union. These last have all nicknames. There's the hoosiers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinoy, the pukes of Missuri, the buekeys of Ohio, the red horses of Kentucky, the mudheads of Tenessee, the wolverines of Miehigan, the eels of New England, and the corn-crackers of Virginia. All these, with many others, make up the population, which is mottled with black and all its shades; 'most all too is supplied by emigration. It is a great caravansary filled with strangers, dissolute enough to make your hair stand an eend, drinkin' all day, gamblin' all night, and fightin' all the time. Death pervades all natur' there; it breathes in the air, and it floats on the water, and rises in the vapours and exhalations, and rides on the whirlwind and tempest: it dwells on the drought, and also in the inundation. Above, below, within, around, everywhere is death; but who knows, or misses, or mourns the stranger? Dig a grave for him, and you plunge him into the water,—the worms eat the coffin, and the croeodiles have the body. We have mills to Rhode Island with sarcular saws, and apparatus for makin' packin'-boxes. At one of these factories they used to make 'em in the shape of coffins, and then they sarved a double purpose; they carried out inions to New Orleens, and then carried out the dead to their graves.

That are city was made by the freshets. It's a chance if it ain't carried away by them. It may yet be its fate to be swept clean off by 'em, to mingle once more with the stream that deposited it, and form new land further down the river. It may chance to be a spot to be pointed out from the steam-boats as the place where a great city once stood, and a great battle was once fought, in which the genius and valour of the new world triumphed over the best troops and the best ginerals of Europe.

That place is jist like a hot-bed, and the folk like the plants in it. People do grow rich fast; but they look kinder spindlin and weak, and they are e'en a'most choked with weeds and toad-stools, that grow every bit and grain as fast, and twice as nateral. The Blue-noses don't know how to valy this location, squire, that's a fact, for its a'most a grand one.

What's a grand location? said the schoolmaster, wakin' up. Nova Scotia, said Mr. Slick, I was just atellin' of the squire it's grand location. D—n the location, said he; I hate the word; it ain't English: there are no words like the English words. Here, my little girl, more brandy, my dear, and some fresh water; mind it's fresh,—take it out of the bottom of the well, do you hear? the coldest spot in the well; and be quick: for I'm burnt up with the heat to-day. Who's for a pull of grog? suppose we have a pull, gentlemen—a good pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, eh! Here's to yo gentlemen!—ah, that's good! you are sure of good brandy here. I say, Mister Location, won't you moisten the clay, eh? Come, my honest fellow! I'll take another glass with you to our better acquaintance:—you won't, eh? well, then, I'll supply your deficiency myself; here's luck! Where did you say you were from, sir? I don't mind that I indicated where I was jist in pitikilar. No, you didn't; but I twig you now, my boy, Sam Slick, the clockmaker! And so you say this is a nice *lo*cation, do you? Yes, it is a nice *lo*cation indeed for a gentleman this—a *lo*cation for pride and poverty, for ignorance and assumption, for folly and vice. Curse the location! I say; there's no location like Old England. This is a poor man's country, sir; but not a rich man's or a gentleman's. There's nothin' this side of the water, sir, approachin' to the class of gentry. They have neither the feelings, the sentiments, nor the breeding. They know nothing about it. What little they have here, sir, are second-hand airs copied from poor models that necessity forces out here. It is the farce of high life below stairs, sir, played in a poor theatre to a provincial audience. Poor as I am, humble as I am, and degraded as I am,—for I am now all three,—I have seen better days, and was not always the houseless wanderer you now see me. I know what I am talking about. There is nothing beyond respectable mediocrity here; there never can be, there is no material for it,

there is nothing to support it. Some fresh water, my dear; that horrid water is hot enough to scald one's throat. The worst of a colony is, sir, there is no field for ambition, no room for talents, no reward for distinguished exertions. It is a rich country for a poor man, and a poor country for a rich one. There is no permanent upper class of society here, or anywhere else in America There are rich men, learned men, agreeable men, liberal men, and good men, but very few gentlemen. The breed ain't pure; it is not kept long enough distinct to refine, to obtain the distinctive marks, to become generic. Dry work this talkin';—your health, gentlemen!—a good fellow that Dulhanty, suppose we drink his health? he always keeps good brandy; there's not a head-ache in a gallon of it.

What was I talking about? Oh! I have it—the *lo*cation, as those drawling Yankees call it. Yes, instead of importing horses here from England to improve the breed, they should import gentlemen; they want the true breed, they want blood. Yes, said the Clockmaker, (whom I had never known to remain silent so long before,) I guess. Yes, d—n you! said the stranger, what do you know about it? you know as much about a gentleman as a cat does of music. If you interrupt me again, I'll knock your two eyes into one, you clockmaking, bumpkin-headed, peddling, cheating, Yankee vagabond. The sickly wax-work imitation of gentility here, the faded artificial flower of fashion, the vulgar pretension, the contemptible struggle for precedence, make one look across the Atlantic with a longing after the freshness of nature, for life and its realities. All North America is a poor country, with a poor climate. I would not give Ireland for the whole of it. This Nova Scotia is the best part of it, and has the greatest resources! but still there is no field in a colony for a man of talent and education. Little ponds never hold big fish; there is nothing but pollywogs, tadpoles, and minims in them. Look at them as they swim thro' the shallow water of the margins of their little muddy pool, following some small fellow a inch long, the leader of the shoal, that thinks himself a whale, and if you do not despise their pretensions, you will, at least, be compelled to laugh at their absurdities. Go to every legislature this side of the water from Congress to Halifax, and hear the stuff that is talked. Go to every press, and see

the stuff that is printed; go to the people, and see the stuff that is uttered or swallowed, and then tell me this is a location for anything above mediocrity. What keeps you here then? said Mr. Slick, if it is such an everlastin' miserable country as you lay it out to be. I'll tell you, sir, said he, and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort—I will tell you what keeps me, and he placed his hands on his knees, and looking the Clockmaker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—I'll tell you, sir, if you must know—my misfortune. The effort and the brandy overpowered him; he fell from his chair, and we removed him to a bed, loosened his cravat, and left him to his repose.

It's a considerable of a trial, said the Clockmaker, to sit still and listen to that cussed old critter, I tell you. If you hadn't abeen here, I'd agiv'n him a rael good quiltin'. I'd atanned his jacket for him; I'd alarned him to carry a civil tongue in his head, the nasty, drunken, onmannerly, good-for-nothin' beast; more nor once I felt my fingers itch to give him a slock-dolager under the ear; but he ain't worth mindin', I guess. Yes, squire, I won't deny but New Orl*eens* is a great place, a wonderful place; but there are resources here beyond all conception, and its climate is as pleasant as any we have, and a plaguy sight more healthy. I don't know what more you'd ask, almost an island indented everywhere with harbours surrounded with fisheries. The key of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and the West Indgies; prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant, and healthy. If that ain't enough for one's place, it's a pity—that's all.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WRONG ROOM.

THE next morning the rain poured down in torrents, and it was ten o'clock before we were able to resume our journey. I am glad, said Mr. Slick, that cussed critter, that schoolmaster, hasn't yet woke up. I'm most afeerd if he had aturned out afore we started, I should have quilted him, for that talk of his

last night sticks in my crop considerable hard. It ain't over easy to digest, I tell you; for nothin' a'most raises my dander so much as to hear a benighted, ignorant, and enslaved foreigner belittle our free and enlightened citizens. But see there, squire, said he, that's the first Indgian campment we've fell in with on our journey. Happy fellers, them Indgians, ben't they; they have no wants and no cares but food and cloathin', and fishin' and huntin' supply them things easy. That tall one you see spearin' fish down in that are creek there, is Peter Paul, a most aplaguy 'cute chap. I mind the last time I was to Lunenburg, I seed him to the magistrates, John Robar's: he laid down the law to the justice better than are a lawyer I have met with in the province yet; he talked as clever a'most as Mr. Clay. I'll tell you what it was: Peter Paul had made his wigwam one winter near a brook on the farm of James M'Nutt, and employed his time in cooperin', and used M'Nutt's timber when he wanted any. Well, M'Nutt threatened to send him to jail if he didn't move away, and Paul came to Robar' to ax him whether it could be done. Says he, squire, M'Nutt, he came to me, and, says he, Peter, what adevil you do here, d—n you? I say, I make 'em bucket, make 'em tub, may be basket, or axe handle, to buy me some blanket and powder and shot with—you no want some? Well, he say, this my land, Peter, and my wood; I bought 'em, and pay money for 'em; I won't let you stay here and cut my wood; if you cut anoder stick, I send you to jail. Then I tell him I see what governor say to that: what you plant, that yours; what you sow, that yours too; but you no plant 'em woods; God—he plant 'em dat; he make 'em river, too, for all mens, white man and Indgian man—all same. God—he no give 'em river to one man; he make him run thro' all the woods. When you drink, he run on and I drink, and then when all drink he run on to de sea. He no stand still—you no catch him—you no have him. If I cut down your apple-tree, then send me to jail, cause you plant 'em; but if I cut down ash-tree, oak-tree, or pine-tree in woods, I say it's mine, if I cut 'em first—for tree in big woods like river—first cut him first have him. If God give 'em all to you, where is your writin', or bring somebody say he hear him say so, then I stop, I never kill your hog, and say I thought him one bear, nor your hen, and

say him one partridge; but you go kill my stock, my carriboo, and my moose. I never frighten away your sheep; but you go chop wood, and make one d—d noise and frighten away bear; so when I go to my trap I no find him there, and I lose him, and de skin, and de meat too. No two laws for you and me, but all same. You know Jeffery? him big man to Halifax; well, him very good man that; very kind to poor Indgian (when that man go to heaven, God will give him plenty of backy to smoke, for that I know.) Well, he say, Peter Paul, when you want ash-tree, you go cut 'em down on my land when you like; I give you leave. He very good man dat, but God give 'em afore Jeffery was born. And by and by, I say, M'Nutt, you have 'em all. Indgian all die soon: no more wood left, no more hunt left; he starve, and then you take all. Till then I take 'em wood that God plant for us, where I find 'em, and no thanks to you. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer that, I guess, said Mr. Slick. That feller cyphered that out of human natur', the best book a man can study arter all, and the only true one; there's no two ways about it, there's never no mistake there. Queer critter, that Peter; he has an answer for every one; nothin' ever da'nts or poses him; but here we are at the eend of our journey, and I must say I am sorry for it too, for tho' it's been a considerable of a long one, it's been a very pleasant one.

When we returned to Halifax we drove to Mrs. Spicer's boarding-house, where I had bespoken lodgings previously to my departure from town. While the servants were preparing my room, we were shown into the parlour of Mrs. Spicer. She was young, pretty, and a widow. She had but one child, a daughter of six years of age, which, like all only children, was petted and spoiled. She was first shy, then familiar, and ended by being troublesome and rude. She amused her mother by imitating Mr. Slick's pronunciation, and herself by using his hat for a football.

Entertainin' that, ain't it? said the Clockmaker, as we entered our own apartments. The worst of women is, said he, they are for everlastin'ly ateazin' folks with their children, and take more pains to spoil 'em and make 'em disagreeable than anything else. Who the plague wants to hear 'em repeat a yard o' poetry like

that are little sarpent? I am sure I don't. The Hon. Eli Wad was right when he said the ways o' womankind are wonderful. I've been afeerd to venture on matrimony myself, and I don't think I shall spekilate in that line for one while. It don't jist suit a rovin' man like me. It's a considerable of a tie, and then it ain't like a horse deal, where, if you don't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle, or trade, or swop, and suit yourself better; but you must make the best of a bad bargain, and put up with it. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle; spirited, yet gentle; easy on the bit, sure-footed and spry; no bitin', or kickin', or sulkin', or racin' off, or refusin' to go, or runnin' back, and then clean-limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest piece of business I know on.

Our great cities are most the only places in our Union where a man can marry with comfort, rael right down genu*ine* comfort and no drawback. No farnishin' a house; and if you go for to please a woman in that line, there's no eend o' the expense they'll go to, and no trouble about helps; a considerable of a plague them in the States, you may depend; then you got nothin' to provide, and nothin' to see arter, and it ain't so plaguy lonely as a private house neither. The ladies too, have nothin' to do all day but dress themselves, gossip, walk out, or go ashoppin', or receive visits to home. They have a'most a grand time of it, you may depend. If there be any children, why, they can be sent up garret with the helps, out o' the way and out o' hearin', till they are big enough to go to schooi. They ain't half the plague they be in a private house. But one o' the best things about it is, a man needn't stay to home to entertain his wife a-evenings, for she can find company enough in the public rooms if she has a mind to, and he can go to the political clubs and coffee-houses, and see arter politics, and inquire how the nation's agoin' on, and watch over the doins of Congress. It takes a great deal of time that, and a man can't discharge his duties right to the States or the Union either, if he is for everlastin'ly tied to his wife's apron-strings. You may talk about the domestic hearth, and the pleasures of home, and the family circle, and all that are sort o' thin', squire: it sounds very clever, and reads dreadful pretty; but what does it eend in at last? why, a scoldin' wife with her shoes down to heel, a see-sawin'

in a rocking chair; her hair either not done up at all, or all stuck chock full of paper and pins, like porcupine quills; a smoky chimbly aputtin' of your eyes out; cryin' children ascreamin' of your ears out; extravagant, wasteful helps, a-emptying of your pockets out, and the whole thing awearin' of your patience out. No, there's nothin' like a good boardin' house for married folk; it don't cost nothin' like keepin' house, and there's plenty o' company all the time, and the women folk never feel lonely like when their husbands are not at home. The only thing to larn is the geography of the house well, and know their own number. If they don't do that, they may get into a most adeuce of a scrape, that it ain't so easy to back out of. I recollect a'most a curious accident that happened that way once, agettin' into *the wrong room.*

I had gone down to Boston to keep 4th of July, our great Anniversary-day. A great day that, squire; a great national festival; a splendid spectacle; fifteen millions of free men and three millions of slaves acelebratin' the birth-day of liberty; rejoicin' in their strength, their freedom and enlightenment. Perhaps the sun never shone on such a sight afore, nor the moon, nor the stars, for their planetary system ain't more perfect than our political system. The sun typifies our splendor; the moon in its changes figures our rotation of office, and eclipses of Presidents, and the stars are emblems of our states, as painted on our flags. If the British don't catch it that day it's a pity. All over our Union, in every town and village, there are orations made, jist about as beautiful pieces of workmanship, and as nicely dovetailed and mortised, and as prettily put together as well can be, and the English catch it everywhere. All our battles are fought over ag'in, and you can e'en a'most see the British aflyin' afore them like the wind, full split, or layin' down their arms as humble as you please, or marchin' off as prisoners tied two and two, like runaway niggers, as plain as if you was in the engagement, and Washington on his big war horse aridin' over them, and our free and enlightened citizens askiverin' of them; or the proud impudent officers a kneelin' down to him, givin' up their swords, and abeggin' for dear life for quarter. Then you think you can e'en a'most see that infarnal spy André nabbed and sarched, and the scorn that sot on the brows of our heroes as they threw into

the dirt the money he offered to be released, and hear him beg like an Indgian to be shot like a gentleman, and not hanged like a thief, and Washington's noble and magnanimous answer,—"I guess the'll think us afeerd if we don't,"—so simple, so sublime. The hammerin' of the carpenters seem to strike your ears as they erect the gallus; and then his struggles, like a dog tucked up for sheep stealin', are as nateral as life. I must say I do like to hear them orations,—to hear of the deeds of our heroes by land and by sea. It's a bright page of history that. It exasperates the young—it makes their blood bile at the wrongs of their forefathers; it makes them clean their rifles and run their bullets. It prepares them for that great day, that comin' day, that no distant day neither, that must come and will come, and can't help comin', when Britain will be a colony to our great nation, and when your colonies will be states in our Union.

Many's the disputes, and pretty hot disputes too, I've had with minister about these orations. He never would go near one on 'em; he said they were in bad taste—(a great phrase of hisn that, poor dear good old man; I believe his heart yarns arter old times, and I most think sometimes he ought to have joined the refugees,) bad taste, Sam. It smells o' braggin', its ongentlemanly: and, what's worse—it's onchristian.

But ministers don't know much of this world:—they may know the road to the next, but they don't know the cross-roads and by paths of this one—that's a fact. But I was agoin' to tell you what happened that day—I was stayin' to General Peep's boardin' house to Boston, to enjoy, as I was asayin', the anniversary. There was an amazin' crowd of folks there; the house was chock full of strangers. Well, there was a gentlman and lady, one Major Ebenezer Sproul and his wife aboardin' there, that had one child, the most cryenest critter I ever seed; it boohood all night a'most, and the boarders said it must be sent up to the garret to the helps, for no soul could sleep a'most for it. Well, most every night Mrs. Sproul had to go up there to quiet the little varmint,—for it wouldn't give over yellin' for no one but her. That night, in partikilar, the critter screetched and screemed like Old Scratch; and at last Mrs. Sproul slipped on her dressin' gownd, and went up stairs to it, —and left her door ajar, so as not to disturb her husband

acomin' back; and when she returned, she pushed the door open softly, and shot it to, and got into bed. He's asleep, now, says she; I hope he won't disturb me ag'in. No I ain't asleep, mynheer stranger, says Old Zwicker, a Dutch merchant from Albany, (for she had got into the wrong room, and got into his bed by mistake,) nor I don't dank you, nor General Peep needer, for puddin' you into my bed mid me, widout my leave nor lichense, nor approbation, needer. I liksh your place more better as your company. Oh, I got no gimblet! Het is jammer, it is a pity! Oh dear! if she didn't let go it's a pity: she kicked and screamed, and carried on like a ravin' distracted bed-bug. Tousand teyvels, said he, what ails te man? I pelieve he is pewitched. Murder! murder! said she, and she cried out at the very tip eend of her voice, Murder! murder! Well, Zwicker, he jumped out o' bed in an all-fired hurry, most properly frightened, you may depend; and seezin' her dressin' gownd instead of his trowsers, he put his legs into the arms of it, and was arunnin' out of the room aholdin' up of the skirts with his hands, as I came in with the candle. De ferry teyvil hisself is in te man, and in te trousher too, said he; for I pelieve te coat has grow'd to it in te night, it it so tam long. Oh dear, what a pitty! Stop, says I, Mister Zwicker, and I pulled him back by the gownd; (I thought I should adied alarfin' to see him in his red night-cap his eyes astartin' out o' his head, and those short-legged trowsers on, for the sleeves of the dressin' gownd didn't come further than his knees, with a long tail to 'em.) Stop, says I, and tell us what all this everlastin' hubbub is about: who's dead, and what's to pay now?

All this time Mrs. Sproul lay curled up like a cat, covered all over in the bed clothes, ayellin' and ascreamin' like mad; 'most all the house was gathered there, some ondressed, and some half-dressed—some had sticks and pokers, and some had swords. Hullo! says I, who on airth is makin' all this touss? Goten Hymel, said he, old Saydon himself, I do pelieve; he came tru de door, and jumped right into ped, and yelled so loud in mine ear as to deefen my head a'most: pull him out by te cloven foot, and kill him, tam him! I had no gimblet no more, and he know'd it, and dat is te cause, and notin' else. Well, the folks got hold of the clothes, and pulled and hauled

away till her head showed above the sheet. Dear, dear, said Major Ebenezer Sproul;—if it ain't Miss Sproul, my wife, as I am alive! Why, Mary, dear, what brought you here?—what on airth are you adoin' of in Mr. Zwicker's room here? I take my oat' she prought herself there, said Zwicker, and I peg she take herself away ag'in so fast as she came, and more faster too. What will Vrou Zwicker say to this woman's tale?—was te likesh ever heerd aforc? Tear, tear, put 'tis too pad! Well, well, says the folks, who'd athought it?—such a steady old gentleman as Mr. Zwicker,—and young Marm Sproul, says they,—only think of her!—ain't it's horrid! The hussy! says the women house-helps: she's nicely caught, ain't she? She's no great things, anyhow, to take up with that nasty smoky old Dutchman; it sarves her right,—it does, the good-for-nothin' jade. I wouldn't ahad it happen, says the Major, for fifty dollars, I vow; and he walked up and down, and wrung his hands, and looked streaked enough, you may depend: no, nor I don't know, said he, as I would for a hundred dollars a'most. Have what happened, says Zwicker; upon my vort and honour and sole, notin' happened, only I had no gimblet. Het as jammer; it is a pity. I went to see the baby, says Mrs. Sproul, asobbin' ready to kill herself, poor thing!—and——. Well, I don't want, nor have occasion, nor require a nurse, said Zwicker.—And I mistook the room, said she, and came here athinkin' it was ourn. Couldn't pe possible, said he, to take me for to papy, dat has papys hisself,—but it was to ruin my character, and name, and reputation. O Goten Hymel! what will Vrou Zwicker say to dis woman's tale? but then she know'd I had no gimblet, she did. Folks snickered and larfed a good deal, I tell you; but they soon cleared out, and went to bed ag'in. The story ran all over Boston like wildfire; nothin' else a'most was talked of; and, like most stories, it grew worse and worse every day. Zwicker returned next mornin' to Albany, and has never been to Boston since; and the Sprouls kept close for some time, and then moved away to the western terri*tory*. I actilly believe they changed their name, for I never heerd tell of any one that ever seed them since.

Mr. Slick, says Zwicker, the mornin' he started, I have one leetle gimblet; I always travel with my leetle gimblet; take it

mid me wherever I go; and when I goes to ped, I takes my leetle gimblet out, and bores wid it over the latch of te door, and dat fastens it, and keeps out de tief and de villain and de womans. I left it to home dat time mid de old vrow, and it was all because I had no gimblet, de row, and te noise, and te rumpish wash made. Tam it! said he, Mr. Slick, 'tis no use talkin', but tere is always te teyvil to pay when there is a woman and no gimblet.

Yes, said the Clockmaker, if they don't mind the number of the room, they'd better stay away,—but a little attention that way cures all. We are all in a hurry in the States; we eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry. We all go ahead so fast, it keeps one full spring to keep up with the others; and one must go it hot foot, if he wants to pass his neighbours. Now, it is a great comfort to have your dinner to the minit, as you do at a boardin' house, when you are in a hurry, only you must look out sharp arter the dishes, or you won't get nothin'. Things vanish like wink. I recolleet once when quails first came in that season:—there was an old chap at Peep's board-in'-house, that used to take the whole dish of 'em, empty it on his plate, and gobble 'em up like a turkeycock,—no one else ever got none. We were all a good deal ryled at it, seein' that he didn't pay no more for his dinner than us, so I nick-named him "Old Quail," and it cured him; he always left half arter that, for a scramb. No system is quite perfect, squire; accidents will happen the best regulated places, like that of Marm Sproul's and Old Quail's; but still there is nothin' arter all like a boardin'-house, —the only thing is, keep out of the *wrong room*.

CHAPTER XXI.

FINDING A MARE'S NEST.

HALIFAX, like London, has its tower also, but there is this remarkable difference between these two national structures, the one is designed for the *de*fenders of the country, and the other for its *of*fenders, and that of the former is as difficult to be broken *into* as the latter (notwithstanding all the ingenious devices of

successive generations from the days of Julius Cæsar to the time of the schoolmaster) is to be broken *out of*. A critical eye might, perhaps, detect some other, though lesser points of distinction. This cis-Atlantic martello tower has a more aristocratic and exclusive air than its city brother, and its portals are open to none but those who are attired in the uniform of the guard, or that of the royal staff; while the other receives the lowest, the most depraved, and vulgar of mankind. It is true it has not *the lions*, and other adventitious attractions of the elder one; but the original and noble park in which it stands is plentifully stocked *with carriboos*, while the *horn* work of the latter is at least equal to that of its ancient rival; and although it cannot exhibit a display of *the armour of the country*, its very existence there is conclusive evidence of the *amor patriæ*. It stands on an eminence that protects the harbour of Halifax, and commands that of the North-west Arm, and is situated at the termination of a fashionable promenade, which is skirted on one side by a thick shrubbery, and on the other by the water of the harbour; the former being the resort of those of both sexes who delight in the impervious shade of the spruce, and the latter of those who prefer swimming, and other aquatic exercises. With these attractions to the lovers of *nature*, and a pure air, it is thronged at all hours, but more especially at day-dawn, by the valetudinarian, the aged, and infirm, and at the witching hour of moonlight by those who are young enough to defy the dew and damp air of night.

To the latter class I have long since ceased to belong. Old, corpulent, and rheumatic, I am compelled to be careful of a body that is not worth the trouble that it gives me. I no longer indulge in the dreamy visions of the second nap, for, alas! *non sum qualis eram*. I rise early, and take my constitutional walk to the tower. I had not proceeded more than half-way this morning, before I met the Clockmaker returning to town.

Mornin', squire, said he; I suppose you didn't hear the news, did you? the British packet's in. Which packet? said I; for there are two due, and great apprehensions are entertained that one of them is lost. More promotion, then, said he, for them navals that's left: it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Good God! said I, Mr. Slick, how can you talk so unfeelingly of such an awful catastrophe? Only think of the misery entailed

by such an event upon Falmouth, where most of the officers and crew have left destitute and distressed families. Poor creatures, what dreadful tidings await them! Well, well, said he, I didn't jist altogether mean to make a joke of it neither; but your folks know what they are about; them coffin ships ain't sent out for nothin'. Ten of them gunbrigs have been lost already; and depend on it, the English have their reasons for it—there's no mistake about it; considerable 'cute chaps them, they can see as far into a millstone as them that picks the hole in it; if they throw a sprat it's to catch a mackerel, or my name is not Sam Slick. Reason! I replied,—what reason can there be for consigning so many gallant fellows to a violent death and a watery grave? What could justify such a——? I'll tell you, said the Clockmaker; it keeps the natives to home by frightenin' 'em out of their seven senses. Now, if they had a good set of liners, them blue-nose tories and radicals would be for everlastingly abotherin' of government with their requests and complaints. Hungry as hawks them fellers; they'd fairly eat the minister up without salt, they would. It compels 'em to stay at home, it does. Your folks desarve credit for that trick, for it answers the purpose rael complete. Yes, you English are pretty considerable tarnation sharp. You warn't born yesterday, I tell you. You are always afindin' out some mare's nest or another. Didn't you send out water-casks and filterin' stones last war to the *fresh water* lakes to Canada? Didn't you send out a frigate there ready built, in pieces ready numbered and marked, to put together, 'cause there's no timber in America, nor carpenters neither? Didn't you order the Yankee prisoners to be kept at the fortress of Louisburg, which was so levelled to the ground fifty years before, that folks can hardly tell where it stood? Han't you squandered more money to Bermuda than would make a military road from Halifax to Quebec, make the Windsor rail-road, and complete the great canal? Han't you built a dockyard there that rots all the cordage and stores as fast as you send them out there? and han't you to send these things every year to sell to Halifax, 'cause there ain't folks enough to Bermuda to make an auction? Don't you send out a squadron every year of seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, and most work 'em to death, sendin 'em to Bermuda to winter, 'cause it's warm, and to Halifax to summer

cause its cool; and to carry freights of doubloons and dollars from the West Indgies to England 'cause it pays well; while the fisheries, coastin' trade, and revenue are left to look out for themselves? Oh, if you don't beat all, its a pity!

Now, what in natur' is the use of them are great seventy-fours in peace time on that station? Half the sum of money one of them are everlasting' almighty monsters cost would equip a dozen spankin cutters, commanded by leftenants in the navy, (and this I will say, though they be Britishers, a smarter set o' men than they be never stept in shoe-leather,) and they'd soon set these matters right in two twos. Them seventy-fours put me in mind of Black Hawk, the great Indian chief, that was tc Washin'ton lately; he had an alligator tattooed on the back part of one thigh, and' a racoon on t'other, touched off to the very nines, and as nateral as anythin' you ever seed in your life; and well he know'd it too, for he was as proud of it as anythin'. Well, the president, and a whole raft of senators, and a considerable of an assortment of most beautiful ladies, went all over the capital with him; showin' him the great buildins, and public halls, and curiosities, patents, presents, and what not; but Black Hawk he took no notice of nothin' a'most till he came to the pieturs of our great naval and military heroes, and splendid national victories of our free and enlightened citizens, and *them* he *did* stare at: they posed him considerable—that's a fact.

Well, warrior, said the President, arubbin' of his hands, and asmilin', what do you think of them? Broder, said Black Hawk, them grand, them live, and breathe, and speak—them great pictures, I tell *you*, very great indeed; but I got better oncs, said he, and he turned round and stooped down, drew up his mantle over his head. Look at that alligator, broder, said he, and he struck it with his hand till he made all ring again; and that racoon behind there; bean't they splendid? Oh, Lord! if there warn't a shout, its a pity! The men hawed-hawed right out like thunder, and the women ran off, and screamed like mad. Did you ever! said they. How ondecent! ain't it shockin'! and then they screamed out out ag'in louder than afore. Oh, dear! said they, if that nasty horrid thing ain't in all the mirrors in the room! and they put their pretty little ands up to their dear little eyes, and raced right out into the

street. The President he stamped, and bit his lip, and looked as mad as if he could have swallered a wild cat alive. Cuss him! said he, I've half a mind to kick him into the Potomac, the savage brute! I shall never hear the last of this joke. I fairly thought I should have split to see the conflustrigation it put 'em all into. Now, that's jist the way with your seventy-fours. When the Bluenoses grumbled that we Yankees smuggle like all vengeance, and have all the fisheries on the coast to ourselves, you send 'em out a great seventy-four with a painted starn for 'em to look at, and it is jist about as much use as the tattooed starn of Black Hawk. I hope I may be shot if it ain't. Well, then, jist see how you—

True, said I, glad to put a stop to the enumeration of our blunders, but government have added some new vessels to the packet line of a very superior description, and will withdraw the old ones as soon as possible. These changes are very expensive, and cannot be effected in a moment. Yes, said he, so I have heerd tell; and I have heerd, too, that the new ones won't lay to, and the old ones won't scud; grand chance in a gale for a feller that, ain't it? One tumbles over in the trough of the sea, and the other has such great solid bulwarks, if she ships a sea she never gets rid of it but by goin' down. Oh, you British are up to everythin'! it wouldn't be easy to put a rinkle on your horns, I know. They will at least, said I, with more pique than prudence, last as long as the colonies. It is admitted on all hands now, by Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, that the time is not far distant when the provinces will be old enough for independence, and strong enough to demand it. I am also happy to say that there is every disposition to yield to their wishes whenever a majority shall concur in applying for a separation. It is very questionable whether the expense of their protection is not greater than any advantage we derive from them.

That, said the Clockmaker, is what I call, now, good sound sense. I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows you participate in the enlightenment of the age. Arter all the expense you have been to in conquerin', clearin', settlin', fortifyin', governin', and protectin' these colonies from the time they were little miserable, spindlin' seedlins, up to now, when they have grow'd to be considerable stiff and strong, and of some use, to

give 'em up, and encourage 'em to ax for 'mancipation, is, I estimate, the part of wise men. Yes, I see you are wide awake. Let 'em go. They are no use to you. But, I say, squire,—and he tapped me on the shoulder and winked,—let 'em look out the next mornin' arter they are free for a visit from us. If we don't put 'em thro' their facins, it's a pity. Tho they are no good to you, they are worth a Jew's eye to us, and have 'em we will, by gum!

You put me in mind of a British parliament-man that was travellin' in the States once. I seed him in a steam-boat on the Ohio, (a'most a grand river that, squire; if you were to put all the English rivers into one, you couldn't make its ditto,) and we went the matter of seven hundred miles on till it j'ined the Mississippi. As soon as we turned to go down that river, he stood, and stared, and scratched his head, like bewildered. Says he, this is very strange,—very strange indeed, says he. What's strange? said I; but he went on without hearin'. Its the greatest curiosity, said he, I ever seed, a nateral phenomenon, one of the wonders of the world; and he jumped right up and down like a ravin' distracted fool. Where is it? said he. What the devil has become of it? If it's your wit, said I, you are lookin' for, it's gone a wool-gatherin' more nor half an hour ago. What on airth ails you, says I, to make you act so like Old Scratch that way? Do for goodness sake, look here, Mr. Slick! said he. That immense river the Ohio, that we have been sailin' upon so many days, where is it? Where is it? said I. Why, its run into the Mississippi here to be sure; where else should it be? or did you think it was like a snake, that it curled its head onder its own belly, and run back ag'in? But, said he, the Mississippi arn't made one inch higher or one inch wider by it; it don't swell it one mite or morsel; its marvellous, ain't it? Well, jist afore that, we had been talkin' about the colonies; so, says I, I can tell you a r ore marvellous thing than that by a long chalk.

There is Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland—they all belong to the English. Well, said he, I know that as well as you do. Don't be so plaguy touchy! said I, but hear me out. They all belong to the

English, and there s no two ways about it; it's the best part of America too; better land and better climate than ourn, and free from yaller fevers, and agues, and nigger slaves, and hostile Indgians, and Lynchers, and alligators, and such like varmint; and all the trade and commarce of them colonies, and the supply of 'factured goods belong to the English too, and yet I defy any livin' soul to say he can see that it swells their trade to be one inch wider, or one inch higher; it's jist a drop in the bucket. Well, *that* is strange, said he; but it only shows the magnitude of British commerce. Yes, say sI, it does: it shows another thing too. What's that? said he. Why, said I, that their commarce is a plaguy sight deeper than the shaller pated noodles that it belongs to. Do you, said I, jist take the lead line, and sound the river jist below where the Ohio comes into it, and you will find that, though it tante broader or higher, it's an everlastin' sight *deeper* than it is above the jinin' place. It can't be otherwise in natur'

Now, turn to the Ohio, and let it run down to Baltimore, and you'd find the Mississippi, mammoth as it is, a different guess river from what you now see it. It wouldn't overrun its banks no more, nor break the dykes at New Orleens, nor leave the great Cyprus swamps under water any longer. It would look pretty streaked in dry weather, I know. Jist so with the colony trade; though you can't see it in the ocean of English trade, yet it is there. Cut it off, and see the raft of ships you'd have to spare, and the thousands of seamen you'd have to emigrate to us; and see how white about the gills Glasgow, and Greenock, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Barmin'ham would look. Cuttin' off the colonies is like cuttin' off the roots of a tree; it's an even chance if it don't blow right slap over the very first sneeze of wind that comes; and if it don't, the leaves curl up, turn yaller and fall off afore their time. Well, the next spring follerin' there is about six feet of the top dead, and the tips of the branches withered, and the leaves only half size; and the year arter, unless it sends out new roots, it's a great leafless trunk, a sight to behold; and, if it is strong enough to push out new roots, it may revive, but it never looks like itself again. *The luxuriance is gone, and gone for ever.*

You got chaps in your parliament that never seed a colony,

and yet get up and talk about 'em by the hour, and look as wise about 'em as the monkey that had seen the world.

In America all our farms a'most have what we call the rough pastur'—that is, a great rough field of a hundred acres or so near the woods, where we turn in our young cattle, and breedin' mares, and colts, and dry cows, and what not, where they take care of themselves, and the young stock grow up, and the old stock grow fat. *It's a grand outlet that to the farm, that would be overstocked without it.* We could not do without it nohow. *Now, your colonies are a great field for a redundant population, a grand outlet.* Ask the *Eye*-talians what fixed their flint? Losin' the overland trade to India. Ask the folks to Cadiz what put them up to a tree? Losin' the trade to South America. If that's too far off, ask the people of Bristol and Chester what sewed them up? and they will tell you, while they was asleep, Liverpool ran off with their trade. And if you havn't time to go there, ax the first coachman you get alongside of, what he thinks of the railroads? and jist listen to the funeral hymn he'll sing over the turnpikes. When I was to England last, I always did that when I was in a hurry, and it put coachee into such a passion, he'd turn to and lick his horses out o' spite into a full gallop. D—n 'em, he'd say, them that sanctioned them rails, to ruin the 'pikes, (get along, you lazy willain, Charley, and he'd lay it into the wheeler,) they out to be hanged, sir, (that's the ticket, and he'd whop the leader,)—yes, sir, to be hanged, for what is become of them as lent their money on the 'pikes? (wh—ist, crack, crack goes the whip)—hanged and quartered they ought to be. These men ought to be relunerated as well as the slave-holders; I wonder, sir, what we shall all come to yet? Come to, says I; why to be a stoker to be sure; that's what all you coachmen will eend in at last, as sure as you are born. A stoker, sir, said he, (looking as both'red as if it wor a French furriner that word,) what the devil is that? Why, a stoker, says I, is a critter that draws, and stirs, and pokes the fire of a steam engin'. I'd sooner die first, sir, said he; I would, d—n me if I wouldn't! Only think of a man of my age and size bein' a stoker, sir; I wouldn't be in the feller's skin that would propose it to me, for the best shillin' as ever come out o' the mint. Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*, he'd say to the off

for'ard horse, (alayin'it into him like mad,) and do you your own work, you dishonest rascal. It is fun alive, you may depend.

No, sir, lose your colonies, and you'd have *Eye*-talian cities without their climate, *Eye*-talian lazaroni without their light hearts to sing over their poverty, (for the English can't sing a bit better nor bull-frogs,) and worse than *Eye*-talian eruptions and volcanoes in politics, without the grandeur and sublimity of those in natur' Deceive not yourselves; if you lop off the branches, the tree perishes, for the leaves elaborate the sap that vivifies, nourishes, and supports the trunk. There's two ways about it, squire: "*them who say colonies are no good, are either fools or knaves; if they be fools, they ain't worth answerin'; and if they are knaves, send them to the treadmill, till they larn to speak the truth.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

KEEPING UP THE STEAM.

It is painful to think of the blunders that have been committed from time to time in the management of our colonies, and of the gross ignorance, or utter disregard of their interests, that has been displayed in the treaties with foreign powers. Fortunately for the mother country, the colonists are warmly attached to her and her institutions, and deplore a separation too much to agitate questions, however important, that may have a tendency to awaken their affections by arousing their passions. The time, however, has now arrived when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children. Other and nearer, and for the time, most important interests, have occupied her attention, and diverted her thoughts from those distant portions of the empire. Much, therefore, that has been done, may be attributed to want of accurate information, while it is to be feared much also has arisen from not duly appreciating their importance. The government of the provinces has been but too often entrusted to persons who have been selected, not so much from their peculiar fitness for the situation, as with reference to their interest, or their claims for reward for past services in other departments.

From persons thus chosen, no very accurate or useful information can be expected. This is the more to be regretted, as the resolutions of the dominant party, either in the House of Assembly or Council, are not always to be received as conclusive evidence of public opinion. They are sometimes produced by accidental causes, often by temporary excitement, and frequently by the intrigue or talents of one man. In the colonies, the legislature is more often in advance of public opinion than coerced by it, and the *pressure from without* is sometimes caused by the excitement *previously existing within*, while in many cases the people do not participate in the views of their representatives. Hence the resolutions of one day are sometimes rescinded the next, and a subsequent session, or a new house, is found to hold opinions opposed to those of its predecessor. To these difficulties in obtaining accurate information, may be added the uncertain character of that arising from private sources. Individuals having access to the Colonial Office are not always the best qualified for consultation, and interest or prejudice is but too often found to operate insensibly even upon those whose sincerity and integrity are undoubted. As a remedy for these evils it has been proposed to give the colonies a representation in parliament, but the measure is attended with so many objections, and such inherent difficulties, that it may be considered almost impracticable. The only satisfactory and efficient prescription that political quackery has hitherto suggested, appears to be that of a Colonial Council-board, composed principally, if not wholly, of persons from the respective provinces: who, while the minister changes with the cabinet of the day, shall remain as permanent members, to inform, advise, and assist his successor. *None but natives can fully understand the peculiar feelings of the colonists.* The advantages to be derived from such a board are too obvious to be enlarged upon, and will readily occur to any one at all conversant with these subjects; for it is a matter of notoriety, that a correspondence may be commenced by one minister, continued by a second, and terminated by a third, so rapid have sometimes been the changes in this department. It is not my business, however, to suggest, (and I heartily rejoice that it is not, for I am no projector,) but simply to record the sayings and doings of that eccentric per-

sonage, Mr. Samuel Slick, to whom it is now high time to return.

You object, said I, to the present line of government packets running between Falmouth and Halifax (and I must say not without reason): pray what do you propose to substitute in their places? Well, I don't know, said he, as I jist altogether ought to blart out all I think about it. Our folks mightn't be over half pleased with me for the hint, for our New York liners have the whole run of the passengers now, and plaguy proud our folks be of it, too, I tell you. Lord! if it was to leake out it was me that put you up to it, I should have to gallop through the country when I returned home, as Head did—you know Head the author, don't you? There are several gentlemen of that name, I replied, who have distinguished themselves as authors: pray which do you mean? Well, I don't know, said he, as I can jist altogether indicate the identical man I mean, but I calculate it's him that galloped the wild horses in the Pampas a hundred miles a day hand runnin', day in and day out, on beef-tea made of hung beef and cold water;—it's the gallopin' one I mean; he is Governor to Canada now, I believe. You know in that are book he wrote on gallopin', he says, "The greatest luxury in all natur' is to ride without trousers on a horse without a saddle,"—what we call bare-breeched and bare-backed. (Oh Lord! I wonder he didn't die alarfin', I do, I vow. Them great thistles that he says grow in the Pampas as high as a human head, must have tickled a man a'most to death that rode that way.) Well, now, if I was to tell you how to work it, I should have to ride armed, as he was in his travels, with two pair of detonatin' pistols and a double-barrelled-gun, and when I seed a guacho of a New Yorker a-comin', clap the reins in my mouth, set off at a full gallop, pint a pistol at him with each hand; or else I'd have to lasso him,—that's sartin,—for they'd make travellin' in that state too hot for me to wear breeches I know, I'd have to off with them full chisel, and go it bare-backed,—that's as clear as mud. I believe Sir Francis Head is no great favourite, I replied, with your countrymen, but he is very popular with the colonist, and very deservedly so. He is an able and efficient governor, and possesses the entire confidence of the provinces. He is placed in a very difficult

situation, and appears to display great tact and great talent. Well, well, said he, let that pass; I won't say he don't, though I wish he wouldn't talk so much ag'in us as he does anyhow; but will you promise you won't let on it was me now if I tell you? Certainly, said I, your name shall be concealed. Well, then, I'll tell you, said he; turn your attention to steam navigation to Halifax. Steam will half ruin England yet, if they don't mind. It will drain it of its money, drain it of its population, and—what's more than all—what it can spare least of all, and what it will feel more nor all, its artisans, its skilful workmen, and its honest, intelligent, and respectable middle classes. It will leave you nothin' in time but your aristocracy and your poor. A trip to America is goin' to be nothin' more than a trip to France, and folks will go where land is cheap and labour high. It will build the new world up, but it will drain the old one out in a way no one thinks on. Turn this tide of emigration to your own provinces, or as sure as eggs is eggs we will get it all. You han't no notion what steam is destined to do for America. It will make it look as bright as a pewter button yet, I know.

The distance, as I make it, from Bristol to New York Light-house, is 3037 miles; From Bristol to Halifax Light-house is 2479; from Halifax Light to New York Light is 522 miles,—in all, 3001 miles; 558 miles shorter than New York line: and even going to New York, 36 miles shorter to stop to Halifax than go to New York direct. I fix on Bristol 'cause it's a better port for the purpose than Liverpool, and the new railroad will be jist the dandy for you. But them great, fat, porter-drinkin' critters of Bristol have been asnorin' fast asleep for half a century, and only jist got one eye open now. I'm most afeerd they will turn over, and take the second nap, and if they do they are done for—that's a fact. Now you take the chart and work it yourself, squire, for I'm no great hand at navigation. I've been a whaling voyage, and a few other seatrips, and I know a little about it, but not much, and yet, if I ain't pretty considerable near the mark, I'll give them leave to guess that knows better—that's all. Get you legislatur' to persuade government to contract with the Great Western folks to carry the mail, and drop it in their way to New York; for you got

as much and as good coal to Nova Scotia as England has, and the steam-boats would have to carry a supply for 550 miles less, and could take in a stock at Halifax for the return voyage to Europe. If ministers won't do that, get 'em to send steam-packets of their own, and you wouldn't be no longer an everlastin outlandish country no more as you be now. And, more nor that, you wouldn't lose all the best emigrants and all their capital, who now go to the States 'cause the voyage is safer, and remain there 'cause they are tired of travellin', and can't get down here without risk of their precious necks and ugly mugs.

But John Bull is like all other sponsible folks; he thinks 'cause he is rich he is wise too, and knows everythin', when in fact he knows plaguy little outside of his own location. Like all other consaited folks, too, he don't allow nobody else to know nothin' neither but himself. The *Eye*talian is too lazy, the French too smirky, the Spaniard too banditti, the Dutch too smoky, the German too dreamy, the Scotch too itchy, the Irish too popey, and the Yankee too tricky; all low, all ignorant, all poor. He thinks the noblest work of God an *English*man. He is on considerable good tarms with himself, too, is John Bull, when he has his go-to-meetin' clothes on, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his puss buttoned up tight in his trousers pocket. He wears his hat a little a one side, rakish-like, whaps his cane down agin the pavement hard, as if he intended to keep things in their place, swaggers a few, as if he thought he had a right to look big, and stares at you full and hard in the face, with a knowin' toss of the head, as much as to say, "*That's me, damn you*, and who you be I don't know, and what's more, I don't want to know; so clear the road double quick, will you?" Yes, take John at his own valiation, and I guess you'd get a considerable hard bargain of him, for he is old, thick in the wind, tender in the foot, weak in the knees, too cussed fat to travel, and plaguy cross-grained and ill-tempered. If you go for to raise your voice at him, or even so much as lay the weight of your finger on him, his Ebenezer is up in a minit'. I don't like him one bit, and I don't know who the plague does: but that's neither here nor there.

Do you get your legislatur' to interfere in this matter, for steam navigation will be the makin' of you if you work it right.

It is easy, I replied, to suggest, but not quite so easy, Mr. Slick, as you suppose, to have these projects carried into execution. Government may not be willing to permit the mail to be carried by contract. Permit it! said he, with great animation; to be sure it will permit it. Don't they grant everything you ask? don't they concede one thing arter another to you to keep you quiet, till they ain't got much left to concede? It puts me in mind of a missionary I once seed down to Bows and Arrows (Buenos Ayres). He went out to convart the people from bein' Roman Catholics, and to persuade the Spaniards to pray in English instead of Latin, and to get dipt anew by him, and he carried sway there like a house a fire, till the sharks one day made a tarnation sly dash among his convarts that was was awadin' out in the water, and jist walked off with three on 'em by the legs, screamin' and yelpin' like mad. Arter that he took to a pond outside the town, and one day, as he was awalkin' out with his hands behind him, ameditatin' on that are profane trick the sharks played him, and what a slippery world this was, and what not, who should he meet but a party of them Guachos, that galloped up to him as quick as wink, and made him prisoner. Well, they jist fell to, and not only robbed him of all he had, but stripped him of all his clothes but his breeches, and them they left him for decency sake to get back to town in. Poor critter! he felt streaked enough, I do assure you; he was near about frightened out of his seven senses; he didn't know whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, and was e'en a'most sure they were agoin' to murder him. So, said he, my beloved friends, said he, I beseech you, is there anythin' more you want of me? Do we want anythin' more of you? says they; why, you han't got nothin' left but your breeches, you nasty, dirty, blackguard heretic you, and do you want to part with them too? and they jist fell too and welted him all the way into the town with the tip eend of their lassos, larfin' and hoopin', and hollerin' at the joke like so many ravin' distracted devils.

Well, now, your government is near about as well off as the missionary was: they've granted everythin' they had a'most, till they han't got much more than the breeches left—the mere sovereignty, and that's all. No, no; jist you ask for steam-

packets, and you'll get 'em, that's a fact. Oh, squire, if John Bull only knew the valy of these colonies, he would be a great man, I tell *you;* but he don't. You can't make an account of 'em in dollars and cents, the cost on one side, and the profit on t'other, and strike the balance of the "*tottle of the hull,*" as that are crittur Hume calls it. You can't put into figurs a nursery for seamen; a resource for timber if the Baltic is shot ag'in you, or a population of brave and loyal people, a growin' and sure market, an outlet for emigration, the first fishery in the world, their political and relative importance, the power they would give a rival, convartin' a friend into a foe, or a customer into a rival, or a shop full of goods, and no sale for 'em—*Figures are the representatives of numbers, and not things.* Molesworth may talk and Hume may cypher, till one on 'em is as hoarse as a crow, and t'other as blind as a bat, and they won't make that table out, I know.

That's all very true, I said, but you forget that the latter gentleman says that America is now a better customer than when she was a colony, and maintains her own government at her own expense, and therefore he infers that the remaining dependencies are useless incumbrances. And he forgets too, he replied, that he made his fortin' himself in a colony, and therefore it don't become him to say so, and that America is larnin' to sell as well as to buy, and to manufactur' as well as to import, and to hate as much, and a little grain more, than she loved, and that you are weaker by all her strength. He forgets, too, that them that separate from a government, or secede from a church, always hate those they leave much worse than those who are born in different states or different sects. It's a fact, I assure you, those critters that desarted our church to Slickville in temper that time about the choice of an elder, was the only ones that hated, and reviled, and parsecuted us in all Connecticut, for we were on friendly or neutral terms with all the rest. Keep a sharp look out always for disasters, for when they jine the enemy they fight like the devil. *No one hates like him that has once been a friend.* He forgets that a —— but it's no use atalkin'; you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as talk to a goney that says fifteen millions of inimies are as good as fifteen millions of friends, unless indeed

it is with nations as with individuals, that it is better to have some folks ag'in you than for you, for I vow there are chaps in your parliament that ain't no credit to no party.

But this folly of John Bull ain't the worst of it, squire; it's considerable more silly; *he invites the colonists to fight his own troops, and then pays all the expense of the entertainment.* If that don't beat cock-fightin', it's a pity; it fairly bangs the bush, that. If there's a rebellion to Canada, squire (and there will be as sure as there are snakes in Varginy), it will be planned, advised, and sot on foot in London, you may depend; for them simple critters, the French, would never think of it, if they were not put up to it. Them that advise Papinor to rebel, and set his folks to murder Englishmen, and promise to back them in England, are for everlastin'ly atalkin' of economy, and yet instigate them parley vous to put the nation to more expence than they and their party ever saved by all their barking in their life, or ever could, if they were to live as long as Merusalem. If them poor Frenchmen rebel, jist pardon them right off the reel without sayin' a word, for they don't know nothin', but rig up a gallus in London as high as a church steeple, and I'll give you the names of a few villains there, the cause of all the murders and arsons, and robberies and miseries, and sufferins that'll foller. Jist take 'em and string 'em up like onsafe dogs. A crittur that throws a firebrand among combustibles, must answer for the fire; and when he throws it into his neighbour's house, and not his own, he is both a coward and a villain. Cuss 'em! hanging is too good for 'em, I say; don't you, squire?

This was the last conversation I had with the Clockmaker on politics. I have endeavoured to give his remarks in his own language, and as nearly verbatim as I could; but they were so desultory and discursive, that they rather resembled thinking them aloud than a connected conversation, and his illustrations often led him into such long episodes, that he sometimes wandered into new topics before he had closed his remarks upon the subject he was discoursing on. It is, I believe, not an uncommon mode with Americans, when they talk, to amuse rather than convince. Although there is evidently some exaggeration, there is also a great deal of truth in his observations.

They are the result of long experience, and a thorough and intimate knowledge of the provinces, and I confess I think they are entitled to great weight.

The bane of the colonies, as of England, it appears to me, is ultra opinions. The cis-Atlantic ultra tory, is a nondescript animal, as well as the ultra radical. Neither have the same objects or the same principles with those in the mother country, whose names they assume. It is difficult to say which does most injury. The violence of the radical defeats his own views; the violence of his opponent defeats those of the government, while both incite each other to greater extremes. It is not easy to define the principles of either of these ultra political parties in the colonies. An unnatural, and, it would appear, a personal, and therefore a contemptible jealousy, influences the one, and a ridiculous assumption the other, the smallest possible amount of salary being held as sufficient for a public officer by the former, and the greater part of the revenues inadequate for the purpose by the latter, while patriotism and loyalty are severally claimed as the exclusive attributes of each. As usual, extremes meet, the same emptiness distinguishes both, the same loud professions, the same violent invectives, and the same selfishness. They are carnivorous animals, having a strong appetite to devour their enemies, and occasionally showing no repugnance to sacrifice a friend. Amidst the clamours of these noisy disputants, the voice of the thinking and moderate portion of the community is drowned, and government but too often seems to forget the existence of this more numerous, more respectable, and more valuable class. He who adopts extreme radical doctrines in order to carry numbers by flattering their prejudices, or he who assumes the tone of the ultra tory of England, because he imagines it to be that of the aristocracy of that country, and more current among those of the little colonial courts, betrays at once a want of sense and a want of integrity, and should be treated accordingly by those who are sent to administer the government. There is as little safety in the councils of those who, seeing no defect in the institutions of their country, or desiring no change beyond an extension of patronage and salary, stigmatise all who differ from them as discontented and disloyal, as there is in a party that call for

organic changes in the constitution, for the mere purpose of supplanting their rivals, by opening new sources of preferment for themselves. Instead of committing himself into the hands of either of these factions, as is often the case, and thereby at once inviting and defying the opposition of the other, a governor should be instructed to avoid them both, and to assemble round him for council those only who partake not of the selfishness of the one, or the violence of the other, but who, uniting firmness with moderation, are not afraid to redress a grievance because it involves a change, or to uphold the established institutions of the country, because it exposes them to the charge of corrupt motives. Such men exist in every colony: and though a governor may not find them the most prominent, he will at least find them the surest and safest guides in the end. Such a course of policy will soften the asperities of party by stripping it of success, will rally round the local governments men of property, integrity, and talent; and inspire, by its impartiality, moderation, and consistency, a feeling of satisfaction and confidence through the whole population.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARTING ADVICE.

HAVING now fulfilled his engagement with me, Mr. Slick informed that business required his presence at the river Philip, and that, as he could delay his departure no longer, he had called for the purpose of taking leave. I am plaguy loth to part with you, said he, you may depend; it makes me feel quite lonesum' like: but I ain't quite certified we shan't have a tower in Europe yet afore we've done. You have a pair of pistols, squire,—as neat a little pair of sneezers as I e'en a'most ever seed, and——They are yours, I said; I am glad you like them, and I assure you you could not gratify me more than by doing me the favour to accept them. That's jist what I was agoin' to say, said he, and I brought my rifle here to ax you to exchange for em; it will sometimes put you in mind of Sam Slick the Clockmaker, and them are little pistols are such grand pocket

companions, there won't be a day a'most I won't think of the squire. He then examined the lock of the rifle, turned it over, and looked at the stock, and bringing it to his shoulder, run his eye along the barrel, as if in the act of discharging it. True as a hair, squire, there's can't be no better;—and there's the mould for the balls that jist fit her; you may depend on her to a sartainty: she'll never deceive you; there's no mistake in a rael right down genu*wine* good Kentuck, I tell you: but as you ain't much used to 'em, always bring her slowly up to the line of sight, and then let go as soon as you have the range. If you bring her *down* to the sight instead of *up*, she'll be apt to settle a little below it in your hands, and carry low. That wrinkle is worth havin', I tell you; that's a fact. Take time, elevate her slowly, so as to catch the range to a hair, and you'll hit a dollar at seventy yards hard runnin' I can take the eye of a squirrel out with her as easy as kiss my hand. A fair exchange is no robbery anyhow, and I shall set great store by them are pistols, you may depend.

Havin' finished that are little trade, squire, there is another small matter I want to talk over with you afore I quit, that perhaps it would be as well you and I onderstand each other upon. What is that? I said. Why, the last time, squire, said he, I travelled with you, you published our tower in a book, and there were some notions in it gave me a plaguy sight of oneasiness; that's a fact. Some things you coloured so, I didn't know 'em when I seed 'em again; some things you left out holus bolus, and there were some small matters I never heerd tell of afore till I seed them writ down; you must have made them out of whole cloth. When I went home to see about the stock I had in the Slickville bank, folks scolded a good deal about it. They said it warn't the part of a good citizen for to go to publish anythin' to lessen our great nation in the eyes of foreigners, or to lower the exalted station we had among the nations of the airth. They said the dignity of the American people was at stake, and they were detarmined some o' these days to go to war with the English if they didn't give up some o' their writers to be punished by our laws; and that if any of our citizens was accessory to such practices, and they totched him, they'd give him an American jacket, that is, a

warp of tar, and a nap wove of feathers. I don't feel therefore altogether easy 'bout your new book; I should like to see it afore we part, to soften down things a little, and to have matters set to rights, afore the slang-whangers get hold of it.

I think, too, atween you and me, you had ought to let me go sheers in the speck, for I have suffered considerable by it. The clock trade is done now in this province; there's an eend to that; you've put a toggle into that chain; you couldn't give 'em away now a'most. Our folks are not over and above well pleased with me, I do assure you; and the Blue-noses say I have dealt considerable hard with them. They are plaguy ryled, you may depend; and the English have come in for their share of the curryin' too. I han't made many friends by it, I know; and if there is anythin' to be made out of the consarn, I think it no more than fair I should have my share of it. One thing, however, I hope you will promise me, and that is to show me the manuscript afore you let it go out of your hands. Certainly, said I, Mr. Slick, I shall have great pleasure in reading it over to you before it goes to the press; and if there is anything in it that will compromise you with your countrymen, or injure your feelings, I will strike out the objectionable passage, or soften it down to meet your wishes. Well, said he, that's pretty; now I like that; and if you take a fancy to travel in the States, or to take a tower in Europe, I'm your man. Send me a line to Slickville, and I'll jine you where you like and when you like. I shall be to Halifax in a month from the present time, and will call and see you; p'r'aps you will have the book ready then:—and presenting me with his rifle, and putting the pistols in his pocket, he took leave of me and drove into the country.

Fortunately, when he arrived, I had the manuscript completed; and when I had finished reading it to him, he deliberately lit his cigar, and folding his arms, and throwing himself back in his chair, which he balanced on two legs, he said, I presume I may ax what is your object in writing that book? You don't like republics, that's sartin, for you have coloured matters so, it's easy to see which way the cat jumps. Do you mean to write a satire on our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens?—because if you do, jist rub my name out of it, if you please. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I won't

have nothin' to do with it on no account. It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest. I'm not agoin' for to wake up a swarm of hornets about my ears, I tell you; I know a trick worth two o' that, I reckon. Is it to sarve a particular purpose, or is it a mere tradin' speck? I will tell you candidly, sir, what my object is, I replied. In the Canadas there is a party advocating republican institutions, and hostility to everything British. In doing so, they exaggerate all the advantages of such a form of government, and depreciate the blessings of a limited monarchy. In England this party unfortunately finds too many supporters, either from a misapprehension of the true state of the case, or from a participation in their treasonable views. The sketches contained in the present and preceding series of the Clockmaker, it is hoped, will throw some light on the topics of the day, as connected with the designs of the anti-English party. The object is purely patriotic. I beg of you to be assured that I have no intention whatever to ridicule your institutions or your countrymen; nothing can be further from my thoughts; and it would give me pain if I could suppose for a moment that any person could put such an interpretation upon my conduct. I like your country, and am proud to number many citizens of the United States among those whom I honour and love. It is contentment with our own, and not disparagement of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen. Right, said he; I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all, —that's a fact. There's more fiction in this than t'other one, and there are many things in it that I don't know exactly what to say to. I guess you had better add the words to the title-page, "a work of fiction," and that will clear me, or you must put your name to it. You needn't be ashamed of it, I tell you. It's a better book than t'other one; it a'int jist altogether so local, and it goes a little grain deeper into things. If you work it right, you will make your fortin' out of it; it will make a man of you, you may depend. How so? said I; for the last volume, all the remuneration I had was the satisfaction of finding it had done some good among those for whose benefit it was designed, and I have no other expectation from this work. More fool you, then, said he; but I'll tell you how to work it.

Do you get a copy of it done off on a most beautiful paper, with a most an elegant bindin', all covered over the back with gildin', (I'll gild it for you myself complete, and charge you nothin' but the price of the gold leaf, and that a mere trifle; it only costs the matter of two shillings and sixpence a paper, or thereabouts,) and send it to the head minister of the Colonies with a letter. Says you, Minister, says you, here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You han't heerd so much truth, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankees a considerable of a hacklin', and that ought to please *you;* it shampoos the English, and that ought to please the *Yankees;* and it does make a proper fool of Bluenose, and that ought to please you *both*, because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work. Now, says you, minister, it's not altogether considered a very profitable trade to work for nothin' and find thread. An author can't live upon nothin' but air, like a cameleon, though he can change colour as often as that little critter does. This work has done a good deal of good. It has made more people hear of Nova Scotia than ever heerd tell of it afore by a long chalk: it has given it a character in the world it never had afore, and raised the valy of rael property there considerable; it has shown the world that all the Bluenoses there ain't fools, at any rate; and, though I say it that shouldn't say it, that there is one gentleman there that shall be nameless that's cut his eye-teeth, anyhow. The natives are considerable proud of him: and if you want to make an impartial deal, to tie the Nova Scotians to you for ever, to make your own name descend to posterity with honour, and to prevent the inhabitants from ever thinkin' of Yankee connexion, (mind that hint, say a good deal about that: for it's a tender point that, adjoinin' of our union, and fear is plaguy sight stronger than love any time,) you'll jist sarve him as you sarved Earl Mulgrave (though his writins ain't to be compared to the Clockmaker, no more than chalk is to cheese) you gave him the governorship of Jamaica, and arterwards of Ireland. John Russell's writins got him the berth of the leader in the House of Commons. Well, Francis Head, for his writins you made him Governor of Canada, and Walter Scott you made

a baronet of, and Bulwer you did for too, and a great many others you have got the other side of the water you sarved the same way. Now, minister, fair play is a jewel, says you; if you can reward your writers to home with governorships and baronetcies, and all sorts o' snug things, let's have a taste o' the good things this side o' the water too. You needn't be afraid o' bein' too often troubled that way by authors from this country, (It will make him larf that, and there's many a true word said in joke); but we've got a sweet tooth here as well as you have. Poor pickins in this country, and colonists are as hungry as hawks. The Yankee made Washington Irvin' a minister plenipo', to honour him; and Blackwood, last November, in his magazine, says that are Yankee books ain't fit to be named in the same day with the Clockmaker—that they're nothin' but Jeremiads. Now, though Blackwood desarves to be well kicked for his politics, (mind and say that, for he abuses the ministry sky-high that feller—I wouldn't take that crittur's sarse, if I was them, for nothin' a'most—he raelly does blow them up in great style,) he ain't a bad judge of books—at least it don't become me to say so; and if he don't know much about 'em, I do; I wont turn my back on any one in that line. So, minister, says you, jist tip a stave to the Governor of Nova Scotia, order him to inquire out the author, and to tell that man, that distinguished man, that Her Majesty delights to reward merit and honour talent, and that if he will come home, she'll make a man of him for ever, for the sake of her royal father, who lived so long among the Blue-noses, who can't forget him very soon. Don't threaten him; for I've often obsarved, if you go for to threaten John Bull, he jist squares off to fight without sayin' of a word; but give him a hint. Says you, I had a peacock, and a dreadful pretty bird he was, and a most a beautiful splendid long tail he had too; well, whenever I took the pan o' crumbs out into the poultry-yard to feed the fowls, the nasty stingy critter never would let any of 'em have a crumb till he sarved himself and his sweetheart first. Our old Muscovy drake, he didn't think this a fair deal at all, and he used to go awalkin' round and round the pan ever so often, alongin' to get a dip into it; but peacock he always flew at him and drove him off. Well, what does drake do, (for he thought he wouldn't threaten him, for

fear of gettin' a thrashin') but he goes round and seizes him by the tail, and pulls him head over heels, and drags him all over the yard till he pulls every one of his great, long, beautiful feathers out, and made a most proper lookin' fool of him—that's a fact. It made peacock as civil as you please for ever after. Now, says you, Mr. Slick and I talk of goin' to England next year, and writin' a book about the British: if I ain't allowed to get at the pan of crumbs, along with some o' them big birds with long tails, and get my share of 'em, some folks had better look out for squalls: if Clockmaker gets hold of 'em by the tail, if he don't make the feathers fly it's a pity. A joke is a joke, but, I guess they'll find that no joke. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; so come down handsum', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-haulin' in store for some of you that shall be nameless, as sure as you are born.

Now, squire, do that, and see if they don't send you out governor of some colony or another; and if they do, jist make me your deputy secretary, that's a good man, and we'll write books till we write ourselves to the very tip-top of the ladder we will, by gum! Ah! my friend, said I, writing a book is no such great rarity in England as it is in America, I assure you and colonies would soon be wanting if every author were to be made a governor. It's a rarity in the colonies, though, said he and I should like to know how many governors there are who could write the two Clockmakers. Why they never had one that could do it to save his soul alive. Come, come, Mr. Slick, said I, no *soft sawder* if you please, to me. I have no objections to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desirc to be made the subject of one myself. I am not quite such a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor. Some books, said he, such as I could name; but this I will say and maintain to my dyin' day, that a man that knows all that's set down in the Clockmaker's, (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable siftins left in it yet,) is fit for governor of any place in the univarsal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buren himself (the prettiest penman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'em jist take you up by the heels and shake you, and see if as much more don't come out.

If you really are in earnest, I said, all I can say is, that you very much over-rate it. You think favourably of the work, because you are kind enough to think favourably of the author. All this is very well as a joke; but I assure you they would not even condescend to answer such a communication at the Colonial Office: they would set such a letter down as the ravings of insanity—as one of the innumerable instances that are constantly occurring of the vanity and folly of authors. Don't you believe it, said he; and if you don't send it, I hope I may be shot if I don't. I'll send it through our minister at the Court of St. James's. He'll do it with pleasure; he'll feel proud of it as an American production—as a rival to Pickwick Papers, as the American Boz; he will, I vow. That's jist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now; you shall be ambassador to our court to Washinton. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politics, American character, and American feelin', has jist fitted you for it. It's a grand birth that, and private secretary will suit me to a notch. I can do your writin', and plenty o' time to spare to spekilate in cotton, niggers, and tobacco too. That's it—that's the dandy! And he jumped up, snapped his fingers, and skipped about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. Here, waiter, d—n your eyes (for I must larn to swear—the English all swear like troopers; the French call 'em Mountsheer G—d d—ns;) here, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of the American people, (that's you, squire, said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) that Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin'. Come, bear a hand, rat you, and stir your stumps, and mind the title, do you hear,—Mr. Secretary Slick. I have the honour to wish your Excellency, said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hands—I have the honour to wish your Excellency good night and good bye.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

THIRD SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE.

THE communication by steam between Nova Scotia and England will form a new era in colonial history. It will draw closer the bonds of affection between the two countries, afford a new and extended field for English capital, and develope the resources of that valuable but neglected province. Mr. Slick, with his usual vanity, claims the honour of suggesting it, as well as the merit of having, by argument and ridicule, reasoned and shamed the Government into its adoption. His remarks upon the cruelty of employing the unsafe and unfortunate gun-brigs hat constituted the line of Falmouth packets, until they severally foundered and disappeared with their gallant crews, are too personal and too severe to be recorded in this place, and the credit he claims for having attracted the attention, and directed the indignation of the public to this disgraceful sacrifice of human life, is so extravagant, that one would suppose this obvious and palpable error had escaped the observation of all the world but himself, and was altogether a new discovery. But, whatever praise he may deserve for his calculations and suggestions, or whatever blame is to be attached to the Admiralty for their obstinate adherence to the memorable "coffin-ships," I prefer looking forward, to dwelling on a painful retrospect, and indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, to commenting on the errors of the past.

This route, by its connexion with that of New York, will afford an agreeable tour, commencing at Halifax, passing through the colonies, and terminating at the Hudson. It will offer a delightful substitute for that of the Rhine, and the beaten tracts on the Continent. As soon as it was announced that Government had decided upon adopting Mr. Slick's designs, I wrote to him

informing him of the fact, and of my intention to proceed to St. John, the State of Maine, New England, and New York, and requested him to meet me as soon as possible, and accompany me on this journey, as I proposed taking passage at the latter place in a steamer for Great Britain. I left Halifax on the 10th of May last, and embarked on board of the Great Western in July. It was the third, and will probably be the last tour on this continent performed in company with this eccentric individual. During the journey there were few incidents of sufficient novelty to interest the reader, but his conversation partook of the same originality, the same knowledge of human nature, and the same humour as formerly; and whenever he developed any new traits of character or peculiarity of feeling, not exhibited in our previous travels, I carefully noted them as before, and have now the pleasure of giving them to the public. As a whole they form a very tolerable portrait of an erratic Yankee trader, which, whatever may be the merit of the execution, has, at least, the advantage, and deserves the praise, of fidelity.

The morning I left Halifax was one of those brilliant ones that in this climate distinguish this season of the year; and as I ascended the citadel hill, and paused to look for the last time upon the noble and secure harbour, the sloping fields and wooded hills of Dartmouth, and the tranquil waters and graceful course of the North West Arm, which, embosomed in wood, insinuates itself around the peninsula, and embraces the town, I thought with pleasure that the time had now arrived when this exquisite scenery would not only be accessible to European travellers, but form one of the termini of the great American tour. Hitherto it has been known only to the officers of the army and navy, the former of whom are but too apt to have their first pleasurable impressions effaced by a sense of exile, which a long unvaried round of garrison duty in a distant land so naturally induces; and the latter to regard good shelter and safe anchorage as the greatest natural beauties of a harbour.

After leaving Halifax the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervaded everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing, object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of

the elements! A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the pannels; and that long luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it*. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous decents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and

* This was the case when I was there in 1828; since then porch and tree have both disappeared.

use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

> "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres."

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to

pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince,—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banquetting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary, neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified, by what he has seen.

The affectionate remembrance we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret, and increased the interest I felt in this lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was neither effaced or weakened by time or distance. Should these pages happily meet the eye of a Colonial Minister, who has other objects in view than the security of place and the interest of a party, may they remind him of a duty that has never been performed but by the illustrious individual, whose former residence among us gave rise to these reflections.

This work is designed for the cottage, and not for the palace; and the author has not the presumption even to hope it can ever be honoured by the perusal of his sovereign. Had he any ground for anticipating such a distinction for it, he would avail himself of this opportunity of mentioning that in addition to the dutiful affection the Nova Scotians have always borne to their monarch, they feel a more lively interest in, and a more devoted attachment to, the present occupant of the throne, from the circumstance of the long and close connection that subsisted between them and her illustrious parent. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his notice, and to possess merit a sufficient guarantee for his favour. Her Majesty reigns therefore in this little province in the hearts of her subjects, a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in her Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot, and statesmen will not give. While therefore as protégés of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the sovereign of the empire as "*their own Queen*," they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as "*the Queen's own.*"

CHAPTER II.

PLAYING A CARD.

I HAD lingered so long about these grounds, that the day was too far spent to think of reaching Windsor before night, and I therefore determined upon wiling away the afternoon in examining, by the aid of a diving-bell, the hulls of several ships of a French fleet, which at an early period of the history of this country took shelter in Bedford Basin, and was sunk by the few survivors of the crews to prevent their falling into the hands of the English. The small-pox, at that time so fatal a scourge to

the human race, appearing among them soon after their arrival, nearly depopulated the fleet, destroyed the neighbouring village, and swept off one-third of the whole tribe of Nova Scotia Indians. So dreadful a mortality has never been witnessed on this continent; and the number of strangers thus suddenly smote with death at this place, exceeded by several thousands the amount of the population of the country in which they were interred. Of one of the most powerful armaments ever fitted out by France, a few hundred of persons only survived to return to their native land to tell the sad tale of their misfortunes. The ships are still distinctly visible in calm weather, and the rising ground in the neighbourhood where the Duke d'Anville and his mighty host were buried is again clothed with wood, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding forest, except by the inequality of the surface, caused by numerous trenches cut into it to receive the dead. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty, and deep and melancholy interest. The ruined Lodge, the sunken fleet, the fatal encampment, and the lonely and desolate cemetery of those unfortunate strangers, form a more striking and painful assemblage of objects than is to be found in any other part of British America.

On my return to the inn I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Slick, who was on his way to Halifax, for the purpose of arranging the details of our journey. In the course of the evening I succeeded in obtaining his consent, not merely to attend me to New York, but to accompany me to England. He was in great spirits at the idea of transferring the scene and subjects of our conversation to the other side of the water, where, he said, he could indulge in greater freedom of remark than he could here, having always been afraid of wounding the feelings of his own countrymen, and alienating the affections of his old friends, the colonists, for whom he professed great regard.

On the following morning, when the little light travelling-waggon was driven round from the coach-yard, I was delighted to see that the Clockmaker had brought his favourite horse, "Old Clay," with him. Come, step in, squire, said he, as he held the reins; "Old Clay" is a-pawing and a-chawing like mad; he wants to show you the way to Windsor, and he is jist the boy that *can* do it. Hold up your head, my old *gi*-raffe,

said he, and make the folks a bow; it's the last time you will ever see them in all *your* born days: and now off with you as if you was in rael wide awake airnest, and turn out your toes pretty. Never stop for them idle critturs that stand starin' in the road there, as if they never seed a horse afore, but go right over them like wink, my old snort, for you'll be to Conne'ticut afore they can wake up the crowner and summon a jury, *I* know. There's no occasion to hurry tho' at that rate, or you'll set my axle a-fire. There, that will do now, jist fourteen miles an hour. I don't calculate to drive faster on a journey, squire, for it sweats him, and then you have to dry him arterwards afore you water him, so there is nothing gained by it. Ain't he a horrid handsome horse, a most endurin' quickster, a rael salt, that's all? He is the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horse hide. What an eye he has!—you might hang your hat on it. And then his nostrils! Lord, they open like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles on *his* feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife.

There now, squire, ain't that magnificient? you can hear him, but can't see him; he goes like a bullet out of a rifle, when its dander is up. Ain't he a whole team that, and a horse to spare? Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk, a from squerrel's jump to the eend of the chapter, and show the gentlemen what you *can* do. Anybody can see he ain't a Blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fighten to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he *can* do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare: there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount *him*. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffee:—what would ridin' him do? And now, squire, here goes for Slickville, Onion county, state of Conne'ticut, *U*nited States of America. Here's for home.

The very mention of Slickville awakened in my mind a desire to see its venerable and excellent pastor, Mr. Hopewell, so often quoted and so affectionately remembered by Mr. Slick. Every saying of his that I had heard, and every part of his conduct, in

private or public life, recorded in the previous volumes, had been marked by such a benevolent and Christian feeling, and by such sound sense and good judgment, that I was fully prepared to honour and to love him. Indeed one of the best traits in the Clockmaker's character was the great affection he always expressed for his old friend and preceptor, whose opinions and maxims he had carefully treasured as rules of conduct that were infallible. With natural shrewdness, Mr. Slick, like most men of his class, was eminently gifted; but the knowledge of men and things which he derived from his learned and exemplary friend made him a wiser man, and more of a philosopher, than is usually found in his station of life.

It made him "*a great card;*" a saying of his with which I was furnished in the following whimsical conversation. In the course of our morning's drive, I happened to ask him if he interfered much in politics when he was at home at Slickville. No, said he, not now. I was once an assembly man, but since then I ginn up politicks. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, squire. There are always plenty of chaps volunteerin' to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortins, if they had any, either. No; I have given that up. Clockmakin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldn't sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half the work by not havin' my mind on it. Save your country, says one; save it from ruin; cut down salaries.—I intend to, says I. Watch the officials, says another; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public sarvants should be masters of the public.—I quite concur with you, says I. Reduce lawyers' fees, says some; they are a-eatin' up of the country like locusts.—Jist so, said I. A bounty on wheat, says the farmer, for your life. Would you tax the mechanic to inrich the agriculturist? says the manufacturer. Make a law agin thistles, says one; a regulator about temperance, says another; we have a right to drink if we please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a fourth—it 's the curse of the state; and so on without eend. I

was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasin' nobody. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favour or another, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they was so heavy.

At last the great day came, and the governor, and senate, and representatives all walked in procession, and the artillery fired, and the band of the caravan of wild beasts was hired to play for us, and we organized in due form, and the Governor's message was read. I must say that day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honour, and was filled with visions of glory to come. Well, says I to myself, the great *game* is now to be played in rael airnest, and no mistake: *what card shall I play?* The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a-comin' in *by honours*, or, if I have good luck, *by the odd trick*. What shall I *lead off* with? I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a-rollin' and a-tossin' over, like cramp in the stomack, not knowin' what to do: at last I got an idea. *Extension of suffrage*, says I, *is the card I'll play*. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules. At that time, squire, we had the forty shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went for univarsal suffrage; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on the strength of the new votes, and president arterwards; and it *did* seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best *card in the pack*.

So out I jumps from bed, a-walkin' up and down the room in my shirt tail, a-workin' away at my speech like anything, and dreadful hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't broughten up to the business. I had to go over it and over it ever so often, for every now and then I'de stick fast, get bothered, and forget where I was, and have to begin agin; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was just drawin' to a close, and had nearly scored and rough-hew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run agin' the bed-post in the dark, and nearly knocked my brains out. Well, next night I worked at it agin, only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be a-stumblin' up agin' things that way, and

the third night I got it all finished off complete; but I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin' about naked so, and felt as weak as a child for want of sleep. I was awful puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better, or strike while the iron was hot and hissin', for I warnt sure sume o' the speech wouldn't leake out, or the whole get flat, if I kept it in too long; so as soon as the house opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and it's no use a-considerin'.

So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker, (Lord how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) let me perpound this resolution, sir, said I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member: no one denies that; it 's a truism. I didn't somehow expect that interruption; it kinder put me out, and I never got a-goin' altogether right agin arterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man ain't cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle, that's a fact. Have I freedom of speech, sir, said I, or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin' for your answer, sir. —Oh, sartain, said he, sartain; you may talk for ever, if you like: go on, sir; only no man doubts your proposition.—It 's a lie, sir, said I, it s a lie writ.—Order! order!—chair! chair! says some. Knock him down!—turn him out!—where did you larn manners? says others.—Hear me out, says I, will you? and don't be so everlastin' fast: what 's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It 's a lie written on the face of the constitution.—Oh, oh, says they, is that it?—Yes, says I, it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free; we are slaves: one half of us is tyrants, — unremorseless, onfeelin', overbearin' tyrants, and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves,—abject, miserable, degraded slaves. The first argument I advance, sir, is this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I couldn't hold in no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord, what a haw! haw! they sot up. The first argument is this, sir; and off went both barrels of my nose agin like thunder: it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin. Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer, says

the members, a regular sneezer; and they shouted and roared like anything. I thought I should a-died for shame one minit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I didn't jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on.—Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honour? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution of the Polls? I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also. How dare you tax the Polls without their consent? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why who would be right or who wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muchness, sir,—six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

What's that feller talkin' about? says a member.—A vote to help the Poles agin Russia, says the other: what a cussed fool he is. It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so I couldn't make another line straight. I couldn't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a-stringin' inions for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose the whole blessed time, for the cold in it corked it up as tight as a bottle. Who calls them fools? says I: who dares insult free citizens because they are not forty shillingers? You couldn't treat them wus if they was nasty, dirty, dispisable niggers; and yet you boast your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood; and if free, it must boil. (Tickle, tickle goes my boscis agin, and I had to stop to sarch my pocket for my nose-rag.) The honorable gentleman, says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, means a blood puddin', I suppose. Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin' distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense, that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was a-ploughin' thro' the mud in the fields like anything. Says I, I'll have *your* blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that agin, see if I don't, so there now. Oh dear, such shoutin', and roarin', and clappin' of hands I never heerd: my head run round like a spinnin' wheel; it was all burr, burr,

burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf, and only one step more was over head and ears chewallop in the water. Sam, says I to myself, be a man; be cool,—take it easy: so I sot off agin, but I was so confused I got into my other speech on agricultur' that I had larned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel. Thistles, says I, is the bane of all good husbandry. Extirpate them from the land; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Slickville will be filled with Polls. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made. Compel folks to cut them down in the full of the moon, and they'll all die; I have tried it myself with univarsal suffrage and the ballot.

Well, artillery is nothin' but a popgun to the noise the members now made,—it was an airthquake tipped with thunder and lightning. I never heerd nothing like it. I felt I was crazy; I wished I was dead a'most, or could sink through the floor into the middle of the sea, or anywhere but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pity on me, and came over to where I was, and said, Sam, said he, set down, that's a good feller; you don't know what you are a-doin' of; you are makin' an ass of yourself. But I didn't hear him. Confound you! said he, you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse, and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled 'em right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off agin, quite ravin' as bad as ever. I won't be put down, says I, Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Polls. I stand agin' the forty shillingers. Unhand me, you slave! said I; touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country; and with that I ups fist and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall.

But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I couldn't see no more nor a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and 'most broke their necks and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speech-making. I went by the name, for years arterwards, in our town, of "Free-and-equal Slick." I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you; but it's a caution to them that navigate in politicks, that's a fact.

Nothin' on this side of the water makes so big a fool of a man, squire, he continued, as goin' to the house of representa*tives*, without bein' fit for it. Them that hante jist got the right weight of ballast are upsot in no time, and turned bottom upwards afore they know where they be. Them that are a little vain by natur' get so puffed up and so consaited, they become nothin' but laughin' stocks to all the world, most ridiculous fools; while them whose principles ain't well anchored in good holdin'-ground, let the rogue peep out o' their profes-sessions plainer than they are a thinkin' on. The skin of the beast will show through, like an Irishman's elbow, though he has three coats on. But that ain't the worst of it, neether. A man is apt to become bankrupt in business, as well as in character, by it. Doin' big and talkin' big for three months in the year, and puffin' each other up till they are ready to bust with their importance, don't convene with sellin' tape by the yard, or loadin' on carts, when they return home to their business. In short, squire, a country ought to be a rich country, with larned men in it, and men o' property to represent it, or else assembly work is nothin' but high life below stairs, arter all. I could point you out legislaturs on this here continent where the speakin' is all kitchin talk, all strut, brag, and vulgar impedence. It 's enough to make a cat sick to hear fellers talk of indepen-dence who are mortgaged over head and ears in debt, or to listen to chaps jawin' about public vartue, temperance, education, and what not, all day, who spend the night in a back room of a market tavern with the key turned, drinkin' hail-storm and bad rum, or playin' sixpenny loo. *If mankind only knew what fools they were, and how they helped folks themselves to fool them, there would be some hope of them, for they would have larnt the first lesson of wisdom.*

But to sum-totalize my story: the next time I went to poor old minister's arter that, says he, Sam, says he, they tell me you broke down the other day in the house of represent*atives*, and made a proper gag of yourself. I am very sorry for you, very sorry indeed; but it is no use now a-cryin' over spilt milk. What can't be cured, must be endured, I do suppose; but I do wish with all my heart and soul you had a-taken my advice and left politicks alone.—Don't mention it. minister, said I: I am

ashamed to death of myself, and shall leave Slickville till it's blowed over and forgot: I can't bear to hear of it; it fairly makes me sick. *It was a great card* I had tho', if I had only *played it right*, says I, a very *great card indeed.* In fact it was more *than a card*,—it *was high, low, Jack, and the game.*—What was it, said he, that was worth all that are nonsense?—Univarsal suffrage, says I.—Sam, said he, (and I know'd I was in for a lectur', for he knit his brow, and looked in rael right down airnest,) you don't know what you are a-talkin' about. Do you know what univarsal suffrage means?—To be sure I do, says I; it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that is to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense. Well, says he, what's all that when it's fried? why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less: *Now men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds*, but by your beautiful scheme of univarsal suffrage, *rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character.* It is revarsin' the order of things: it is worse than nonsense; it is downright madness. We are fast approaching this state, without your aid, Sam, I can tell you; and when we do arrive at it, we shall be an object of scorn to point at from Europe. We shall then have wound up the fearful tragedy of our revolution with as precious a farce as folly and licentious ever produced.—Minister, says I, I don't know how it is, but you have such a short-hand way of puttin' things, that there is no contradictin' of you. You jist squeeze all the argument up in a ball, as easy as dough, and stop a feller's mouth with it. How the plague is it that you seem always right?—Because *I never play a card*, Sam. I never consider what is *expedient*, but what is *right;* never study what will *tickle the ears of people*, but what will *promote their welfare.* You would have been all straight too, if you had only looked to the right and wrong of the measure; but you looked to *popularity*, and that sot you to *playin' of a card.* Now the upshot of this popular gambling, or *card playing*, is patriotism; and mark my words, Sam, mark my words, my boy, for I am an old man now, and have read the human heart well,—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, *patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel.*

CHAPTER III.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Slick had ever made such an absurd exhibition of himself in the Legislative Hall of Slickville, as he thought proper to pourtray in the anecdote related in the last chapter. He was evidently a man of too much tact and natural good sense, to have rendered himself so ridiculous; nor must we, on the other hand, attribute his making himself the hero of the tale to an absence of vanity, for few men had a greater share of it than himself. It probably arose from his desire to avoid personalities, and an amiable anxiety not to furnish a traveller with names that might hereafter appear in print to the annoyance of the real actors. Indeed, so rich did he think himself in experience and knowledge of the world, that he felt he could afford to draw at will on his own reputation. How true to nature is the graphic sketch in the last chapter, and how just the reflections to which it gave rise! I can call to mind so many instances, even in my own limited sphere of observation, to which his remarks are applicable, that I recognise at once the fidelity of the picture and the hand of a master. Upon my expressing to him an intention to record his illustration of "playing a card" as a valuable lesson in life,—Ah, sir, said he, with the air of a man who felt he had a right to boast, I have larned to "look behind the scenes." Major Bradford taught me that airly in life. It was him put that wrinkle on my horn. He was the gentleman that traded in calves and punkins for the Boston market, him that you've got down in your first series, that took me to the *Tre*mont House, the time the gall lost her runnin-riggin' in the crowd. Well, one arternoon, havin' nothin' above pitikilar to do, I goes and dresses myself up full fig, and was a-posten away as hard as I could leg it, full chisel down by the Mall in Boston to a tea and turn-out to Sy Tupper's. Sy had an only darter called Desire; she warn't a bad lookin' piece of farniture neither; folks said she would have fifty thousand dollars, and to tell you the truth I

was a-thinkin' of spekelating there, and was a scouterin' away as hard as I could leg it to the party. Who should I meet on the road but the Major a-pokin' along with his cocoanut down, a-studyin' over somethin' or another quite deep, and a workin' up the baccy in great style, for nothin' a'most will make a man chaw like cypherin' in his head to himself.—Hullo, Major, said I, whose dead, and what's to pay now? why what's the matter of you? you look as if you had lost every freend you had on airth.—H'are you, boy? said he: give us your fin, and then tell us which way you are a-sailin' of this fine day, will you.—But jist as I was a-goin' to take hold of his hand, he drew back the matter of a yard or so, and eyed me all over from head to foot, as if he was a-measurin' me for a wrastlin' bout.

Says he, I'll bet you a five-dollar piece, Sam, I know where you are a-goin' to-night.—Done, said I, it's a bargain: now, where?—A-whalin', says he.—A what! says I.—On a whalin' voyage, said he.—Hand out your five dollars, says I, for you missed your guess this hitch anyhow. I am a-goin' down to Sy Tupper's to tea and spend the evenin'.—Exactly, said he, goin' a-gallin'; I know'd it, for you are considerably large print, and it don't take spectacles to read you. She is rich in iles, that gall; her father made his money a-whalin', and folks call her "Sy Tupper's spermaceti." Bah! she smells of blubber that greasy-faced heifer; let her bide where she be, Sam. You hante been "*behind the scenes* yet," I see, and that screetch-owl in petticoats, Mother Tupper, is an old hand. She will harpoon you yet, if you don't mind your eye; now mark what I tell you. Come with me to the the-*atre*, and I 'll show you a gall of the right sort, *I* know. Helen Bush comes on in tights to-night. She is a beautiful-made crittur that, clean limbed and as well made as if she was turned in a mould. She is worth lookin' at, that's a fact; and you don't often get such a chance as that are. —Dear, dear, said I, in tights! well if that don't beat all! I must say that don't seem kinder nateral now, does it, Major?—Nateral! said he, what the devil has natur' got to do with it? If she followed natur' she wouldn't wear nothin' at all. Custom has given women petticoats and men pantaloons, but it would be jist as nateral for woman to wear the breeches and men the apronstring, and there is a plaguy sight of them do it too. Say

it ain't modest and I won't non-concur you, but don't talk about natur', for natur' has no hand in it at all. It has neither art nor part in it, at no rate. But take my advice, my green-horn, and study natur' a bit. Folks may talk of their Latin and Greek till they are tired, but give me natur'. But to study it right you must get "*behind* the scenes;" so come along with me to the house.

Well, I never was to a theatre afore in all my life, for minister didn't approbate them at no rate, and he wouldn't never let me go to 'em to Slickville; so thinks I to myself, I don't care if I do go this once; it can't do me no great harm I do suppose, and a gall in tights is something new; so here goes, and I turns and walks lock-and-lock with him down to the play-house. Well, I must say it was a splendid sight, too. The house was chock full of company, all drest out to the very nines, and the lamps was as bright as day, and the musick was splendid, that's a fact, for it was the black band of the militia (and them blacks have most elegant ears for musick too, I *tell* you), and when they struck up our blood-stirrin' national air, it made me feel all over in a twitteration as if I was on wires a'most, considerable martial.

But what gave me the gapes was the scenes. Lord, squire, when the curtain drawed up, there was Genesee Falls as natural as life, and the beautiful four-story grist-mills taken off as plain as anything, and Sam Patch jist ready to take a jump in the basin below. It was all but rael, it was so like life. The action too was equal to the scenes; it was dreadful pretty, I do assure you. Well, arter a while, Helen Bush came on in tights; but I can't say I liked it; it didn't seem kinder right for a gall to dress up in men's clothes that way, and I sorter thort that nothin' a'most would tempt me to let Sister Sall show shapes arter that fashion for money. But somehow or somehow-else, folks hurrawed and clapped and cheered like anything. It was so excitin' I hurrawed too, at last, as if I was as well pleased as any of them, for hollerin' is catchin', like barkin' among dogs, and you can't help it no how you can fix it. Well, arter legs lost their novelty, a whole lot o' dancin' galls came forward and danced *quod*-drills, gallop pards, hornpipes, and what not, the most beautiful critturs, I think, I ever laid my eyes on,—all

young and bloomin', and graceful and light as spirits a most. They seemed as if they e'en a'most belonged to another guess world from ourn, only the rosy cheeks and bare necks, and naked arms, and dear little ankles, all smacked of rael life.

What do you think of *them?* said the Major; hante they fine glass-spun heels, them critturs. I guess you don't often see such fetlocks in Slickville as them; for your galls, if I don't mis-remember, are rather beefy about the instep: what do you think of them, my boy, eh?—Think? says I, why I never seed the equal of it. Where the plague did they pick up such a lot of elegant galls? they are horrid pretty, I must say: are they foreigners or nat*ives?*—Nat*ives*, said he, genu*wine* Jonatheenas, all raised in Conne'ticut, and silver-skinned inions every soul of them.—Would you like to be introduced to them?—Well, says I, I would, that's a fact, for its enough to set a feller crazy a'most, actilly ravin' distracted mad with pleasure, the sight of so many splendid little fillies, ain't it?—Well, come along with me then, said he, jist foller me, and I 'll take you round there. So out we goes into the entry, and follers along into a dark passage, a pretty difficult navigation it was too, among trap-doors, and boxes, and broken steps, and what not; and arter a while we enters a great onfarnished barn of a room alongside of the stage, and there was the players, and dancers, and singers, and ever so many actin' people. Well, it was a wonderful sight too; p'raps in all my born days I never see anything to equal it. I never was so staggered. I don't think all *my* starin' put together, would come up to the great big endurin' stare I then gave. I was onfakilised, that's a fact. I stood for the whole blessed space of five minutes without movin' or speakin' At last one of the dancin' galls came a-figerin' up to me a horn-pipin', and a-singin', and dropt me a low curtshee.—Well, my old rooster, said she, the next time you see me, I hope you will know me; where did you larn manners, starin' so like all possest.—Well, I warn't much used to town-bred galls, and it took me all aback that, and struck me up all of a heap, so I couldn't stir or speak.—Oh fie, Julia, said another, how can you! and then comin' up and tappin' me on the shoulder with her fan, to wake me up like, said she,—Pray, my good feller, "Does your mother know you're out?"—The whole room burst

out a-larfin' at me; but no, move or speak I couldn't, for I was spell-bound, I do believe. There I stood as stiff as a frozen nigger, and all I could say to myself was, "Heavens and airth!"

At last another gall, the best and lightest dancer of them all, and one that I rather took a leetle fancy to on the stage, she was so uncommon spry and ac-*tive*, took a flyin' lep right into the middle of the room, and lit down on one foot; and then, balancin' hersclf as she did on the stage with her hanes, stretched the other foot away out ever so far behind her. Well, arter perchin' that way a minit or so, as a bird does on a sprig of a tree, she sprung agin, right forrard, and brought herself bolt upright on both feet jist afore me.—What will you give me, my young Coon, said she, if I show you the way?—What way, said I at last, a-scratchin' of my head and a-pluckin' up spunk enough to find my tongue.—The way out, said she, for you seem as if you sorter lost your road, when you came in here. I thought every one in the room would have gone into fits, they larfed so; they fairly screetched till they most loosend their teeth, all but her, and *she* looked as quiet as a baby.

Well done, Angelica, said the Major; what a wicked little devil you be! and he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; and then said he, waiter, half-a-dozen of iced champaigne here to pay for Mr. Slick's footin'; and if he and them galls didn't tuck in the wine in great style it 's a pity, that 's all. Well, a glass or two of liquor onloosed the hinges of my tongue, and sot me all right agin, and I jined in the joke and enjoyed the larf as well as the best of them; for it won't do to get cross when fellers are running of their rigs, it only makes them wus.

Arter a while we left the theatre to go home, and as we progessed down street, says the Major to me, well, Slick, says he, how did you like them little angels, the dancin' galls? you seemed as amazed as if you was jist born into the world, and looked rather struck with them, I thought, pitikilarly Angelica; a neat little article that, ain't she? Therc's no nonsense about her; shc is as straight as a shingle in her talk, right up and down, and no pretence. I guess she has put "Sy Tupper's spermaceti" quite out, hante she? It puts all creation out, said I; I never was so stumpt afore since I was raised from a seedlin'. Heavens and airth! only to think them nasty, tawdry faded,

yaller, jaded, painted drabs was the beautiful dancin' galls of the theatre? and them old, forrerd, impudent heifers was the modest, graceful, elegant, little cherubs that was on the stage an hour afore; and then to think them nasty daubs was like Genesee Falls, Lord, I could paint them pictur' scenes better myself, with a nigger wench's house-mop, I could. I snore. Exactly, says the Major; you have been "behind the scenes" you see, Sam, and you have got a lesson not to trust to appearances altogether. Rael life is one thing and stage representation is another. The world "behind the scenes," and what is exhibited on the boord is as different as day is from night. It tante all gold that glitters in this life, I can tell you. Jist so it is with "Sy Tupper's young spermaceti;" for I see you want to spikilate in iles there.

When you double Cape Horn, as yer in hopes for to do,
There's a-plenty of sparm whale on the coast of *Peru*.

What a life for a man, to be the wick of an ile lamp, ain't it? and have your wife snuffing you with her fingers. It's as bad as having your onquestionable ugly nose pulled. Oh yes, take her by all means, only get "behind the scenes" first; you have only seed her yet of an evenin', and then she was actin' rigged out for a party, a-smilin' and a-doin' sweet and pretty, and a-wearin' of her company face, and singin' like a canary bird. But go into "the green-room," see her of a mornin', get a peep at a family scene, drop in on 'em of a sudden, onexpected like, and see the old cat and her kitten a-caterwaulin' and clapper-clawin' each other till they make the fur fly, and you will be jist as much dumfoundered as you was at the dancin' galls: you won't know her, that's a fact; you'll find that your beautiful "spermaceti" has turned out nothin' but tallow, and damn bad tallow too. Such critturs run more nor half away to waste, and give more grease than light, by a long chalk. But come, said he, s'posin' you and me settle our little account, for short reckonings make long friends, as the sayin' is. First, there is your five dollar bet; then six bottles of iced champaigne, at three dollars each, is eighteen dollars more; and then two dollars for tickets, makes a total of twenty-five dollars; do you undercumstand? Come into the iseter shop here, and plank the pewter, and I will go sheers with you for a supper of iseters. It's a considerable of a dear lesson that; but it's the best you ever got *I*,

know. Dear! said I, a countin' out of the money to him, I guess it is dear. If all my schoolin' in town-ways is to cost at that rate, I guess I'll have more larnin' than capital when I get thro' my trainin' Twenty-five dollars for bein' made a fool on, for them dancin' galls to laugh at for two hours, what a pretty go that is, ain't it? I must say I don't thank you a bit, Major; it warn't pretty at all. Who the devil axed you for thanks! said he; you have done better, you have paid for it, man, and boughten wit is always the best; but you *will* thank one for it some o' these days, see if you don't. It's better to be made a fool on for two hours than for life. I have known a feller silly enough to marry a dancin' gall afore now; but then he'd never been "behind the scenes," as you have; yes, it's a valuable lesson that. Your old fogey of a parson that you are always a-talkin' of, old Hop, Hope, something or other, may preach away to you till he is blind, but he can't larn you anything equal to that. It's a lesson from life, and a lesson from life is worth a hundred sarmons. In everything a'most, Sam, in this world, consider you are either deceived or liable to be deceived, and that you can't trust even the evidence of your own senses, unless you "look behind the scenes." But come, said he, preachin' is not my trade, let us walk into half a bushel of these iseters; they are rael salts, they come from Nova Scotia, and better than any we have, or the British either: and we sot to and did justice to them, at least *he* did, you may depend. He walked 'em into him as a duck does a June bug. He could open, pepper, and swaller a dozen to my one, for somehow I never could get my knife into the jinte of one until arter half an hour's bunglin', I hadn't got the knack. You don't seem to like them, said he, at last, a-drawin' breath, and a-swallerin' a gill of pure whiskey; p'raps you are too patriotic to eat blue-noses iseters, and perfer the free citizens of our own beds? No, said I, it tante that; I can't open them, they are so oncommon tight about the jaws. Hem! said he, I forgot that. You never seed an iseter, I do suppose, or a dancin' gall nother afore to-night. Do as I do, younker; this is the way, freeze down solid to it, square up to it, as if you was a-goin' to have an all out-door fight of it, and he slipped 'em out o' the shells into his mouth as fast as a man dealin' cards, until he fairly finished all we

had. You don't drink, said he, now that's not wholesome; you ought to take enough of the neat liquor to make 'em float light on the stomach; and he just tipt off the balance of the whiskey without winkin' Ah! said he, making a wry face, that's no go: that last iseter was not good, it's upsot me a-most; call for some more, and I'll be in agin in a minit; I must go into the air, for I feel dizzy. Well, I called for some more iseters and some more whiskey, and I sot and worked away at my leisure, and waited for him to come back and pay his share of the shot. Well, I waited and waited for ever so long, till I e'en a'most fell asleep, and still no Major. At last I began to get tired, so I knocks on the table with the handle of a knife for the nigger help. Snowball, says I, have you seen anything of the Major? where on airth is he? Ime waitin' for him to settle the bill. Massa hab to wait den, one berry long time, sar: de last iseter, sar, he always fix Major's flint, sar, and make him cut his stick. You won't see him no more, sar; and he grinned from ear to ear like a chessy-cat. De bill is four dollar, massa, and a quarter-dollar for Snowball. Hem! says I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse: I see it now, I'm bilked; so I paid it, and said no more on the subject. That was another "peep behind the scenes," that "he who incurs jinte expenses should look to the honesty and solvency of his partners."

I didn't grudge the money for what I larned that night, altho' it came to a horrid sum, too—twenty-nine dollars and a quarter—for it's worth every cent of it, that's a fact. But what did touch me to the quick was this: he drew the wool over my eyes so about Desire Tupper that I gin up a-going there, and then he cut in there and got the prize hisself; he did upon my soul! All that talk about her temper was made out of whole cloth, and got up a-purpose, along with her nick-name of "Spermaceti," to put me out of consait of her, and it answered the purpose most beautiful. Yes, he did me most properly all the way through the chapter; but, p'raps, it will all turn out right in the long run, for I was too young then to marry, or to handle so much money, for light come is plaguy apt to turn out "light go;" but, at the time, I was most peskily ryled, I tell you; and if I had a-seed him when I was so

oncommon wrathy, I do believe, in my soul, I should have tanned his jacket for him, so that he would have been a caution to behold. I am a good-nater'd man, and can bear spittin' on; but hang me if I can stand and have it rubbed in that way. I didn't know what to do when I got home, whether to tell the story or not; but I knew it would leake out, and thought my own varsion of it would be the best, so I jist ups and tells father all about it, from first to last. He is a nasty, dirty, low-lived, mean feller, says father, and a disgrace to the commission, though one comfort is, he ain't a reglar, and never seed sarvice, and I dispise an officer that has never smelt powder. No man in the country but a veteran desarves the name of soldier, and them, it ain't no vanity to say, are the first troops in the univarse, —for the British have whipped all the world, and *we* whipped them. Yes, he is a scoundrel, said the old man; but still the information you got is worth havin' It is a knowledge of the world, and that is invaluable; although, from what I seed in the wars, I am most afeerd a man of the world ain't a man of much heart in a gineral way. Still the knowin' it is worth the larnin' it. Acquire it, Sam, if you can; but you musn't pay too dear for it. Now the Major gin more for his wit than you. Possible? said I; why, how is that? Why, says father, he bought his at the expense of his character, and the leastest morsel of character in the world is worth more nor all that is to be larnt "*behind the scenes.*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK BROTHER.

Yes, squire, said the Clockmaker, there is nothin' like lookin' "behind the scenes" in this world. I rather pride myself on that lesson of Major Bradford. It came airly in life, and was, as he said, the best lesson I ever had. It made me an obsarvin' man. It taught me to look into things considerable sharp. I've given you a peep behind the scenes in assembly matters, so that you can judge how far patriots and reformers show the painted face: and at the theatre what devils little angels of

dancin' galls turn out sometimes; and now I'll tell you a story of "the Black Brother," to show you how cantin' fellers can carry two faces also, when they choose, for I've been "behind the scenes" there, too. I mentioned to you afore, if you recollect, that we had a split once to Slickville in our congregation, about the voluntary, and that some of the upper-crust folks went off in a huff, and joined the "Christian band" as they called themselves, or the awakeners as we call em. Well, these folks went the whole figur', and from bein' considerable proud men, affected great humility. and called each other "Brother," and only associated with each other, and kept the rest of mankind off at arm's length, as if they were lost ones, and it would contaminate them, like, to keep company with them. It broke poor old minister's heart a'most, for they parsecuted him arterwards most dreadful; there was nothin' too bad for them a'most to say of the old church, for in a gineral way them that secede *don't go off in peace, but go off armed for a fight, as if they expected to be chased and brought back again. Pride and temper is almost always at the bottom of schism, you will find.* Ahab Meldrum was one of these superfine overly good men, and jist about as parfect a specimen of a hypocrit as I e'en a'most ever came across in all my travels. Well, I was to Ahab's one day asettlin' some business with him, and a pretty tough job I had of it—for you might as well drag out an eyetooth, without lancin' the gum, as to drag a debt out of these whitewashed gentlemen—and who should come in but a scentoriferous blackman, his woolly head all done up in roll curls like cotton in the cardin' mills, and a large shovel-hat in his hand, and wearin' a fine frill shirt, and dressed off to the very nines, for a nigger is as fond of finery as a peacock is of his tail. They are for spreadin' it out and a-struttin' about in it for ever and ever a'most. If there was a thing on airth that Ahab hated like pyson, I do believe it was a great bull-nigger, so seein' him come in, in that free and easy manner, he looks up at him quite stiff—for the better a man is, the prouder he grows in a gineral way—and, without biddin' him the time o' day, (which wouldn't ahurt him one morsel, tho' the crittur was as black as Comingo,) or movin' from his chair, or axin' him to sit down, says he, Well, sir, what brought you here, what's your business? It made me laugh, for I *knew*

humility was tne dress coat of pride, and that we was agoin' to have a scene, for I seed by the cut of the feller's jib that he was a preacher. O massa, said he, I is a broder labourer in de Lord's wineyard, de onworthy (and he made a bow at that word, as much as to say there is a peg for you to hang a compliment on if you like), de onworthy shepherd ob de little flock of free color'd Christians to Martin Vanburinville. I jist call'y, massa broder, to cossult you about some business ob "our little Christian band." Sit down, sir, if you please, says Ahab, a colorin' up like anything, for he seed his own professions was set like a fox-trap afore him, and he knew it was nuts to me, and that I wouldn't spare him one mite or morsel. Sit down, sir. Tankey, sar, tankey, said Dr. Query, for that was the nickname the crittur went by; how is all your consarns, and your leetle flock? I hope dey is all well, and none on em jumpin' de fence, and gettin' out o' de fold, among neighbour's sheeps: mine gib me great bodder dat way, werry great bodder indeed. Mine all shockin' fond ob musick, and go whereber dere is de best singin'; but I believe we may stump any sec for dat, and werry fond ob Greek too. Of Greek! said Ahab, who was dumfoundered at the turn things took; did you say Greek? Yes, massa, said the Doctor, of Greek; and he took an old well-worn grammar from his pocket, and openin' it, said, Broder, said he, what you call him? pintein' to a pitikilar word. That, said Ahab, who I seed was a gittin' of his dander up quite fast, that is "*eureeka.*" Ah, said the Doctor, I know him by sight, but I no recollect his name; by golly! but Greek him werry hard, werry hard indeed. I try to larn a few words, for dey sounds well in de pulpit, and look grand. Colored peòple no tinkey you know nottin, if you no gib em hard words sometimes; and Broder Sly, he teach me to say em. Well, Broder Meldrum, he says, at last, I is glad I "eureeka" you at home; here is de superscription for de new meetin' house; put you fist to dat, broder, and come down like a man hansum. Poor Ahab, he shrunk from the touch as if it was hot iron, and from the subscription paper too as if it was his death-warrant. Brother, said he, and that word brother stuck in his crop so he had to cough twice afore he could get it out, and smelt so strong in his nose he had to take out his handkerchief, all scented with musk to get clear of the fogo of it, here are two

dollars. O massa brudder, said Blackey, only two dollar! By golly! but I ginn five myself. Member, sar, he what gibs to de church, lends to de Lord. Come, brudder, mend de figur, dat's a good soul; you won't be one morsel de poor of it in de long run, you may depend. But Ahab was tough. Stickin' a subscription paper into a very strait-laced man, even for building a schism-shop for his own folks, is like stickin' a needle behind an ox's ear, it kills him dead on the spot. The labourer is worthy of his hire, broth—broth—he couldn't come it a second time, so he ginn it up in despair; worthy of his hire, sir. You were wrong, very wrong, sir, to do it: the congregation should do their own work themselves. Well, well, said Blackey, a good deal disconsarted at the failure of his application; p'raps you is right, brudder, p'raps you is right; you noes better den us poor colored folks does. I has seed a great deal of trouble lately, brudder, said Query. My congregation is the most difficultest to manage I did ever see (pitikilarly de fair sec), and has had a split in it. Dat everlastin' sinner, and crooked 'sciple of a nigger, Ben Parsons, dat is too lazy to work hisself, de good-for-notten feller, he tinks he preach better nor me, de consaited fool! and he sot up for hisself, and seceded, and I lose twenty dollars a year of my livin' by him, and some o' my best singers too. Cato Cooper's three daughters, Cleopatra, Portia, and Juno, all left to foller arter de young preacher, and dey had mos superfine voices, better nor most nigga wenches has, and sing as well as te*atre* women, dey did. Yes, it's lucky for massa Ben, I is a Christian man, dat uses no carnal weapon, or I'd feel his short ribs for him, and take my change out of his hide, de villain.

De Raccoon ginn to scratch and bite,
I hitty once wid all ma might,
I bungy eye and spile his sight,
Oh, *Ise* de child to fight!

But I is a new man now wid de ungenerate heart, and only fight old Scratch, old Adam, or old sin, but not a brudder in de flesh—no naber I ain' goin' get mad no more.

For little childer neber let
De angry passions rise,
Your little hands were neber made
To tear each oder's eyes.

Nothin' else save him from catchin' it, for I is de boy dat could

do it. Lord, I'd run him foul of a consternation, afore he know'd what was de matter of him. Temper, him werry trong, and say cuss him, bung up both he eye, and put in de dead lite; but I is a preacher now, and religion advise werry different, and say, "let him go to de debil his own way, de willain." He ain't worth powder and shot, and dat is de fack, for he is more crookeder in his ways nor a dog's hind leg, or ram's horn, the ungenerate, ungrateful beast. Den I hab great trouble to home too; I lost Miss Wenus, my wife, last week; she died of de ribilious cholic. But she died happy, werry happy indeed, screetchin' and screamin' for joy, and made a most lovely corpse. I tink she was de most beautifulest corpse I ever did see—it was a pleasure to look at her. Broder Sly improved de occasion, and spoke four hours and a half widout stopin', werry powerful did de leetle man; we had a werry refreshin' time of it, and beautiful singin'; oh, by golly, but it was grand! Yes, I hab great trouble, and I 'most fear I will ab go to sarvice agin, for troubles rise up as de sparks do; and if I do gin up preachin' agin, if I don't pitch into Ben Parson's ribs like a tousand of bricks, it's a pity, that's all. I'll make hawk's meat ob him. Cryin' over spilt milk is no use tho', s'pose we conclude our talk with a varse of musick; and before Ahab could recover from amazement at the freedom of his new brother, and the mortification of my witnessing the scene, he was struck speechless with vexation at Dr. Query pulling out a flute from his pocket, and putting the parts together, with a great many flourishes, and a lot of babooneries, wettin' the threaded ends in his mouth, and forcin' them together with main strength. Now, brudder, said he, spittin' on the eends of his fingers to make 'em stop better, if you and de entire stranger dere, pointin' to me, will strike up a varse of musick, ticklin' metre, I will jine you wid de flute,

Adam was de fust man
Eve was de tudder,
Cain was a wicked man
Cause he killed him brudder.

Abel wasn't name right, was he, for he warn't "able" for Cain, by no manner of means. But it makes beautiful musick, very beautiful indeed; you have no notion of it, no more nor a child. It is the forty elebenth varse of Brudder Sly's new ode: and he

immediately commenced playing the air. Come, brudder, said he, begin, and I will pitch it for you.

I thought Ahab would have fainted, he was so struck up all of a heap. He knew I would tell the story all round the town, and he was as mad as a hatter; for nothin' makes a man boil over so quick as to have the cover put on and keep the steam in. He was jist ready to bust, and make all fly agin with rage. At last, said he. a tryin' to bite in his breath, this gentleman, Mr. Slick, has some business of importance to transact this mornin' with me. I am afraid I cannot now join in the exercise; but some other time will have the pl—pleas—. I will try to do it. Oh, says I, don't mind me, Ahab, I beg; I should like it above all things. There is nothin' I am so fond of as psalmody in consart with the flute. Dr. Query is right: it makes excellent superior musick; so come, says I, let's try: our accounts has kept for three years, they'll keep for half an hour longer; don't disappoint the gentleman. Yes, said Blackey, by golly, but it's grand, dat is de fack. "Adam was de fust man;" and he set off in a voluntary agin. Brother, said Ahab, for he was obliged now to bolt that word, my friend is not in a frame of mind: he is not a man of *experience*. Put up your instrument. Let us take another opportunity. Well, the poor divil felt he warn't wonted there at all. He seed Ahab was ashamed of him, and that pride, not business, was the stumblin'-block; so he separated the jintes of his flute, put them in his pocket, and rose to depart.

Now, squire, continued the Clockmaker, p'raps you don't know, for you can't have seed much of the blacks, but what I'm goin' for to tell you is a fact, I assure you. When a nigger is frightened or vexed, there is a parfume comes from him that's enough to stifle you. If you don't believe me ask Lord — Lord — what the plague is his name, that was out to the West Ingees. Well, dancin' the emancipation dance with a black heifer there, e'en a'most killed him. It did, upon my soul, it all but pison'd him. It's awful, that's a fact. Well, this crittur Query so filled the room with it, it most choked me. I was glad to see him get up for to go, I tell you; but what does he do but come round to Ahab to take leave of him. Brudder, said he, fare-de-well, peace be wid you, my lubbin' fren'; and he held out his great ily black paw to shake hands with him. Poor

Ahab! he looked like a crittur that is a-goin' to be put in the stocks, resigned to his fate because he could'nt help himself, but mean enough too. He prided himself on his hand, did Ahab, it was so small and so white. He used to say it was 'ristocratic, and that it would be a fortin for a single man like him to England; and he actilly slept in gloves lined with pomatum to keep the freckles off; I hope I may be shot if he didn't. He was top-gallant sail proud of them, I tell you: so he looked at the great piece of raw nigger meat that was afore him with horror; and arter makin' all sorts of wry faces at it, as a gall does when she takes physic, he shut his eyes and dropped his hand into it. Oh! it was beautiful! It did me good to see the hypocrite worked up that way, Query shook and wrung away at it as a washwoman does at a wet towel for ever so long; and at last he let go his hold and went off, and Ahab drew in his hand all stained yaller, as if it had been dipped into tobacco juice. He held it out from him at arm's length, as a feller does that falls into the dirt, and a bitin' in his breath, and curlin' up his nose as mad as a bear with his tail shot off, and went into the bedroom, and washed and scrubbed away at it like anything. When he was gone, I opened the winders and ventilated the room; for it smelt as bad as one of the narrer alleys in Old Town Edinbro', or a slave-ship: it was shocking nosey, I tell you. As soon as he came back, says he, Sam, that poor feller means well, but he has mistaken his calling: he has too much levity, I fear, for a minister. I give you joy, says I, of your new "brudder" and "feller-laborer in de wineyard." It sarves you right, so it does. If you had a-stuck to your own church you wouldn't a-had to endure what you jist went thro', *I* know. No bishop would ordain that man; for he would see with half an eye he had no sense, and warn't no way fit for it at all except to make things look ridikilous: but, if any body can go and choose preachers that please, as they do hogreeves at town meetin's, why can't niggers elect whom they please too? it's a bad rule that won't work both ways. This comes o' schism: one error always leads to another. Now don't, for goodness' sake, make such everlastin' pretences as you do, unless your prac*tice* keeps up to your professions. I hate hypocrites, and I won't spare you. Whenever folks talk of you and the Slickville schism, hang me if I don't tell 'em of the *Black Brother.*

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

WELL, squire, said the Clockmaker, I'm glad you are goin' to England too. I can guide you thro' Britain as well as I can thro' the States, or the Provinces, for I've been there often; I know every part of it. They are strange folks them English. On pitikilars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. Perhaps there ain't no place in the world such nonsense is talked as in parliament. They measure every one by themselves as father did about his clothes *He always thought hisn ought to fit all his boys, and proper laughing stocks he made of us.* Yes, you have made the Yankees and the blue-noses, squire, look pretty considerable foolish in them are two books of yourn. Stand on t'other tack now, and take a rise out of the British; for fair play is a jewel, that's a fact. John Bull had been a-larfin' at us until his sides heaves like a broken-winded horse: clap the currycomb on him now, and see if his hide is thicker than ourn; for he is always a-sayin' that the Yankees are the most thin-skinned people in the world. There is a grand field in that country, you may depend, and a noble harvest for you. Walk into 'em with your sickle, and cut and bind till you are tired; you will find employment enough, I tell *you*. We may have our weak points, and I should like to know who the plague has'nt; but John has both his weak spots and soft spots too, and I'll pint 'em out to you, so that you can give him a sly poke that will make him run foul of consternation afore he knows it. I'll show you how to settle his coffee for him without a fish-skin, I know; so begin as soon as you can, and as much sooner as you have a mind to.

On my own part, I was no less pleased to have him with me; for few men in British America have so intimate a knowledge of the character, feelings, and prejudices of the people of the colonies as Mr. Slick, or a more clear conception of the policy that ought to be pursued towards them by the mother country. So strongly was I impressed with this conviction, that I could not

help expressing to him a hope that circumstances might arise during our visit to England to bring him in contact with some of the leading members of parliament, as I felt assured he could give most valuable and useful information on a subject which, though of immense importance, was but little understood. Lord, sir, said he, I've seen some on 'em when I was there afore (for I've been three times to England) and know it well; but they didn't want the right information, and so I bammed them: they didn't want facts to make opinions on, but facts to tally with opinions formed, like British travellers in the States, and I always stuff such folks. I had a most curious ventur' when I was last in London.

I had been down city all day a-skullin' about, and trampoosing everywhere a'most to sell some stock in the canal that is to run through the pine barrens in the Quahog Territory, that I bought for half nothin', and wanted to put off to advantage, and returned to my lodgings awful tired, and as wet-footed as a duck. I had jist drawed off my boots, got snug afore the fire, with a cigar in my mouth and my feet on the back of a chair, a-toastin' of them to the coals, when the sarvent-maid opened the door and a gentleman entered a-bowin' very ginteel, and sayin', Mr. Slick, I presume.—Well, says I, I won't say I ain't; but won't you come to an anchor and be seated: you must excuse me, says I, a-gittin' up, for my feet is wet. Well, he sot down and eyed me from head to foot, as if he thought I was a little onder baked, or not altogether right farnished in the upper story.—Our humid climate, says he, at last, must be very different from the cloudless sky and pure air of Nova Scotia.—Very, says I, it rains here for everlastingly. I have only seen the sun once since I came here, and then it looked as if it had the cholera in the black stage; but my feet is what I complain of most. Now to home I wear ingian rubbers; but they don't do on the pavements here; for they make you slide about as if you was on the ice. I had to leave them off, for I pitched into every one I met a'most, and it warn't pretty at all.—How long is it, said he, since you left Nova Scotia?—Thinks I to myself, what in natur' is this crittur after. I'll jist draw him out by doin' simple. Now *that is natur', squire.* If ever you want to read a man, do simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn

to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is a-playin' you off, you are puttin' the leake into him without his seein' it. Now, if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly, and he fights as shy as a loon. Talkin' cute, looks knavish; but talkin' soft, looks sappy. Nothin' will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that: so, without answerin' to the pint, (that I might bring him to his business,) says I—for wet feet there is nothin' like toastin' them afore the fire: it draws the cold out, and keeps it from flyin' to the stomack, and saves you a fit of the mulligrubs p'raps. I larnt that from the Ingians; they always sleep with their feet to the fire, and at night lays all in a circle round it like the spokes of a wheel. I never yet seed an Ingian with a cold in his nose.—How *very* good, said he, what a close observer of natur' you are, sir. I shall remember that recipe of yours; it is excellent.—As much as to say well, if you don't beat Solomon, I bean't nobody. Thinks I to myself, I dare say you will mind it, but more to laugh at than foller at any rate.

At last, says he, thinkin' it was time to come to the pint, I am desired, sir, by a distinguished friend of mine, to request the favour of you to give him an interview whenever it may be convenient to you, as he has heard much of your knowledge of the provinces, and is anxious to get all the information he can previous to the Canada question coming on for discussion.—Hem! says I to myself, I wonder whether this is fact or bam. It don't seem to hang very well together nother, but it mought be a bee for all that, as the old woman said when she looked into the hornet's nest for honey. So to prove him, says I, as to convenience, let me see—I must consider a bit,—to-morrow I go to Bristol, by Great Western Railway, and next day I make tracks for New York, so if I go at all I must go now.—Now? said he.—I seed it posed him, that he didn't expect it so soon. —Now? said. he agin, and he mused a bit; and then said he, I am sorry the time is so short, sir, but if you will be so kind, my carrige is at the door, and I will drive you there as soon as you are ready, for my friend would be much disappointed in not having the pleasure of seeing you. Civil enough too, thinks I, and as I never seed a parliamentary big bug, I should like the chance, if it was only, like a colony delegate, to have it to

brag on arter I got home; so I goes into the chamber, puts on a clean shirt-collar, slips on a pair of dry boots, and runs the comb through my hair. Now, says I, when I comes back to the sittin'-room, let's up killock and off, for it's gettin' on considerably well in the arternoon, and is a'most daylight down, and if he sets me a-goin' on colony subjects I won't know when to leave off, for it takes time to spin them yarns, I tell *you*. So we showed a leg right off, trotted down stairs, and into the coach in no time, and says he to the driver "home."—"Home!" says I to myself; why who the devil can this crittur be? Is he a member's son, or his writin' and cypherin' clerk, or a lover of one of the galls; or who is he that he says "home," for he must live there, that's sartin. Well, I didn't like to ask him direct, for I knew I'd find it out soon, and so I let it pass. And, squire, said he, among the wrong notions the British have of us Yankees, one is about our etarnal curosity, and axing questions for ever about nothin' a'most. Now, it happens to be jist the revarse; we are not famous for *axing questions*, but for never answerin' them. Arter a while the coach stopped, and afore I could look round I was in the hall, surrounded by officers of the Life Guards, drest in the most beautiful toggery, at least so I took them to be, for their uniform was splendid; I never see anything to equal it except the President's on reviewin' the troops on the 4th of July day. It made me wish I had brought my militia dress, for I didn't like one of our citizens to be outdone that way, or not to do credit to our great nation when abroad.

Excuse me a moment, said my guide friend, till I announce you; and presently out comes another man dressed in plain clothes, and they stood there a space a-eyin' of me and a-whisperin' together.—He won't do, said the new comer: look at his boots.—It can't be helped, said the other, he *must* see him, he sent for him himself.—Who the devil is he? said the stranger. Is he a delegate or a patriot member of assembly, or what is he, for he is the queerest lookin' devil I ever saw?—Hush! said guide, he is the celebrated "Sam Slick," the Yankee clockmaker; and, said he, they may talk about the feller's shrewdness as much as they please, but he is the d—st fool I ever saw.

Well, says I to myself, this is rather pretty too, ain't it? I guess you think flashin' in the pan scares ducks, don't you? One thing is sartin, tho' you don't often look in the glass, anyhow, or you'd know the face of a fool when you see one, which is more, I estimate, than you do at this present time. With that, guide said to one of the sodger officers that was a-standin' in the hall a-doin' of nothin', Show him up. So one of them, a very tall handsome man with his head all covered with powder, like a rat in a flour barrel, come up and said, your name, if you please, sir? Well, says I, I don't know as it matters much about names, what's yourn? Thomas, sir, said he, a-bowin' and a-smilin' very perlite.—Well then, said I, friend Thomas, mine is Mr. Sliek, to the backbone.—I no sooner said the word than he bawled out Mr. Slick in my ear, as loud as he could roar, till he made me start again, and then every officer on the stairs, and there was several of them there, kept repeatin' after each other "Mr. Slick," "Mr. Slick," "Mr. Slick."—Don't be in an everlastin' almighty hurry, said I, I'm a-comin' as fast as I can, and if you do that are agin I won't come at all, so there now; for I began to get my Ebenezer up, and feel rather wolfish. When I came to the foot of the stairs the officer stood back and made room for me; and, says I, after you, sir; but he hung back quite modest (seein' that an American citizen ranks with the first man livin')—so not to be outdone in manners by a mere Britisher, I took him by the arm and pushed him on.—I can't think of goin' afore you, sir, said I, but don't let's lose time in ceremony; and besides you know the navigation better than I do, for I never was here afore; and then he went on first.

As I mounted the stairs I heerd guide friend say again to the other man in plain clothes, Didn't I tell you he was a fool!—Madman, I should think, said the other.—Presently a door opened, and I was showed into a room where member, who was nothin' but a common-sized man arter all, was standin' by the fire, and three or four young gentlemen in plain clothes was a-writin' at a table, as hard as they could lay pen to paper. The officer that opened the door roared out again, "Mr. Sliek!" as loud as he could, and I raely felt so dander, I do believe I should have knocked him down if he hadn't a-stept back out of

reach; but member came forrard very perlite, and shook me by the hand and said it was very kind of me to come at such short notice, and that he was very happy to have the pleasure to see me. Then he jist gave a wave of his hand and pointed to the door, as a hunter does to his dogs, without speakin', and the people writin' got up and went out backward, keepin' their faces to him and bowin' Arter they were gone, he said, take a chair, sir, if you please: so I took one for myself and lifted one for him, sayin', it was as cheap to sit as to stand, and every bit and grain as easy too; but he said he preferred standin', and kinder sorter looked at me, as much as to say, he was too good or too proud for that; so there he stood, his elbow on the mantelpiece and his head restin' on his hand. Well, my bristles began to stand right up, like a dog's back: I didn't like the talk of the guide friend he sent for me; I didn't like the way the officers kept bawlin' out my name and snickered in the entry, and I didn't relish the way I was sot down on a chair alone, like a man to be shaved in a barber's shop. I felt as if I could chew him right up, I was so mad, and I was detarmined to act as ugly as him, for my coming was his seeking and not my own; and, as there was nothin' to be made out of it, and no trade spiled, I didn't see as I had any occasion to put up with his nonsense, do you? for there is nothin' I hate so much as pride, especially when any of them benighted insolent foreigners undertake to show it to a free and enlightened American. So I jist put up my feet on his fender, free and easy, to show him he couldn't darnt me by his airs and graces, and then spit right atween the polished bars of the grate on the red hot coals till it cracked like a pistol. Well, he jumped a yard or so, as if he was shot, and if you had seen the tanyard look he gin me, it would have made you split a-larfin'. Don't be frightened, Lord, said I,—for I didn't know which house he belonged to, so I thought I'd give the title, as we call every stranger citizen Kurnel,—Lord, said I, I won't hit you; I could spit thro' a keyhole and not wet the wards; but as you stand, I believe I will too, for talk atween two don't come kinder nateral, unless both sit or both stand; and now, says I, as time presses, what may your business be with me, Lord? Well, he stood back two or three feet, as if he was afeered I would touch him, and

then he entered into a long palaver about the colonies, and asked me if the people was contented with the Government. Mr. Stranger Lord, said I, they are not, and that's a fact.

He brightened up when he heerd that; he seemed as if it pleased him. as if he would raither hear that than that were satisfied. Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see what you be; you are an agitator, and want grievances to work on; but you got the wrong sow by the ear this time, any how.—Ah, said he, your testimony is valuable, Mr. Slick, for you are an impartial man, and have had great opportunities of knowing the condition of the people. Do you attribute this discontent to the government that has prevailed there since the American revolution, or to causes over which we have no control?—To the Government, said I, some part, and some part to other causes, but to none over which you have no control.—Precisely, said he; that is exactly my view of it. Will you allow me, said he, (a-tryin' to lead me on by doin' the civil,) to offer you some refreshment, sir; I ought to apologise to you for not having offered it before. Have you lunched yet? —Thank you, Lord, said I, I have dined, and harn't no occasion for nothin'.—Then what remedies do you propose? said he: how would a union do?—Cure all evils, said I: you have hit the right nail on the head; it's exactly the right medecine.— How singular, said he; and he rubbed his hands, and walked up and down the room several times, lookin' very pleased; and I thought I heerd him say, What will the Duke say to this? You have heerd, no doubt, said he, of responsible government; pray what is your opinion of that?—It is not only a good government, said I, but no country can be either happy or contented without it. It is absolutely indispensable; you will lose the colonies without you introduce it.—Mr. Slick, said he, I have heered much of your sagacity from others, and your conversation fully confirms the high opinion I had formed of you. I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. When do you leave town? (English folks always begins that way, afore they axe you to take pot luck with them.)—In the mornin', bright and airly, said I: have you any commands that way?—No, thank you, said he; but would you have any objections to my ordering up those gentlemen you saw here jist

now, to hear this very gratifying confirmation of my opinions? —Not the least in the world, said I; I don't care if all London hears it. So he rang the bell, and who should answer but the self-same officer that showed me in.

Tell those gentlemen, said Lord, that I desire their presence immediately; and here, you feller, don't let me hear any more laughing out there: don't you know I never permit any one to laugh in my house; and he looked as wicked as a meat-axe at him. He said nothin', but bowed down a'most to the carpet, like a Chinese tea-marchant, and backed out wrong eend foremost. Oh! dear, dear, said I to myself, what a fool *I be;* I might have known them was sarvants if I hadn't a-been a born idiot, and that rich parliament men could afford uniform for 'em, if they liked; but we must live and larn, and everything must have a beginnin', I do suppose. While the sarvant was gone, says the entire stranger, Mr. Slick, the party I belong to is a small but very influential one. It holds the balance between the other two. It occupies the centre, and keeps the others at equal distance, whose weights retain us in our place. By this means, whichever way we incline, we turn the scale. Your information therefore is all-important.—Exactly, says I, if you can only manage to keep 'em jist so, and no farther, it will work beautiful; but if they pull apart ever so little, whap you come to the ground, like a feller atween two stools, and stand a chance to break your neck, and I hope to heavens you may not hurt yourself, if you do fall. He looked as striped as a rainbow at that; but he brightened up at the close, with a look as much as to say, you Yankees put your words very far apart, very far indeed; it makes things sound odd like.

When the gentlemen came in, Lord said, Mr. Slick fully confirms my views. He admits the discontent in the colonies, much of which he attributes to Tory misgovernment: he approves of the Union, and says nothing will calm the country but responsible government.—I do, said I; and, by your leave, I will explain what I mean.—Do, said he; but pray be seated; allow me to give you a chair: and we all sot down, and he among the rest. He forgot his pride that time. How strange it is, squire, no man is so haughty and overbearin' as a democrat or radical; and they do tell me some even of the liberal lord

beat all natur' for pride, actilly the highest in the instep of any of their order. *That comes of pretence now; a man that stoops lower nor he ought in some things, is plaguy apt to straighten himself over the perpendicular in others, to make up for it again.* —Now, says Lord, I wish you to hear this man's (gentleman's, says he, a-catchin' himself as quick as wink), this gentleman's opinion yourselves. It is very satisfactory to have such good authority in our favour.—Discontent, says I, prevails to an alarmin' extent. It exists everywhere, (I'll move to have this feller examined before a committee, said he, a-whisperin' to my guide friend; the scoundrel is quite a god-send to us,) it pervades all classes, says I.—Good heavens! said he, I wasn't prepared to hear such a fearful account; but it's very satisfactory, very satisfactory indeed. Go on, sir; I am quite delighted.—Paradise wasn't good enough for some folks, says I: how can the colonies be? Them critturs there are not satisfied with the dispensations of Providence; how can you expect them to be so with the Government. They would like to have a Government to cost nothin', to have their bread grow'd ready baked, to be paid for eatin' it, and be fed with a silver spoon. *Union*, says I, that you inquired about, is most desirable for it would heal all differences; but not a union of the provinces, for that would only open new sources of strife, and eend in your losin' 'em body and breeches, but a *responsible Government*, says I, is indispensable. Jist thin I took a squint out of the corner of my eye, and I see he began to smell a rat, and to look all adrift; so on I went, knee deep, and a foot deeper, a pokin' it into him like fun. Men who rebel, says I, and commit murder and arson, ought to be held *responsible* for it, or you might as well be without any law at all, unless you like Lynch law best. Wherever you see loyalty, encourage it; and disloyalty, discourage it. Whatever changes is right, make them, and then tell them, now, that 's the form that 's settled; if you don't like it, leave the colonies, and go where you can find things more to your mind; but if you do stay there and rebel, you will be hanged, as sure as you are born. You shall have responsibility, *but it shall be the responsibility of crime to law, and of offenders to justice.*

Heavens and airth! if you had a-only seed stranger Lord, or

whatever he was, how he looked, it would have done you good. It was as grand as a play. Oh, he was as mad as a hatter, and the madder because he couldn't help himself nohow he could fix it. He actilly looked as small as the little eend of nothin' whittled down. He was so bungfungered he couldn't speak, and t'other fellers looked as if they were afeerd of their lives to speak either. They seemed, them critturs, as if they darsn't call their souls their own, he kept them in such awe. Oh dear, what a bam it is for such men to talk liberal, when they actilly don't believe that they are made of the same clay as other folks. At last things began to look rather serious for a joke; so says I, risin' up and takin' my hat, I believe I must be a movin', Lord, says I; and if I don't sail, as I some expect, I shall be back next week; and if you want to see further into matters, jist send for me, and I will come with pleasure; or if you want to examine me before that committee, tip the scoundrel a subpener, and he'll testify through a three inch plank for you. Do you take? (It made his teeth grit that, like two mill-stones; he grinned like a fox-trap: fact, I assure you.) Yes, says I, send for me, and I'll come; for you and I, I see, agree in opinion about them colonies 'zactly. Indeed you are the only man I've met since I came here that talks a word of sense about them. Good day. And I turned and walked out, guide and his companions follerin' me.—What a d—d hoax, said guide, a-whisperin' to the other. That feller is no fool, after all; he is more rogue than dunce that. He has given him a fit of the jaundice.—Do you know the name of the nobleman? said I; for I cannot conceive from your description who it can be, for there are many proud lords, and many wrong-headed ones too. —No, said the Clockmaker, I can't even give a guess, for his coach carried me home, and I was so full of the bam I played off on him, I didn't mind to look at the name of the street; and he never sent for me agin, as you may calculate. I guess one dose was enough to do his business for him. I don't know nother whether he was a senator or a represent*ative*. Indeed, I don't know any lord to England. Some on 'em I hear brag that they were quite intimate with me when I was there; but that's only their boastin' to look big. No, I don't know his name, or whether he was upper or under-crust; but when I tell the story I call him the—*Great Unknown.*

CHAPTER VI.

SNUBBING A SNOB.

On our arrival at the inn at Windsor we were shown into a spacious apartment, in some respects answering in appearance and use to an English coffee-room. At the upper end, near the window, sat a stranger, looking at rather than reading a newspaper.

Look there now, said Mr. Slick in an undertone, jist look there now, for goodness gracious sake! Did you ever see the beat of that? That is a Britisher; I know him by the everlastin' scorny air he wears—for them benighted English think no one can see in the dark but themselves. He is what they call a snob that, and a full-fed one too; for when nuts grow ripe, hogs grow fat. He is a-doin' a bit of Paris that man, to astonish the weak narves of the na*tives* with. He has been across the Channel, you see; and he has got a French barber to make him look a bigger fool than he was afore he left home. Look at his hair, divided like on the top of his head, combed down straight over each ear, and fallin' full and curly on the cape of his coat; his mustachios squared out at each eend like the brush of a weasel's tail, and that little tuft of hair a-hangin' from his onder lip, like a turkey-cock's beard. Ain't he enough to charm the heart of a kitchen broomstick, that's all? He looks for all the world like one of them ancient heads in the old picturcs at the Jews' shops to London. Then see that chalky, white, bleached hand he is passin' leisurely over his mouth to show the flash rings on his fingers; and how slow he passes his eye from the paper over the room, to meditate knowin' like, as if he could see what 's what, and take it all in at a draft. That goney is half puppy, half philosopher, I expect, How I would like to walk into him! It 's such fun to "*Snub a Snob*," ain't it? and to knock the rust off of him! Oh, dear! I suppose we shall get some rael travellers at last, that *do* know somethin', for the dirt always goes before the broom. Jist so it is to Florida: a horse won't live there on a new farm, so they have to use

asses till the pasture gets old and good, and the feed sweet. And I suppose, now we have got steam and good inns, these asses of travellers will get a walkin' ticket, and men of sense will take their place. I must say, if he only had a good strong horse sense, I'd like to show him how to tell a wood-chuck from a skunk; but he hante, that's clear; so I'll jist set him off on a hand-gallop, and then *snub him*. He accordingly walked over to that end of the room, and commenced making his acquaintance.

The conversation that ensued turned on the value of the North American Colonies; and although a native and a resident of one of them myself, I am free to admit I was not aware of the unlimited extent to which they are dependant on England for their manufactures, until my attention was drawn to it by the lively and pointed sketch of Mr. Slick. His utterance was so rapid that I fear I have missed some parts of his illustration, although I committed the substance of it to paper the same afternoon. I have only to regret that some of the opponents of the Colonies were not present to hear so triumphant a vindication of these neglected and undervalued possessions.

Tabular accounts few men read, and still fewer know how to appreciate. A personal application like the present, which shows the practical working of the trade, could it only be given in his own words, and his own peculiar manner, is worth a hundred of the dull speeches, and still duller articles of the modern political economists, for it establishes beyond all doubt this important fact, that these provinces are as much dependant on England for every article of manufacture used in them, as Oxford or Cambridge is, and that a colonial market is strictly and literally a home market.

I suppose, said Mr. Slick, you didn't come by the Great Western, did you? I did, sir. How was rice when you left England, and cotton? Have they riz in markit? How was they quoted when you quit? Biddle made a great spec' in cotton, didn't he. I guess some of the Liverpoolers will pass out of the leetle eend of the horn afore they are done yet, won't they?

These interrogatories, and many others, were all answered with great good-humour by the stranger, who appeared much amused

with the case and freedom of the Clockmaker's manner. At last Mr. Slick put the never-failing American question, "How do you like the country?" To this Snob replied in terms of great admiration of the beauty of the scenery, and the fertility of the soil; but being of the reform school of politicians, could see nothing that did not require change, and denounced all colonies in general, and the North American ones in particular, as useless and expensive incumbrances; stated his conviction that the day was not far distant when they would demand their independence; that the sooner both parties separated the better it would be for them, and that true wisdom, as well as their mutual interest, dictated immediate separation. He concluded by asking Mr. Slick if he did not concur in that opinion?

Well, said the Clockmaker, I will give you my opinion, free gratis for nothin', if you won't be offended. Oh! certainly not, said Snob. I shall not only not be offended, but most happy to hear your views; the object of travelling is not to disseminate one's own opinions, but to hear those of others. Well, then, said Mr. Slick, like begets like in a gineral way, for it's a law of natur'. Horses, do ye see, beget horses, owls beget owls, and asses beget asses—it never fails; and stupid parents seldom nor ever have wise children. Now I ain't a-goin' to say that John Bull is a cussed, stupid, thick-headed old goney, (for I don't mean no offence, stranger, but only to argue it out plain, and nothin' parsonal, and because it wouldn't be pretty talk that,) but I estimate he *is* a considerable some tho', and if Blue-nose is a leetle soft like, a leetle onderbaked or so, why it's no great wonder considerin' the stock he comes of. John Bull has got a'most a grand estate in these colonies, and a'most an excellent market, too, and don't know nothin' about either—fact, I assure you; and if it warn't they speak better English here than the British do, you would fancy yourself at home a'most, *for everything you hear, see, or touch here, is English.* Jist look at Blue-nose and see what a woppin', great, big, two-fisted crittur he is: you won't find such a made man nowhere a'most. He is more nor six foot high in his stocking feet, (and he has got 'em to put on, too, which is more nor half the British have,) as strong as a horse, and as supple as an eel. Well, when he is born, he isn't much bigger than a kitten; a squallin', squeelin', kicken,

ongainly little whelp as you ever sec a'most. Now, what is the first thing they do with him? Why, they wash the young screetch owl in an English bowl; wrap him up in English flannel, and fasten it with English pins; and then dress him in an English frock, with an English cap trimmed with English lace. If the crittur is sick, they give him English physic with an English spoon; and the very first word he larns to speak is "*English.*" As soon as he begins to use his trotters, and run about, he has an English hat, shirt of English linen, coat of English cloth, and shoes of English leather. Arter that they send him to school, an' he writes with an English pen, made from an English quill by an English knife, uses English ink out of an English inkstand, and paper made in your country, and ruled with an English pencil. He spells out of an English dictionary, and reads out of an English book. He has hardly learned what Ampersand means, afore they give him a horse, such as it is, and he puts an English bridle into his mouth, and an English saddle on his back, and whips the nasty, spavin'd, broken-winded brute, with an English whip; and when he stumbles, and throws him off, he swears a bushel of horrid English oaths at him. He trims the great, shaggy, hairy beast with English scissors; combs his nasty thick mane with an English comb, and curries his dirty hide with an English curry-comb; and then ties him up in his stall with an English halter. Then comes sportin'; and, to give the crittur his due, he ain't a bad shot nother, seein' that he is fond of fowlin', or troutin', or anything but work. Gunnin' is his delight; and a wild-duck, a moose, or a carriboo, when they see him a-comin' to parsecute them, know it's gone goose with them. But where does his gun come from? and his powder? and his shot? and his flask? and his belt? why, clean away from England. Even his flint comes from there, for there ain't a flintstone in all Nova Scotia; and if there was, the crittur couldn't cut it into shape so as to be any use. He hante the tools; and if he had, he don't know how. That's the reason, I suppose, any one a'most can "fix his flint for him." It's more nateral this should be the case in gunnin' than in fishin'; but even here the chap can't help himself. Tho' the country is covered with wood, he imports his rod, his net, his line, his leads, and even his flies. He does, upon my soul! altho'

the forest is filled with flies big enough, and strong enough to bite thro' a boot. As soon as his beard comes, (and sometimes afore, for I have known boys actilly shave *for* a beard,) why he goes and gets a British glass to admire his young mug in; he lathers his chin with an English brush and English soap, a-lookin' as big as all out doors, and mows away at it with an English razor, sharpened on a British hone, and stropped on a British strop; then he puts on an English collar, and ties it up with an English stock, and I hope I may be skinned if he don't call himself an English*man*. A chip of the old block he is too: and young Blue-nose is as like old John as two peas, the same proud, consaited, self-sufficient, know-nothin' crittur; a regular gag, that's a fact.

Why really, sir, said Snob, who was much and very justly offended at this indecent language, I don't understand——. Oh! but you will understand, said Mr. Slick, if you only hear me out. In a gineral way, 'bout this time he begins to feel raither pitikilar, and he pays a visit to the "'tropolis," to see the world, for a man that hante been to the capitol has see'd nothin'; so, instead of taking a continental trip, as British boys do, he takes a coastin' trip in his father's shollop to that are great city of great men, Halifax. He fills his first office in this life, supercargo of two or three jags of fire-wood, a dozen birch-brooms, a basket of bad eggs, a sick calf, and a measly pig; and, when he has squandered all the proceeds of the plunder a-larnin' to drink and swear like a man, he comes to tell of the wonderful sights he has see'd, and talk reform politics. But, look to his vessel, ropes, sails, blocks, anchor, bolts, copper, iron, compass, and all the other fixins—where do they come from? Why, from where every part of the vessel except the sappy, buggy, dry-rotted wood she is built with comes from—from England. Look at the old, battered watch he is rigged out with, the case half lead, half pewter, that he swapped his wood for on the wharf with a woman with a painted face and dirty stockings, who cheated him by calling him "captain," and "squire," and "your honour;" where did that watch, and that old trull come from? from England, like the rest.

The next thing the sinner looks out for is a gall, for few created critturs go a-gallin' so early as he does. He is hardly

cleverly growed up and cut his mother's apron-string afore he is spliced. He never waits till he has a place to put his wife in, or anything to support her with; he trusts luck for that, catches the bird first and then makes the cage. Well, see how he goes about that; he cuts down the trees to build it with an axe of English iron, saws it with an English saw, planes it with an English plane, puts it together with English nails, driven by an English hammer, and then paints it with English paint and an English brush. The sashes has English glass, kept in by English putty; the doors are hung upon English hinges, and secured by English locks (against British thieves tho', for they forgot to reform them afore they shipped them out); the floor is covered with imported carpets, the windows with imported curtains, and the fire made in imported stoves, and fixed with imported tongs and shovels. When he gives a house-warmin' to his friends, for he is rather amorous of a frolick, the plates, knives, and forks, decanters and glasses, and everything else is English, and when the boys and galls go for to dance, hear the musick, that's all! Pretty musick it is too, afore tunes came in fashion, I guess; but hear it. English fifes, English flutes, English drums. English pianoes, and English fiddles (not to mention Scotch ones, of which mum is the word). But what's the use of talkin'. If I was to tell you what they have got that they have to send to Britain for, it would take a month; but I'll tell you what don't come: wood, water, stone, and airth, is all that they can call their own, that doesn't come from England, unless it be a few thousand wooden clocks I introduced here, to let 'em know when grog time of day comes. Well, the next house Blue-nose gets into is a small one, where his nose and his toes touches the roof. You'd think he was done with England now, and that he could take nothin' out of the world with him, no more than he brought into it; but he ain't finished yet. The goney wouldn't die happy if this was the case. He don't like to be separated from English manufactures even in death, for he is so used and so attached to the Old Country, that he calls his own native land Nova Scotia, and England he calls—what do you think now? why, he *calls it "home;"* he does, upon my soul! No, sir, the grave don't part 'em, nor death shut his pan nother, for, as soon as he is stiff, he is dressed in an English shroud, and

screwed down with English screws into his coffin, that is covered with English cloth, and has a plate on it of English ware, for the worms to read his name and age on, if they have larned to spell. The minister claps on an English gownd, reads the English sarvice out of an English book, and the grave is filled up agin with airth shovelled in with an English shovel, while every man, woman, and child that bears his name pulls out an English handkerchief, to wipe their eyes and blow their noses with, and buy as much English black cloth, crape, and what not, as would freight a vessel a'most; for, havin' larned the multiplication table airly in life, the number of his descendants would make you stare, I know. His children run the same rig round the same course, till they eend by being packed up in a snug pill-box in the same grave-yard. And yet, John Bull says, colonies are no good. Why the man is a drivellin', snivellin', divelin' idiot, an everlastin' born fool, that's a fact.

This second outbreak was more than the good-natured stranger could endure, and though amused myself at the rhodomontade style of his argument, I could not but participate in the annoyance he felt at these gross national reflections.

Really, sir, said Snob, this is too much. I—— I'll cut it short then, said Mr. Slick, again misunderstanding him; but it's true, sir, for all that. Now how is colonist *able to pay for all* this almighty swad of manufactured plunder, seein' that he has no gold nor silver; why, mainly *by his timber*, and yet them onfakilised, onderbaked goneys, the British, actually want to tax it and reform out the trade, so as to give a preference to Baltic timber. We don't want colony timber, says they. Don't you tho', says Blue-nose, then I hope we may be tetotally extinctified if we want your manufactures. What's the name of your great gun to Canada? Do you mean Sir John Colbourne, said Snob. No, replied Mr. Slick, I don't mean the "man-o'-war," I mean the "marchant man." Oh! I have it, Pullet Thompson. Well, Pullet will larn somethin' to Canada about timber he never knew afore, or it ain't no matter. When you see him, stump him; friend Pullet, says you, when a log is hewed and squared can you tell the south side of it? and if he don't answer it right off the reel (and I'll go my death on it he can't) tel. him to send out the Board of Trade, ay, and the Board of

Works too, to Sam Slick the Clockmaker, to go to school for a spell, for he is jist the boy can teach 'em something that ain't set down in the Reform Bill, knowin' coons as they be. Yes, sir, if ever you was to Antwarp, you'd see what it is to lose colonies. When that place belonged to Holland, and had colonial trade, five thousand marchants used to meet on 'Change; now the Exchange is left, but the marchant is gone. Look at the great docks built there at so much expense, and no shipping there. Look at one man-of-war for a navy that has a pennant as long as from to-day to the mindle of next week, that can't get out for the Dutch forts, is of no use in, and if it did get out has no place to go to. Buonaparte said he wanted ships, colonies, and commerce; one fool makes many! Every delegate, patriot, and humbug, that goes from here to London, if he gets by accident to a public dinner (for folks to see he ain't black), and is asked for a toast, rises up, lookin' as wise as a donkey, and says, "Ships, colonies, and commerce!" 'till it becomes a standin' toast. Buonaparte was a fool, and didn't know what he was a-talkin' about, for *colonies means all three.* Them that have colonies will lose the other two along with them. Yes, John Bull is a blamed blockhead, a cus—— Excuse me, said the stranger, rising and effecting his escape at last; but really, sir, your language is so offensive you must permit me to retire, and he very properly left the room. Well, I didn't mean to offend him nother, said Mr. Slick, I vow. There was no occasion for him to hop about as mad as a parched pea that way, was there? I am sorry he kicked afore he was spurred tho', for I was only speakin' in a gineral way like. I wish he had heerd me out too, for I was only a-breakin' of the crust when he began to look all wrath that way, I hadn't got rightly into the subject; I only spoke of manufactures, but that is merely one item there are many other political ones that he never heerd of, *I* know. But what can you expect of such critturs? all they can do is to grunt like a pig at corn time. The way they don't know nothin' is most beautiful, and them that make speeches to England about the colonies too. There ain't, p'raps, no one subject there is so much nonsense talked about as these provinces: it's ridiculous, it makes me larf so it actilly busts my waistcoat buttons off; it fairly gives me a stitch in the side,

and I must say I do like, when I get a chance, to '*Snub a Snob.*"

CHAPTER VII.

PATRIOTISM, OR THE TWO SHEARS'S.

As soon as the conversation related in the preceding chapter had ceased, I committed the heads of it to paper, and as I intended to proceed on the following day to New Brunswick, I retired early, in order to secure a good night's rest. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed. The bar, which adjoined my bedroom, now began to fill with strangers, travelling to and from the capital, and the thin wooden partition that separated us was insufficient to exclude the noise of so many voices. After awhile the confusion gradually subsided, by the greater part of the persons withdrawing to their several apartments, and the conversation assumed a more distinct and intelligible shape. The topic appeared to be the delegation sent from Canada on the subject of alleged grievances, and I was glad to find that, with the exception of one or two noisy illiterate persons, every individual deplored the agitation that had recently affected the colonies, and denounced the system of "grievance mongering" that had prevailed of late years, as having a tendency to retard the real improvement of the country, and discourage the loyal and respectable portion of the inhabitants.

Jist so, said a person, whose voice I at once recognised as that of Mr. Slick's—jist so, stranger: you are jist about half right, and there is no two ways about it. Delegations are considerable nice jobs for them who want a ride across the Atlantic at the public expense, for nothin'; for demagogues, place-hunters, and humbugs that want to make the na*tives* stare when they get back, by telling how big they talked, and what great things they did, to the great people and to the big-wigs to home. *I* did this,—*I* did that, and so on. That's what Mackenzie did when he told his folks to Canada, when he returned from delegatin,' that he seed the King, who was very civil to him, and took a glass of grog with him; and told him he was sorry he couldn't ask him to dine with him that day, for the Queen was very busy as

it was whitewashin' day to the palace, and they was all in hubbub. For, Mac., said he (smilin' like a rael salt-water sailor), these leetle things, you know, must be done for kings as well as subjects, and women is women, whether their petticoats are made of silk or cotton, and the dear critturs will have their own way, eh, Mac.! Our washin' we put out, but house cleanin' must be done in the house or not done at all, there is no two ways about it: you understand one, Mac.? Tell my people, when you return, if my governors don't behave better, d—n 'em I 'll hang one or two of them as an example! Good-b'ye, Mac. And some on 'em was fools enough to believe the goney and his everlastin' lockrums, that's a fact. Yes, delegations play the very old Nick with a country. They hurt its credit, stop emigration, reform out decent folks, and injure its trade. People are afeer'd of a country where there is agitation, for agitation is what the doctors call in cholera the premonitory symptom; a sign that if *active* measures are not taken, rebellion ain't far off. But you colony chaps are gulled from year's eend to year's eend, hang me if you ain't. You are a nation sight too well off, so you be, and if you was taxed like us Yankees, or the ignorant British, and had to move round and mind your stops, so as to make two eends cleverly meet together when the year is out, it would be better for you, I guess. One half of you don't know what you are talkin' about; and t'other half are goin' the whole figur' for patriotism.

Lord, I shall never forget a rise I once took out of an old Colonel to Bangor, the Honorable Conrad Corncob. He rose to be a gineral arterwards, but then he was only a kurnel, and it's very odd, but you can tell a kurnel as far as you can see him. They're all got a kind of schoolmaster look, as much as to say, I am bothered to death with my boys, and will wallop the first one I catch like blazes that comes with his "please sir, may I go out."—"Master, here's Pete a scroudgein," and so on. It's all wrote as plain in their face as a handbill. Well, he was ravin' about the disputed territory, a-blowin' up Mr. Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, sky high, and sayin' what he would do agin' the Britishers, and, at last he says, a-turnin to me and a-rollin' up his eyes like a duck in thunder, Mr. Slick, says he, "dulce est pro patria mori." What in natur' is that?

says I, gineral, for I've forgot what little Latin minister larned me to nightschool; and, in fact, I never was any great shakes at it, that's a fact, Why, says he, "it's a sweet thing to die for one's country." Well, I don't know, says I, what you may think, but somehow, or another, I kinder think it's a plaguy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country; and besides, says I, I don't translate that are Latin line that way, at all. Possible? says he: I don't see no other meanin' to it at all. I do then, says I, and this is the way I turn it into English: "mori" the more I get, "pro patria" by the country, "dulce est" the sweeter it is. And that's what I call patriotism in these days. Says he, Mr. Slick, and he looked all round to see nobody was within hearin', and then puttin' his fingers on his nose, says he, Mr. Slick, I see you are up to snuff, and that it ain't easy to pull the wool over your eyes; but atween you and me and the post, it wouldn't be a bad thing to be on full pay as a gineral for the winter months, when a body can't do no business in the timber line to home, would it? and my two sons on the staff, one on 'em with the rank of captain and the other of major; do you take? To be sure I do, says I? I take well enough; and if them Maine folks will be such almighty "maniacks," as I call 'em, as to send out troops to the Brunswick line, you'd be a fool if you didn't make your ned out o' them as well as anybody else, that's a fact. But, Mr. Slick, said he, mum is the word, you know; keep dark about it, and I'll show you how to put the leake into folks; and then turnin' round and puttin' himself in the fix of Webster, Clay, and some o' them great-guns, he made as if he was addressin' of an assembly of citizens. Now, said he, I'll show you how I talk into them about the boundary. "Will you sell your birth-right, my fellow citizens? will you sell your birth-right to the proud and insolent British? I await your answer. Will none speak? Then none will be so base. Will you tamely submit to have your sacred soil polluted by benighted foreigners? No; let Maine answer indignantly, No; let Florida echo it back; let the mountains and valleys, the lakes and the rivers, take it up, and reverberate in thunder; No. No, fellow citizens, let us father rally round the star-spangled banner of our great and glorious country. Let us, choosing that day that is consecrated to fame by the blood and heroism of our ancestors, the great day

of independence, plant our flag on the terri*tory*, and rampart it round with the bodies of our free and enlightened citizens. 'Dulce est pro patria mori.'" And then he bust out a-larfin', and staggered like over to the sophy, and laid down and haw-hawed like thunder. Well, Slick, said he, when he came too, what darned fools mankind are, to be so easily gulled by that are word patriotism! ain't they? It fairly beats all, don't it? Now, strangers, said the Clockmaker, that's pretty much the case with delegations. As long as them missions are profitable things, delegates will be as plenty and grievances as thick as hops. If I was the minister I would receive them folks very civilly, and attend to their business if they had any, *and was recommended by the Governor:* but I never would encourage agitation, and hold out a premium for it, by rewardin' *agitators themselves* with appointments. *A trade won't be followed long that ain't a profitable one, that's a fact.* I'll tell you a story. Do, said the company; let's hear your story: and the motion of the chairs indicated a closing in of the listeners round the speaker. About forty years ago, or thereabouts, I think it is, said Mr. Slick, if my memory sarves me right, there was a rebellion to Ireland. Patriots were as thick as toads arter a rain storm; they was found in every man's path a'most, and they stirred up a tempestical time of it, you may depend. They began with grievances and speech-makin', and all that sort of thing, jist as they did t'other day to Canidy, and it eended the same way. It was put down arter a good many poor deluded critturs lost their lives in the field. Then came the day of reckonin', and they caught some o' the leaders and hanged them, tho' most of the first chopmen cut and run, as they always do in such like cases, considerable cranky. Among the rest that they nabbed was two brothers, the two Shears's. Well, folks pitied these two men a good deal, too; they said they railly was in airnest, and had no private eends to sarve, like most of the patriots, but was led astray by artful men. . They said that nothin' could excuse the horrid murders, and blood, and distress caused by their doin's; but still, somehow or another, there was so much courage and darin', and eloquence, and elevation of mind like, about these men, they did railly grudge the gallus its due, that time, anyhow, and kind o' sorter felt as if they'd a-been glad if they had got

off. But no. Nothin' would do. Government said a just severity would be marcy in the eend, for it would deter men from follerin' sich a bad example, and they was jist hanged and beheaded. It excited quite a sensation like. People felt considerable streaked about it, pitied 'em, mourned 'em, and, as usual, forgot 'em. Well, last summer I was to Dublin, and, arter I had finished my trade there, havin' a little time on my hands, I goes about to see the Castle, Custom House, College, and what not of curiosities; for Dublin is worth seein', I tell you; it takes the shine off of most cities, and, at last I heard, there was a place under St. Michan's church where bodies never decayed one mite or morsel, but kept as fresh as the day they died, and as sweet as a pot of butter in an ice-house. So, thinks I, that's curous too; hang me if I don't go and see it. I have heerd tell of such a thing, but I never see the like of that, and it must be worth lookin' at. So off I sot, with an old East India Captain, that was a-stayin' there, to the Shelburne Inn, to Stephen's-green—quite a spooney old boy as you'd see in a hundred—and when I got to the church, I hired the old saxton woman, or whatever they call her, to let me in. What does she do but lights two candles; one on 'em she gives me, and t'other one she keeps in her own hand, and onlockin' the door, down we goes into the vault. Well, there warn't any onpleasant smell in it at all, tho' the floor seem covered with fat crumbly black soil like, that felt greasy onder foot, and as far as I know, might a-been human; and railly as I am a livin' sinner, I hope I may die this blessed minit if the corpses warn't jist as nateral as life. Well, there were three on 'em on the floor: two on 'em, that was men, had their heads off; but the third was a woman; and the coffins had rolled off and fallen away to powder; and they had nothin' over them at all, but there they laid on the floor like dead dogs, as naked as when they was born. Well, says I to the woman, says I, if that don't beat all, too: why nothin' has decayed about them men, but the chords of their necks. Their heads is off; how strange that is, ain't it? what made their heads go for it, and no other part? what on airth is the meanin' o' that? Here another general move of the chairs in the bar-room showed the increasing interest of the company in his narrative, as they closed in still further, and contracted their circle. Why, their heads ain't gone, your honor, said she (for

all Irish people say your honor to you when there is anything to be got by it), they have got them in their laps, and are a-holdin' of them in their hands: see, and she lifted up one of their heads, and turned its ghastly face round towards me, and its eyeless socket stared horrid; while the mouth, all contracted, showed the teeth and looked wicked ugly, I tell you, with an expression o' pain and sufferin' that was dreadful to behold. I didn't get *that head* out o' *my head* one while, I tell you. It fairly harnted me; and I fancied I seed it arterwards, when I went to bed, for the matter of two or three nights, one arter the other. Dead bodies ain't very pretty things at no time; I can't jist say I am fond of them, and I most wonder somehow, how doctors don't get sick of them too. Brother Eldad was always a-buyin' of them, jist for the pleasure of whitlin' of them with his knife, and every draw and trunk he had, a'most, had an arm, or leg, or somethin' or another in it. I believe in my soul, he never buried one agin' that he dug up, for he seemed to owe the worms a grudge, so he did; but as I was a-sayin', they had their heads in their laps. Well, says I to the old woman, says I, is that St. Dennis? for he is the only man I ever heerd tell of that ondertook to walk off with his head onder his arm arter that fashion—who onder the sun is he? Why, says she, them two men are two brothers: they was hanged and beheaded in the rebellion; they are "*the two Shears's;*" hante they kept well intirely. Now give that cratur next to your honor, said she, a prod with the foot and turn him over, and see how beautiful the corpse looks, where the air ain't come to the back. No, says I, not I indeed; I always feels kinder onswoggled like, at dead bodies; it makes my flesh crawl all over, and I won't lay foot to 'em for nothin', a'most, for it's ondecent to kick 'em about with your foot that way, as if it was a carcass of pork. Why they won't bite your honor, said she, tho' they do show their teeth; and, by the powers, I am not afeerd of any man that ever was, dead or alive; so I'll give him a roll over if you'd like to see the other side of him. He is as light as a baby, he is so dry. No, says I, jist let him be; it don't seem jist altogether right. Let him be where he is. Well, then, said she, obsarve, your honor, how nateral the limbs look. See the great toe, how it forks out, strainin' as if seekin' for support for the

body, when hangin'; and the chords of the legs, how hard and crampt they be. The hands, too, are convulsed, and the fingers clenched in the agonies like a violent death. It's a beautiful sight entirely. People say they are great curiosities, them, and that it's worth goin' many a long mile to see, and a crown piece to get a sight of them. Most gentlemen give me five shillings for my trouble; and once, Lord Argent gave me a sov—

Well, well, says I, a-stoppin' of her gab about the pay, for women in a gineral way never lose sight of the main chance one blessed minit—well, says I, "is this the reward of patriotism," to be hanged and beheaded, and then left kicking about here on the floor, like dead rats? Lawful heart! why don't them patriots (for some on 'em are at the top of the pot now), why don't they clap 'em into a coffin, bury 'em decently, and put a monument over them, and show their pity or their gratitude, if they have any. If it ain't fit to make a fuss about folks that was hanged, and they actilly did desarve what they caught that time, why on airth hante they the decency to inter 'em privately, and jist put up a stone with their names on it, to show where they be, and who they be? It 's enough to make a man sick of patriotism this, I 'll be hanged myself if it ain't. It is hard to say which is wus, to see patriots forgit their country, or the country forgitten patriots, for it happens both ways.—Don't call it patriotism, said the Sea-Captain, who stood all the time a-sniflin' and a-snivelin' like a child, (he did, upon my soul!) don't dignify the crime o' rebellion, which is an offence against the laws of God and man, by such a name. The innocent blood which they caused to be poured out like water called for the just but heavy retribution of shedding their own.—Well, says I, them whose cause they took hold on might bury 'em, at any rate. It would'nt hurt 'em one might or morsel to do that much, I am sure.—Patriots, said he, in gineral, are too busy in consartin' schemes for their own aggrandizement to have time to think of the dead, or care for the livin' either. The very name of patriot awakens no other idea than that of the cowardly assassin, or midnight incendiary. Patriotism, and the worst species of crime have become synonymous.—Call 'em Pat-*riots*, then, says I, if you please, or christen them anything you like; but they ought to be buried, anyhow.—So they had ought, said he. Poor un-

fortunate men the victims of your own folly, and the villany of your more subtle and designing accomplices, I pity you—I pity you from my heart, and will ask permission to perform the last sad office for you, and see that your bodies repose in peace at last. Ah! my good friend, said he, had they read their Bible more, and seditious pamphlets less, they might have escaped this ignominious end. They would have observed the precept of the Psalmist: "Fear God, honour the King, *and meddle not with them that are given to change.*"—Stranger, said I,—for I didn't see what right he had for to go for to preach to me,—as for fearin' the Lord, says I, I guess I was always brought up to that since I was knee high, or so, to a chaw of tobacco; and as for a king, we hante got none, and ain't likely to have one. We have nothin' but a President, and he is a divil outlawed, for be is nothin' but a miserable, dispicable Loco Foco. Now, says I, if you can find anywhere that an everlastin' miserable skunk of a Loco Foco is desarvin' of honour, why———; but he wouldn't hear me out, but jist walked away a bit, a-sayin' of oh! oh! oh! as if he had a fit of the cholic, and a-wavin' of his hand up and down, as a freemason does at a funeral. The crittur was a considerable of a spooney, that 's a fact; but, greenhorn as he was, he warn't far out in his latitude about politics, I tell you. Whenever I hear how sweet it is to die for one's country, patriotism, and such stuff, I always think of them two Shears's, and the reward they got at the time, and now receive from posterity, "*for meddlin' with them that are given to change.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO KNOWING BY HALF.

INSTEAD of embarking at Windsor in the steamer for New Brunswick, as we had originally designed, Mr. Slick proposed driving me in his waggon to Horton by the Mount Denson route, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. Having arranged with the commander of the boat to call for us at the Bluff, we set out accordingly a few hours before high-water,

and proceeded at our leisure through the lower part of Falmouth. Mr. Slick, as the reader no doubt has observed, had a good deal of extravaganee of manner about him, and was not less remarkable for his exaggeration of language, and therefore I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen at different periods of my life a good deal of Europe, and much of America; but I have seldom seen anything to be compared to the view of the Basin of Minas and its adjacent landseape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson; and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before, as anything remarkable. I am not writing a book of travels, and shall not attempt, therefore, to describe it. I am sketching character, not scenery, and shall content myself by recommending all American tourists to visit Mount Denson. It is an old saying of the Freneh, that he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing. In like manner, he who travels on this continent, and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin, may be said to have missed one of the greatest attractions on this side of the water. Here, too, may be studied the phenomena of tides, that are only presented to the same extent in one other part of the world; while the mineralogist and geologist will find much to employ and interest him. It possesses, also, the charm of novelty. It lies out of the beaten track, and is new. In these days of steam how long will this be the case anywhere? While musing on this subject my attention was directed by Mr. Sliek, who suddenly reined up his horse, to a seene of a different deseription.

There, said he, there is a pictur' for you, squire. Now that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names was the old man.—A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the neeessaries of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that crittur, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sets on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doin' of nothing, with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jaeknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It 's the schoolmaster to home, that

And there sets his young wife a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and forrerd, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that? By Jacob's spotted cattle, what an ankle she has! Jist look! a rael corn-fed heifer that, ain't she? She is so plump she 'd shed rain like a duck. Them Blue-noses do beat all in galls, I must say, for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' *in* that crittur. She is nothin' but wax-work—no life there; and he looks tired of his bargain already,—what you called fairly onswaggled. Now don't speak loud, for if she sees us she'll cut and run like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper-curls, and stuck thro' with pins, like a porcupine's back. She 's for a tea-squall to-night, and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a non-plush this way by strangers. That 's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honeymoon in the woods, or young love grow'd ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeerd lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what 's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy? I am sure I could'nt. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks goes together, why then a woman is worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out he "knows too much," and is most frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly pinin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was "*too knowin' by half.*" But time progresses, and so must we, I guess.

The noise of the waggon, as Mr. Slick anticipated, soon put the young bride of the woods to flight, and a few hasty and

agile bounds carried her to the house; but her curiosity proved quite as strong as her vanity, for the paper head was again visible, peeping over the window-blind. The bridegroom put up his knife with an air of confusion, as if he was half ashamed of his employment, and having given a nod of recognition to Mr. Slick, turned, and followed his wife into the cottage.

This is the effect, said Mr. Slick, of a want of steady habits of industry. That man lives by tradin', and bein' a cute chap, and always gitting the right eend of the bargain, folks don't think it a profitable business to sell always to a loss; so he says he is ruined by *knowin' too much*.—Ah! said he to me the other day, I don't know what on airth I shall do, Mr. Slick; but I am up a tree, you may depend. It's gone goose with me, I tell you. People have such a high opinion of my judgment, and think I *know so much*, they won't buy nor sell with me. If I go to an auction, and bid, people say, Oh, if Bill Dill Mill bids, then it must be cheap, and it goes beyond its valy right away. If I go to sell anything, every one thinks I wouldn't sell it if I hadn't a very good reason for it, for I am *too knowin'* for that. If I offer to swap, I only stamp a valy on the thing I want, and put it right out of my reach; for the owner wouldn't let *me* have it at no rate, but doubles his price, and goes and says, Bill Dill Mill offered me so much for it, and everybody knows he only offers half a thing is worth. I can't hire a help for what anybody else can, for the same reason; and I had to marry before I was ready, or had quite made up my mind to it; for I knew folks would think twice as much of my gall as soon as they knew I was after her. Darn it, said he, if they said I was a fool I wouldn't a-minded it a bit; or said it was luck or anything. Indeed, I don't know as I wouldn't as lif they'd call me a rogue, as say for ever and ever, *Oh, he is too knowin' by half*. It's the divil, that's a fact. Before this misfortin came I used to do a considerable smart chance of business; but now it's time for me to cut dirt, and leave the country. I believe I must hang out the G. T. T. sign.—Why, what the plague is that? says I.—Gone to Texas, said he. What else on airth shall I do. I have nothin' to see to, and the day seems twice as long as it used to did.—Ah! says I, I have heerd folks say so afore, when they was jist new married. But I see what you want; you

want excitement. How would politics do? It's a wide field, and some considerable sport in it, too. Agitate the country; swear the Church is a-goin' to levy tithes, or dissenters to be taxed to support them, or that the Governor is a-goin' to have martial law. Call office-holders by the cant tarms of compact cliques and official gang, and they will have to gag you with a seat in the council, or somethin' or another, see if they don't.—No, said he, a-shakin' of his head; poor business that; there is nothin' to be made by it, as far as I see, but inimies; and, besides, people are fond of a change; they get tired of professions at last, and jist as you are a-going to reap the advantage another feller outbids you, and carries off the prize. No, that won't do.

Well, preachin, says I, how would that answer? Take up some new pinte, and you will have lots of folks to hear you; and the more extravagant the better. Go the whole figur' for "religious liberty;" it has no meanin' here, where all are free, but it's a catchword, and sounds well. You don't want ordination now-a-days; it's out of fashion; give yourself a call; it's as good as any other man's call. A man that can't make himself a preacher is a poor tool, that's a fact, and not fit to make converts.—Hem! says he, I was a-thinkin' of that, for ministers fare well in a gineral way, that's sartin; and a-travellin' about, and a-livin' on the best, and sleepin' in the spare bed always, ain't a bad move nother; but I hante the gift of the gab, I am afeerd, and I couldn't come it no how I could fix it.—Well, 'tis awkward, says I, to be thought *too knowin' by half, too;* did any one ever accuse you of bein' too *industrious by half*?—What do you mean by that? said he, a little grumphy like.—Nothin', says I, but what I say. Get a spinnin'-wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more and trade less; live by your labour, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, won't be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' "*too knowin' by half*," you don't "*know half enough*," or you'd know that.

Fact, I assure you, squire; if that crittur had railly been a knowin' one, the name of it wouldn't a-fixed his flute for him, for there is always a why for every wherefore in this world. There is a thousand ways for managing that. Now I got the

name myself. Them tricks in the clock-trade I told you. I didn't think you would go right away, and publish; but you did, and it put people on their guard, so there was no doin' nothin' with them for some time hardly; and if I went to say a civil thing, people looked shy at me, and called out, "Soft Sawder."

Well, what does I do? Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin' that I was "too knowin' by half," I sot myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. "Soft Sawder" by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, agin, are more delicater still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a cute person can tell what you are at; though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help showin' how pleased he is. But your books played the divil with me; folks wouldn't let me do it at all arter they came out, at no rate; first civil word always brought out the same answer. Ah! now, that's your "Soft Sawder;" that won't do.—Won't it tho', says I. I'll give you the same ingredients in a new shape, and you will swaller it without knowin' it, or else I am mistakend, that's all. So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at? Nothin' says I, my dear, but a most remarkable developement.—A what? says she.—A remarkable developement, says I, the most remarkable, too I ever seed since I was raised.—Why, what in natur' is that? says she.—Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever!—and then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eye-brow, you ought to sing well, posit*ively;* it's your own fault if you don't, for you have oncommon pitikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and

composition is strong.—Well, how strange! says she; you *have* guessed right, I sware, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for musick in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass!—Tell! says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn I never *did* see, posit*ively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss? Well, arter hearing' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I wont read it aloud, Miss, I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right.—Do, says she; I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it?

Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curous to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, musick, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin'—Well, he's a witch!—well, how strange! lawful heart! Well, I want to know!—now I never! do tell!—as pleased all the time as anything. Lord! squire, you never see anything like it: it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard (you know squire, what they call the *amative* bumps are located there) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very lovin' wife, and so on, and she jumps up a-colourin' and a sayin'—It's no such a thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better! and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired and then

boughten arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

The only thing ag'in phrenology is, it 's a little bit dangerous. It 's only fit for an old hand like me, that 's up to trap, for a raw one is amazin' apt to get spooney. Taking a gall on your knee that way, with one hand on her heart, that goes pitty-pat like a watch tickin', and the other a-rovin' about her head a-discoverin' of bumps, is plaguy apt to make a fool of you without your knowing of it. Many a bird has got fascinated so afore now, that, do what it would, it couldn't get away. It might flutter and struggle a little; but at last it would fall as helpless as anything, right down. But then a fool *is* a fool all the world over. For my part I am not afeerd of none of them. This, squire, is what I call reason, and knowin' the world. A wise man is never taken at a nonplush. But Bill Dill Mill is a noodle, and such a one, too, as it would take seven fools and a philosopher to make, and even then they wouldn't make no part of a primin' to him. He has got everything to larn yet, that feller, for a crittur that is "*too knowin' by half*" *may know too much for other folks' good, but he don't know* "*half enough*" *for his own, that 's a fact.*

CHAPTER IX.

MATRIMONY.

Talkin' of that young bride of Bill Dill Mill, and phrenology, continued the Clockmaker, puts me in mind of a conversation I had with minister about women, jist afore I came down here the last time. The old man was advisin' of me to marry, and settle down to Slickville, into what he called "a useful member of society" Poor old crittur! he is so good himself, he thinks no harm of no one, and looks on a gall as a rose without a thorn, or an angel in petticoats, or somethin' of that kind; but book-larned men seldom know nothin' but books, and there is one never was printed yet worth all they got on their shelves,

which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't onderstand the handwritin', and that is—human natur' On most subjects no man could advise better nor minister; but on the question of woman he is as dreamy as a poet, chock full of romance and nonsense, and actilly talks blank varse, where the rhyme is left out. It 's considerable of a long yarn, but it will give you some idea what an innocent, pure-hearted, dear old crittur he is; indeed, among our ministers he is actilly at the top of the pot. He is quite "a case," I do assure you.

One arternoon, as we was a-sittin' together smokin', says he, awakin' up out of one of his bouts of cypherin' in his head, Sam, says he, it 's most time you was thinkin' of settlin' yourself in the world. By all accounts you are considerable well to do now, and have made an everlastin' sight of money among the Blue-noses to Nova Scotia: you should look round for a help-mate, and pick yourself out a rael, complete, right-down good wife. There is nothin' like matrimony, nothin' like home, nothin' on airth to be compared to a vartuous woman. They are somethin' better than men, and somethin' jist a little less than angels, when you can fall in with one of the right kind. Oh, a right-minded, sound-minded, and pure-minded woman, is the greatest and best work of God. Man was made out of gross materials, of nothin' but clay and spittle; but woman, she was made out of the rib of man, twice refined and remoulded, as it were, from a substance that had been cleared of its dross by a process of previous formation. She was the last work of creation; the best, the most finished, the most beautiful. Man is airthenware, coarse, rude, rough, and onseemly. Woman is porcelain, a crittur highly finished and delicate. Man was made for knockin' about, he is tough and strong; but woman, to be taken care of and handled gently. What a sweet thing is innocence, Sam; how beautiful to contemplate, how lovely to associate with! As a philosopher, I admire purity in the abstract; but, as a man and a Christian, I love it when parsonified. Purity in a child, of such is heaven; purity in woman, of such also is the realms of bliss; but purity in man—oh, Sam, I am most afeerd, sometimes, there ain't much of it any where now a days, I snore: but matrimony, Sam, is a state ordained

by God, not only to carry out his great purposes that is above our comprehension, but also for our happiness; yes, it is a nateral state, and a considerable of a pleasant one too, when well considered and rightly entered upon. Don't put it off too long, Sam; don't wait till the heart ossifies.—Ossifies! says I; why what the plague is that, minister?—Why, Sam, says he, you ought to be ashamed to axe that are question. I do believe, in my soul, you have forgot all you ever larned while tradin' among them benighted critturs in the British Provinces. Ossifies, means growin' into a hard substance like a bone.—Oh, says I, now I see, and that 's the reason of the old sayin', when a man licks his wife like a sack, "I've got a bone to pick with you, my dear," says he, and shows the crittur's heart is ossified. There are some men, I know, that would find it the luckiest thing that ever happened them to have their hearts ossified, if it took that turn sometimes. You may rave as much as you please, minister, about purity, and porcelain ware, and vartue, and all that are sort of thing, till you are tired, but there are some women I 've seed that have more of the devil and less of the angel in 'em than you are a-thinkin' on, *I* can tell you. Regular built bruisers too; claw your eyes right out, like a Carolina gouger, and walk right into you afore you know where you be.—Well, said he, p'raps so; it mought be the case since the fall, but that 's mostly our own faults, our own bringin' of them up: but I was a-goin' to explain to you about the heart. As we grow old, it hardens, and loses its feelin'. When we are young it is as sensi*tive* as anything; you can't hardly touch it without givin' it pain or pleasure. It is so cute, and beats so strong and quick that it 's sensations are plaguy powerful. Well, as we advance in years, the outer coverin' of it hardens, and gets as rough as the bark of a hemlock tree, and when you peel that off, then there is a hard, close, tough rind all round it, and inside that another, they call the inner *cu—tickle.* Ingratitude, and disappointment, and onkindness, and the wear-and-tear of the world, does this, so as to defend the heart from sufferin' pain all the time. I guess it 's a wise provision of natur', a marciful dispensation that. If we don't feel so much pleasure, we feel less pain; we *have less and less heart,* until we get gradually weaned from airthly things, and put our affections

on things above. The passions cease to play, and reason begins to dominate in their place. We are less the critturs of feelin', and more the subjects of wisdom. You apprehend me, Sam, don't you?—It 's as plain as a pike-staff, says I, and as clear as mud. That ossified skin you talk of, puts me in mind of them nasty, dirty, horrid critturs, the Scotch and Irish peasants. They don't wear no shoes and stockings, but go barefooted, and their soles become as hard as the hoofs of jackasses; and them little, short-legged, hairy Highlanders kick every bit as hard, and twice as wicked, as donkeys too. They are shockin' critturs them, for if there 's a part about a man or woman that 's not fit to be seen at no time, it 's the foot. Women that go that way, put me in mind of a divin' duck there is to Labrador, that has a red shank and a black-webbed foot; our sailors call 'em the immigrant ladies; and them ducks act exactly like the galls, too, a-flirtin' and a-frolickin' about like fun. You 'll see a duck now, minister, sailin' round and round about her mate, ever so slow, to attract his attention, like; and when he sees her and makes up to her, smirkin' and courtin', she jist downs with her head and ups with her legs, and away she dives right out of sight in no time, leavin' him alone, starein' and wonderin' like a fool. That gets his dander up immediately, and when he sees her come up agin, off he sets arter her hot foot, and she gives him the dodge agin; and when they get tired of that fun, they sail off together, a-liftin' up their heads and a-gabblin' away like anything, so pleased. Rompin' seems kinder nateral to all created critturs, and the female is every where a-tormentin', wicked, teasin', little toad. Natur' is natur', that 's a fact.—Well, Sam, said he, larfin', for a man that minds the main chance tolerable well as you do, I never seed one yet so amazin' full of nonsense as you be; you have such strange ideas as never entered into no soul's head but your own, I do believe: and yet, as you say, mirth and playfulness does seem kinder nateral: the Latin poet, Virgil, if you hante forgot all you ever larned to night-school with me, has beautifully illustrated that. He then said some Latin about a gall peltin' her spark with apples, but I misremember the words.—Perhaps he quoted these lines said I

Malo me Galatea petit, Lasciva puella
Et fugit ad Salices, sed se cupit ante videri.—

Ay, said Mr. Slick, them's the very identical ones.—Now, says minister, that is natur', for he was natur's poet, was Virgil.—Natur', says I; I guess it is natur' A little innicent rompin', (it must be innicent tho', minister, said I, and I looked up to him as demure as you please,) is what I call primi*tive* and nateral, and I must say, I am shocking fond of a little of it myself.—You are right, said he, to say innocent, Sam, for nothin' that's not innocent ever gives real pleasure; nothin' that's impure can be happy. The fact is, I don't jist altogether like that word rompin'; it's a coarse thing, and a vulgar thing, and only fit for such benighted critturs as them in the British Provinces; say mirth, innocent mirth, and then I agree with you: *that* I do approbate. I delight in *that;* it's a sign of a sweet disposition, a pure mind, and a light heart. But mirth is different from rompin'. It don't admit, as rompin' does, of obstropolous noise, nor ticklin', nor screamin', and things that don't seem quite decent; call it mirth, and I won't non-concur you.—You may call it what convenes you, minister, says I, but still it's the identical same thing, that's a fact. It puts life into a body. It piques you, and raises your dander like: I must say, I like a romp dearly. Now, that's the reason married folks are so everlastin' striped; they never romp. It makes me feel skeery of matrimony ,to see it so heavy and sour: I don't wonder so many folks to Slickville have got the dyspepsy; the only thing I wonder at is, how they can digest it at all. I guess, now, if a married woman was to imitate that are divin' duck, give her husband the dodge now and then, and, whenever he came near hand to her, jist race off and let him chase her, she'd —Ahem! says minister, ahem! Sam, we won't illustrate, we won't enter into details, if you please; where was we when we got off into this rompin' digression.—Why, says I, you was advisin' of me to get married afore my heart got bonafied. —Ossafied, said he, I didn't say bonafied. I wish it was a bona fide one, that's a fact. True, Sam, marry airly, marry before the feelins become blunted, and before you grow suspicious and cold. All our young emotions are good and generous; but we become jealous, selfish, and mean, as we advance in years. At first we see nothin' but the roses and flowers of life afore us and our young eyes are so good, and our

vision so cute, the colours all look bright and beautiful, and we can distinguish all the tints and shades ever so far off, as plain as can be. Well, away we go to gather them, to make 'em into garlands and weave 'em into wreaths, and never think of the ten thousand million of thorns that are onder the leaves and are all over the bushes. Well, first we tear all our clothes to tatters, and then we prick our fingers, and inflammation and fester comes, and run 'em into our feet, and contraction and lameness comes; and scratch our little faces till the tears run down our cheeks and mingle with it. But that ain't the worst of it by a long chalk, neither; for many a time, jist as we pull the rose, and go to put it to our bosoms, away goes all the leaves, a-flutterin' off to the ground; it was too full-blown to bear rough handlin', and we get nothin' but the stem in our hand, and ever so many prickles a-stickin' into the skin. And if we do succeed in gettin' the rose arter all, and take it to home, why, next mornin' when we wake up and look at it, oh, the leaves are all edged with brown and dirty yaller, and the sprig is all wilted, and it looks flabbergastered like, and faded, and it's only fit to be throwd out of the windur; for nothin' looks so bad a'most, as a wilted flower. Jist so is the world, Sam; only the world has its thorns for the heart, and that's more than the rose has; and who shall heal them? Philosophy may give its styptics, and religion its balm, but there are some wounds in *that* place, Sam—and he clapt his hand on his breast, and did look dreadful bad, poor old crittur, and I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, for I knowd what he was leadin' to—there are some wounds here, Sam, said he, that the eye cannot see, nor the hand reach; which nothin' a'most can cure. They may heal over and get cicatrised, and seem all right agin, but still they are so tender, you can't bear to touch them without wincin', and every now and then they open of themselves, like old scars do in the scurvy, and bleed, and throb, and ache; oh! how they ache!

When my elders discharged me, Sam, and reformed me out, and took a Unitarian in my place, I actilly thought my heart would a-burst with grief;—and his voice quivered and trembled like anything, and a great big tear-drop rose up in the corner of his eye, and swelled, and swelled, till it bust, and run over, and trickled down one of the furrows of his cheek, but he wouldn't let

on he know'd it, and wouldn't wipe it off, hopin' I wouldn't see it, I suppose. It actilly a'most made me pipe my eye to see him, it was so affectin'. So, says I, I know it all, minister, says I; we won't talk of that; what's done is done, but the loss is theirs, and it sarves them right. But it didn't stop him, he went right on.—For, oh! Sam, said he, the fountain of love lies in the deepest recesses of the human heart. It may cease to gush over, as it does in youth, when it is fed by a thousand rills of emotion. The wintry frosts of old age may dry up some of its springs, and the lacerations of ingratitude may drain off and limit its supply; but deep and far down is the well, Sam, where summer-heats and wintry frost cannot penetrate, and its water what little is left of it in old age, is as pure, and sweet, and pellucid as ever, and there it remains till the temple that covers it, (that's the body, you see, Sam,) crumbled and mouldered by time, totters to its fall, and chokes it in its ruins. But, oh! Sam, if our friends, them that we dearly loved, basely desert us at last, and meanly betray us; if them we admitted to our confidence, and folded with affection to our bosoms, pour into that fountain the waters of bitterness, and pollute it at its source, better, far better that we had died first. I could have met my eend as became my vocation and my principles, had the blow been dealt out by enemies, Sam; but, oh! it came from my friends, from them that I loved as brothers, nay, more than as brothers, as children. It was too much for my narves. It overpowered my strength, and I hid my face in my hands as Cæsar did in his mantle, and wept like a child. *Et tu*, said I, —for I couldn't help a-thinkin' of that are old republican hero, for it was jist the way them are pretended reformers sarved him out.—*Et tu*, says I, *et tu Brute!*—You might well say a brute, says I, and if I had a-been near hand to them, I'd a sarved them like a brute, too, I know. I'd a-cropt their ears, and branded them on the rump, as they do a horse that's turned out on the common in the fall. I'd a marked them V B. (the voluntary brutes!), hang me if I wouldn't. I'd a-kicked them till I kicked their western eends up to their shoulders, and made em carry 'em there like a mason's hod. "Sich a gittin' up stairs you never did see."—Sam, said he, you actilly frighten me, you talk so savage; it makes my blood run cold. Let us

leave the subject, and go right back to what we was a-talkin' of; and he passed his hand over his face hard, as if to shove back the expression o' pain and sorrow that was there, and keep it out of view; and then, said he, a-lookin' up all bright agin, Where was we, Sam? for my mind goes a wool-gathering sometimes, and gets confused. Where was we?—A-talkin' of the galls, says I.—Exactly, says he; it's a pleasanter topic that, and the contemplation of the dear critturs softens our naturs, "*nec sinil esse feros*," nor suffers us to be ferocious. Nothin' tames a man like a woman.—I guess so, says I.—Yes, my son, said he, get married, and marry soon; it's time you were a-thinkin' on it now in airnest.—Well, I feel most plaguily skeered, minister, says I, to try, for if once you get into the wrong box, and the door is locked on you, there is no escape as I see; and besides, women are so everlastin' full of tricks, and so cunnin' in hiden 'em aforehand, that it's no easy matter to tell whether the bait has a hook in it or not; and if you go a-playin' round it and a-nibblin' at it, why a sudden jerk given by a skilful hand may whip it into your gills afore you know where you be, and your flint is fixed as shure as there are snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and pull, and haul back till you are tired; but the more obstropolous you become, the faster the hook is fixed in, and the sorer the place is. Nothin' a'most is left for you but to come up to the line, and submit to your fate. Now if you go for to take a widder, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are infarnal sly; and if you take a maid, it's an even chance if you don't spile her in breakin' her in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy pull. If they are too old they are apt to be headstrong from havin' had their head so long; and if they are too young, they are hardly way-wise enough to be pleasant. Which, now, do you recommend, minister, widder or maid? Poor old crittur! I know'd well enough he didn't know nothin' about it, havin' had no experience among women any more nor a child; but I axed him to humour him, for most men like to be thought knowin' on that subject.—Why, says he, a-lookin' up wise-like, that's a matter of taste, Sam; some prefers one, and some prefers the other.—(So like human natur' that, warn't it, squire? You never heerd a man in your life, when axed about woman, say, that's a subject I ain't jist altogether able to

speak on, and yet plaguy few know much more about 'em than that women wear petticoats, and men don't.)—It's quite a matter of taste, said he; but, as far as my experience goes, says the old man, I am half inclined to opinionate that widders make the best wives. Havin' lost a husband, they know the slender tenure we have of life, and are apt to be more considerate, more kind, and more tender than maids. At all events, there is enough in the idea to put them on equal tarms. I guess it's six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, not much to choose any way. But, whichever it be, you must prove their temper first and their notions; see what sort o' sisters and darters they make; try—but, dear me! how late it is, said he, a-lookin' at his watch, how late it is! I must go, for I have a sick visit. I still visit my dear lost flock, as if they hadn't a-used me so ill, Sam. I forgive them, all of 'em. I don't harbor any hard thoughts agin any of them. I pity 'em, and always remember 'em in my prayers, for our religion is a religion of the heart, and not of the head, as political dissent is. Yes, I must go, now; but I'll give you a word of advice at partin', my dear boy. *Don't marry too poor a gall, for they are apt to think there is no eend to their husband's puss; nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it onpleasant sometimes; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord; nor a weak-minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers; nor a*—— O Lord! says I, minister, how you skeer a body! Where onder the sun will you find a nonsuch like what you describe? There ain't actilly no such critturs among women.—I'll tell you, my son, said he, for I'd like afore I die to see you well mated; I would, indeed! I'll tell you, tho' you talk to me sometimes as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know 'em but them as romp all their days with them as you do; but them, let me tell you, know the least, for they are only acquainted with the least deserving. I'll gin you a gage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible. *The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the darter.*

CHAPTER X.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

No person on entering the harbour of St. John for the first time, could suppose that it was the outlet of one of the largest rivers on the American continent, as it is in no way to be distinguished in appearance from any of those numerous inlets of the sea that render the coast of the British provinces everywhere accessible to ships of the largest class. As soon, however, as he gets a view of this noble stream, and becomes acquainted with its magnitude, he feels that Saint John is destined by nature, as well as the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, to become the next largest city to New York on this continent.

Sensible folks, these Brunswickers, said Mr. Slick: rael right down men of bisness, and no mistake. They don't take it all out in talkin', as some people do. If they have any politicks to do, they do it, as they load a vessel, as fast as they can do it well, and a-done with it. They are jist a pattern to them Canady goneys to cut their garment by, if they had the sense to follow it. I met old Jeremiah Sterling this mornin'; you have heerd tell of him, squire? he is the richest man in the city. He is an O. F. M. as we call Our First Men among us.—Well, says I, friend Jeremiah, how do you kinder sorter find yourself to-day?—Why, kinder sorter middlin', says he, Mr. Slick; what you call considerable nimble, and spry. We are gitten on well here, very well indeed. We have a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here since you was this way, and our credit is good. We stand No. 1, letter A.—Well, says I, if it is, it won't be that way long, I can tell you; the less you talk about 'sponsibility the better the English marchants and Wall-street brokers will trust you, I know.—Why, says he, what on airth are you a-talkin' about? I don't onderstand you; you are at your old trick of riddlin'?—Why, says I, responsible government, to be sure. Didn't you say you had a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here lately?—Well, that's notable, said he. Lawful heart! if that don't beat gineral trainin'! How could you suppose I meant such cattle as them? No, says he, come with me,

and I'll indicate wnat sponsibility is, for the street is no place to talk over such matters in, and he took me into his countin' room, and touchin' a spring, opened a great iron door, and then onlocked another of the same kind, and showed me a great iron safe, on wheels like a gun-carriage. Well, it was chock full of doubloons and sovereigns, and splendid American eagles; it was actilly good for sore eyes to look at 'em! and then he opened another, filled half way up to the top with bank paper, notes of hand, bonds, and mortgages, and stuff of that kind. He stood for the whole endurin' space of five minutes a-contemplatin' of it, without sayin' of a word, only smilin'. At last, says he, Sliek, (and he let down the lid with a slam that smelt of thunder,) that's what *I* eall *sponsibility*. I didn't airn that little lop of speeie a-talkin' over *politicks*, you may depend, but talking over customers. Your 'sponsibile men want no indorsers, do you twig? Now, who has most interest in takin' care of that "stake," that it don't go for it by fire, or sympathisers, or what not,—me, or that are chatterin', jawin' watehman of mine?—Why you, says I, you, of course.—Exactly, says he; and so it is in politicks. *Them critturs that race about like a runaway steamboat, callin' fire! fire! and disturbin' all honest folks in their beds, cuss 'em! they have nothin' to lose by a fire if it does come: but in the scramble they generally find somethin' or another to pick up that they didn't work for.* Now them chaps, patriots, Durhamites, arsondaries, and what not, to Canady, remind me of our engine men. Any engine that gets to a fire first, if it's only a ehimbly a-blazin', gets five pounds out of the pockets of the people. *Cryin' fire is a profitable trade in more things than one.*

Jeremiah was right, squire. It's a pity Government ever listened to colonial agitators. It was erroneous considerable. It would have been better for England, and better for the colonies too, if they hadn't, and that they'll find some o' these days, or my name is not Sam Slick. But John wants a commission o' lunaey taken out; the foolish old crittur aetilly seems possest. Coneession never stopt agitation sinee the world was first squeezed out of a curd, it only feeds it. Throwin' sops to varmint only brings 'em back agin; and when you have nothin' more to throw to 'em, they are plaguy apt to turn to and tare

you to pieces. It puts me in mind of the wooden horse to Java.

That time I took the whalin' trip, we stopt to Java: well, jist then there was a na*tive* chief there, that almost drove the Dutch off the island. He cut off their outposts, broke up their settlements, druv away their cattle, seesed their galls, and kicked up a regular built tornado. The Dutch governor, old Vandam, who was as fat and heavy as a December bear, was fairly explunctified: he didn't know what onder the sun to do. He was in a most awful feese. All he could say when people came with news, was "Tousand Teyvils;" and the chief gave him news enough to say it all day long, until finally the outlaw-gentleman went by the nickname of "Tousand Teyvils." At last the Governor took a tub of tobacco, and a keg of good hollands, and a dozen of his best pipes, and shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, to study the ins and outs of the matter alone; for talkin', he said, always put him out like a wrong figure in the first part of a sum, and he had to go over it all agin from the beginnin'. Well, at the eend of the two days and two nights the Governor opened the door and ordered in more pipes and more skidam and schnap-glasses, and then sent for his council, and nodded to them to set down; for he was a man of few words, was old Vandam, his maxim bein', that them that talked well was seldom good for nothin' else; and the councillors squatted low and didn't say a word. Then he looked at the liquor, and then at the glasses, and the servant filled them up chock full; and then he looked at the door, and the servant went out and shot it to after him. A Dutchman's eye don't often speak much; but when it has any expression in it, it speaks to the pinte, you may depend. Well, he motioned to them to drink, and they drank off their hollands and smacked their lips: for if his liquor warn't good, I want to know whose was, that's all.—Oh, mine Cot! says the Governor, takin' the pipe out of his mouth, and lettin' go a great long roll of smoke, as big as what comes from a steam-boat,—oh, Goten Hymmel! I have got one idea, and you shall see varte you shall see; and he winked to them knowin' like, and sot down again.

It was a long speech for the Governor; but he got thro' it, for he had made up his mind; and when once a Dutchman makes

up his mind, I have always observed you might as well think of turnin' Niagara as turnin' him. Well, the councillors sot there awaitin' for the Governor to illuminate 'em on the subject of his idea, and drank and smoked till they drank and smoked all that was placed afore them, when the council always broke up. And when they rose to go, the Governor shook his head and said agin,—"You shall see varte you shall see." Well, next day I was woke up by a most riprorious noise in the street, folks beatin' drums and blowin' horns, and rattlin' arms and all sort of things a'most; so I jumps out of bed in an all-fired hurry, and ups with the winder and outs with my head. Hullo! says I, what in natur' is all this to do about? who is dead, and what's to pay now?—Oh! says they, there is somethin' wus than galls in the bushes. The Governor komes out to the head of his army to fight Tousand Teyvils,—and they was very full of courage, was the Dutch, for they was more nor half shaved then. Says I to myself, there will be sport to-day, see if there ain't, and you had better go and see the fun. So, thinks I, I don't much care if I do; and I dresses myself as soon as I could and runs down and joins them.

It was a most mortal hot day, and people actilly sweated to that degree, it laid the dust: indeed, where I was, in the rear, it began to be muddy a considerable some. I actilly thought I should a-died with the heat, it was so brilein', and was beginnin' to repent comin', when orders came to halt; and glad enough I was to hear 'em, you may depend.

We campt near a most a-beautiful meddow at the foot of a mountain, with good shade and lots of nice cool water, and we turned to to wash and make comfortable. Presently the horns blew a long, livcly blast, and in a few minutes they was answered by another from the mountain. Then ten mules was brought out, and loaded with money and goods and what not; and a captain and his guard proceeded with them to the mountains, along with one of the councillors, and in two hours' time they returned, and then a gineral salute was fired by the whole line, for they had bought a peace with the *native* chief. Every one was delighted; they not only nodded to each other, but actilly spoke. Some said goot, others said fary goot, and some hot-headed young fellers said, tam coot. Then a report

came Tousand Teyvils was to dine with the Governor; and an invitation came to me, as representin' our great nation, to be present at the feed too. Well we all formed into line to see the chief that people was so afeerd on; for no one knew whether he was man or devil, no one havin' ever dared to show anything but a back to him; but he kept us waitin' for ever so long, for great men, I have obsarved, always arrive late at dinner; it's only common people that jist come to the time, or may be a few minutes before, to make sure. Well, while we was waitin', the Governor goes into the dinner-tent to see all was right; and arter walkin' all round it ever so slow, he turns to the head-waiter and gives a grunt, "Eu-gh," say he, which is the Dutch for it will do very well, I am satisfied with your arrangements. It is a beautiful language for a hot climate like Java is the Dutch, so little of it goes so far. It is like cayenne, the least spoonful in the world does the bisness. Then the Governor says, Casper says he, (that was the feller's Christian name, and it's very odd I never seed a Dutch sarvant that warn't named Casper,) says he, ven I takes out my noshe-viper to blow my noshe after mit dog guesser (which is low Dutch for dinner, 'cause it sets the dogs guessing and barking like mad), that is a shine to you to do varte I told you for to do. Now, if you neglects, my coot Casper, then—and he drew his finger across Casper's throat—which is the Dutch for sayin' I will have your head cut off.

Poor Casper lifted up his hand to put it on his heart; but he was so tarnation frightened, he didn't get it no higher than his breeches; and thrustin' it into his pocket, which was big enough to hold a quart bottle, he bent over it and bowed down to the ground, which is the Dutch way of sayin' I onderstand you, old boy, and will take devilish good care to mind my eye and save my head. Jist then the guns fired a salute, which was a sign Tousand Teyvils was a-comin'; and sure enough there he was, a regular snorter by buth and edication, a tall, strappin', devilish, handsome feller, with a cap and plumes stuck sideways like on his head. Well, as he marched along in the double line, folks seemed as amazed as if they was jist born, and hung back like as if it was old Scratch himself agoin' to give 'em a taste of his breed and they looked as skeered as if they had seed a rifle

lookin' at 'em eend ways; and Tousand Teyvils curled up his upper lip, jist as you have seed a pugdog do his tail, with a slight twitch of his nose too, as much as to say ain't you a pretty set of mean-spirited rapscallions to come and buy your peace like cowards, instead of fightin' it out to the bat's eend like brave men? Cuss you! you hante an idea above your nasty, muddy, stinkin' canals and flag-ponds; and all you care for is your tarnal schnaps and tobacco. Phew, you paltroons, how you stink of sour crout!

He had a most audacious eye, I tell you: it looked exactly as it was forged out of lightnin'; it warn't easy to look into it, that's a fact. It seemed to say, I am a pickaxe, and will dig you out of your hole like a badger, I hope I may be gouged, if I don't. Well, the Governor advances two steps to meet him, which is a great way for a governor to go, especially a Dutch one, and takin' him by the hand and bowin', says he,—"Mine goot frient—my prave frient," and then he suddenly began to stop, and his eyes swelled, and the whole expression of his countenance altered, and the water came to his lips, and he began to lick his chops, as if he was a boa-constrictor, and was a-goin' to slaver him for swallerin' whole.

I never see such a treacherous face afore. Tousand Teyvils didn't seem to like it nother, for he cut this mummery short by sayin',—"How am you was," (for he didn't speak good Dutch at all,) "how is you been, my old Bullock?" and he squeezed his cornstealers till the old gineral began to dance like a bear on red hot iron.

When he got clear of him, he blowed his fingers as if they was scalded, and howled and moaned like a wounded dog. It was pitiable to see him, for he was a caution to behold. If all the crooked Dutch oaths he muttered that time was straightened out, they'd reach across the Hudson, I do believe.—Oh, mine Cot! says he, to Casper, who came in for orders (and it railly did seem to hurt him beautiful), how shall I use my noshe-viper? I can't blow my noshe no more as a child, my nails have grow'd one whole inch longer. Varte sha.l I do? Est ist sharder (I am sorry).

Well, arter a while they all sot down, and they eat and drank, and drank and eat, till all was blue agin; they fairly pulled off

their coats to it, as if they were in rael wide-awake airnest; and arter the cloth was removed, says the old Governor,—Mine hears, (which means my dummies, or fellers that hear but don't speak,) mine hears, fill your glasses. Well, they all filled their glasses and rose up.—I have von toast, said he, ahem! and he took out his noshe-viper (which is the Dutch for a pocket-handkerchief) and tried to blow his nose, but he couldn't for his fingers were all lame, they was crushed so; and then he took his left hand that warn't squeezed, and you may depend that are wind-instrument, his nose, let go in great style, it sounded like a conch-shell. That was the signal: in rushed Casper and the guard, and come down on poor Tousand Teyvils like fallin' stars, and tied him hand and foot, and carried him in old Vandam's carriage down to town, and rowed him off to a fortified rock at some distance from the land, where they imprisoned him like Buonaparte, and where he is livin' to this day chained like a dog. Fact, I assure you.—Coot, farry coot, tam coot trick, the company all said agin; and then they turned to smokin' and drinkin' till all was blue agin. They didn't get drunk, tho' they had a considerable of a muddy time of it too, because nothin will make a Dutchman drunk; but they sucked in the gin till they couldn't move hand or foot, or hear, or see, or speak, but sot bolt upright, starin' and gapin' like a house with the windurs and doors knocked out. Now, instead of bein' ashamed of such a nasty, dirty, unperlite, sneakin' trick as that they played poor Tousand Teyvils, they boasted of it: for nothin' ever I seed made a Dutchman ashamed, except forgettin' to carry his bag of tobacco.

Tam dat old tief! dat Tousand Teyvils, said the old Governor, (and he blarted like a calf jist weaned, as if somethin' was the matter of him; but what can you expect of a Dutchman?) "Ich Rharter," which is the Dutch for, I guess; Ich Rharter, when he next has de high favour to shake hands mid a governor, he don't squeeze his hand like von lemon: and they all said "Ach yaw!" which is the Dutch short-hand way for sayin' that is a capital joke of his highness the Governor. Well, there was great rejoicin' to Java over this bloodless victory, and the Governor ordered a pint of gin, a pound of tobacco, and two pipes to be sarved out to each soldier in camp for his bravery;

and two days arterwards there was a grand review of the Dutch army. Pretty lookin' soldiers they were too, squire, it would have made you died a-larfin' to have seed them. Either they had fell away greatly in that hot climate, or hadn't fatted up as they intended to do afore they died, for their trousers hung so loose on 'em they could have stowed away their knapsacks, 'coutrements, and all in 'em, instead of carryin' them on their backs. Howsumdever, they was satisfied: and if they was, seein' that they had to carry them and not me, I didn't see as I had any right to find fault, do you? for my rule is to let every man skin his own foxes. Well, they marched, and countermarched, and fired, and all that are sort of work, jist as if they was in airnest; and the boys shouted, and the women smiled, and the blacks grinned, and all went on swimmingly, like a house a-fire. Presently a great heavy piece of ordnance was fired off, and a booth was thrown open, and out came a'most an almighty big wooden hoss, a London brewer's shafter wouldn't make the smallest part of a circumstance to him. He had a splenderiferous saddle-cloth, that nearly covered his body, all trimmed with gold, and a bridle all of polished worked steel, reins and all; and he was led by ten soldiers, five on one side and five on the other, and mounted by a nat*ive* rider superbly clad. His very jacket must have cost enough to set up a common man like me in the world. The hoss looked so big and so fierce you'd think these ten men couldn't hold him; but as he was on wheels, I guess they pulled him instead of holden of him. Well, every now and then the hoss, that had machinery in it, would up-head and snort and neigh, jist like natur', and out came gingerbread, and tarts, and sugar-candy, and fruit, and all sorts of good things. Such a scramble you never did see, fellows tumblin' head over heels, and fighting and quarrelling for a share of the goodies. Well, then he'd progress a little a-further, and then go thro' the same menouvres, and move his head as exact like a live hoss as ever you did see in all your life, and then came the pure gin. Oh, dear, it was as good as a play to see them holdin' their hands, cocoa-nut shells and hats to catch the liquor as it came from the hoss.

Rejoicin', like everything else in the world, must have an eend at last (and Dutch rejoicin' don't last long at any time, as far as

ever I seed, especially when there ain't no smokin' in it), and so did their review. The people all went home pleased. The wooden hoss was a grand idea. It was worked out by General Vandam himself, that time he shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, a-studyin' over this matter of Tousand Teyvils, and shows plain enough, to my mind, that a Dutchman can think, arter all, if you only give him time enough.

The day arter the review I walked out over the exercisin' ground, and there lay the poor old hoss, with his ribs broke in, his body ripped up, and his tail pulled out. While I was musin' over the fate of the hoss, who should I see but a little nigger boy. So says I, come here you little imp of darkness, you spawn of the old one, you, and tell me how this is? Is Tousand Teyvils loose again? Who killed the Governor's hoss?—Why, says he, massa, (for he spoke very good English, as he lived as help to a gentleman that kept a bumboat,) him Dutchman comed here last night in crowds, with carts and hogsheads and kegs, and they got old hoss and patted him, and "soff sawdered" him, (you know dat word, massa, him Yankee word all same as blarney.)—Yes, says I, I have heerd tell of him afore.—Well, they coaxed him. Come, good hoss; beautiful hoss; a little drop more skidam; dat is good hossy; a little more sweatmeat, dat's a pretty hoss! Well, dey holdy up his head, and lift up him tail; but no, dat no go—hossy no gib any. At last him Dutchmen get angry. Dunder and Blitzen! he say, if you no gib him by fair means you gib him by roul, and wid dat dey fall too and rip him up, to see what is in him. Well, massa, you see dem old iron chains, and rusty wheels, and dem ugly pipes. Well, dat is all dey found dere. Den dey turn to and abuse old Gobernor like sin. Tam old Gineral, dey say; he one old big coward, one "Erbarmlick!" (dat's Dutch, massa, for awful bad,) one Erbarmlick cheat! Tousand Teyvils worth a hundred such old fools and knaves! He no solda, that. Oh, massa, noting a'most was too bad for him tongue to say of old Gobernor.—Well, says I, here's sixpence for you, you young suckin' Satan, you, now make yourself scarce; and he scampered off as smart as a two year old.

Now, squire, said the Clockmaker, it's a considerable of a long

story that, and I am most afeerd I have tired you; but *John Bull* and his *Colony Patriots* remind me of them Dutchmen and their wooden horse. As long as he will neigh and whinner and hold up his head, and give 'em cakes and candy and sweetmeats to eat, and skidam to drink, they are full and runnin' over with praises and professions of loyalty; but as soon as he stops, then those same patriots, those M'Kenzies and Papineaus and devils have knifes ready to rip him up. *John Bull don't know and don't valy his rael friends enough.* All are well disposed to him, except them noisy critturs that run about, as old Jeremiah says, cryin' fire—fire! but, cuss him, he is so near-sighted he ever sees a whip till he feels it. *The railly loyal people, like 'ailly religious people, don't talk of it for everlastin'ly. They seldom make professions, unless called for, and ain't found rebellin' like patriots, even when provoked. Their loyalty hante a condition to it like a mortgage. It ain't cupboard love, like that of the Dutchman to the Wooden Horse.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE BAD SHILLING.

It was late at night when we arrived at one of the frontier towns of the state of Maine, which, to avoid local offence, I shall designate as Quimbagog. There was so much noisy disputation relative to politicks and religion in the coffee-room of the inn, that I retired early to bed, with a bad headache, and not without some misgiving, that by visiting Maine first I had entered the States, to use an expression of the Clockmaker's, by the wrong door. In order that the sketch which I am now about to give may be fully understood, it may be necessary to request the reader to recollect that Mr. Slick *is a Yankee*, a designation the origin of which is now not very obvious, but it has been assumed by, and conceded by common consent to, the inhabitants of New England. It is a name, though sometimes satirically used, of which they have great reason to be proud, as it is descriptive of a most cultivated, intelligent, enterprising, frugal, and industrious population, who may well challenge a

comparison with the inhabitants of any other country in the world; but it has only a local application.

The United States cover an immense extent of territory, and the inhabitants of different parts of the Union differ as widely in character, feelings and even in appearance, as the people of different countries usually do. These sections differ also in dialect and in humour as much as in other things, and to as great, if not a greater extent, than the natives of different parts of Great Britain vary from each other. It is customary in Europe to call all Americans, Yankees; but it is as much a misnomer as it would be to call all Europeans Frenchmen. Throughout these works it will be observed, that Mr. Slick's pronunciation is that of the *Yankee*, or an inhabitant of the *rural districts* of New England. His conversation is generally purely so: but in some instances he uses, as his countrymen frequently do from choice, phrases which, though Americanisms, are not of eastern origin. Wholly to exclude these would be to violate the usages of American life; to introduce them oftener would be to confound two dissimilar dialects, and to make an equal departure from the truth. Every section has its own characteristic dialect, a very small portion of which it has imparted to its neighbours. The dry, quaint humour of New England is occasionally found in the west, and the rich gasconade and exaggerative language of the west migrates not unfrequently to the east. This idiomatic exchange is perceptibly on the increase. It arises from the travelling propensities of the Americans, and the constant inter course mutually maintained by the inhabitants of the different states. A droll or an original expression is thus imported and adopted, and, though indigenous, soon becomes engrafted on the general stock of the language of the country. In using the term "language of the country," I mean that of the classes in humble life, of which Mr. Slick is a member, as I hope I have never been so misunderstood as to render it necessary for me to say, that I have no intention of imputing these idioms to any other. This explanation, while it accounts for an erratic man, like Mr. Slick, occasionally using some few phrases which are not native Yankeeisms, will enable the reader the better to understand the difference between the plebeian of the west and the east, as exhibited in the following sketch.

During the stroll after breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Slick said, Did you never mind, squire, how hard it is to get rid of "a bad shillin'," how everlastin'ly it keeps a-comin' back to you?—I said, I had never experienced any difficulty of that kind, never having endeavoured to pass one that I knew was spurious.—No, I suppose not, said he, because you are a careless kind of a man that way, and let your shillin's desart oftener than they had ought to. But what would I have been, had I been so stravagant? and as to passin' bad money, I see no harm in it, if you have given valy for it, and received it above boord hansum, in the regular way of swap, trade or sale. Cheatin' is givin' a thing of no valy for somethin' that is. Now, a bad shillin' that has cost you as much as a good one, can't be said, no how you can fix it, to be a thing of no valy. S'pose any gentleman that keeps a pike was to give you a bad shillin' in change, you would have a right to pass it then, cause it had cost you a shillin'. The odds make the difference—do you take? I'd like, he continued, to go into committee with you on that matter (as we used to say to the house of Rip's), but there ain't time for it jist now, as the pirate said to the hangman when he was a-tyin' of the knot. Howsumdever it is so. I fell in with a bad shillin' last night, arter you went to bed, that I thought I had parted with to New Orleans five years ago, for ever. I had been sittin' down talkin' over roads and travellin', and the clearin's, and what not to Nova Scotia, last night, with a gentleman that owns a free-trader to Quimbagog, the Honorable Lucifer Wolfe. I misremembered him at first, and I don't think I filled his eye chock full nother, for he sart*ain-ly* didn't know me when we first began our palarver. He was a tall man, over six foot high, all bone and muscle, not an ounce of super*fluous* flesh on him. I seed at once he warn't a na*tive* of Maine, but a ringtail roarer from the West. He was all made of fox-traps and bears-claws, and as springy as a saplin ash. Havin' been a considerable some in the African trade, a dealin' in niggers, he was very swarthy like, wore a most ungodly pair of whiskers, and had more hair than head, tho' that was none of the smallest nother. His eyes was full and hawk-like, and close together, but they squinted awful; one on 'em mounted guard on his tumbler and t'other on you, as if his fightin' and drinkin' liked

keepin' company. His nose was hooked and thin, like the back of a jacknife; and a scar across one side of his face from the cut of a sword or a boardin'-pike, made the plump part of his cheek to scuttle down to the level of his jaw, and gave him a very savage kilniferous kind of look. He wore his neckcloth loose like a sailor's, which showed a rael bull-dog neck; and, as he turned his head on its hinges, you could see the silver hilt of a bowie knife that laid hid onder the cape of his coat, ready for use. I couldn't help a-thinkin' of sister Sall when I seed it, for she used to say she liked things that appealed to the heart. I wonder whether she'd call a bowie knife pathetic or not, for few things sink as deep as they do. Then the two large padded flaps like watch pockets to his frock coat, showed pistols was concealed there. His shirt had two or three large gold brooches in it, and a chain of the same genuine material, as thick as a gall's finger, was suspended round his neck as a watch-guard, and his waistcoat was made of spotted calf's skin, tanned with the hair on, and the shaggy side showin' out. He looked half landsman half seaman, with a strong dash of the fire-eater. Altogether he was a caution to look at, that's a fact. All at once he recollected my phiz, and jumpin' up and catchin' hold of my hand, which he squeezed as if it was in a vice, he roared out—Why it ain't possible! said he. Lawful heart alive, if that ain't you! Where on airth did you spring from, since you gin' over livin' whar you used to did? Whar do you lead your life now? Why, you have become quite a big bug lately by your writin's: penmanship, I take it, is a better bisness than clock-makin'; but come, let's liquor; I want to wet up; the sight of an old friend warms my heart so, it makes my lips dry. What will you have? cocktail, sling, julip, sherry cobbler, purl tala-bogus, clear sheer, or switchell? name your drink, my man, and let's have a gum tickler, for old acquaintance, somethin' that will go down the throat like a greased patch down a smooth rifle. Well, says I, I am no ways pitikilar; suppose we have brandy cocktail, it's as 'bout as good a nightcap as I know on. Done, said he, with a friendly tap on the shoulder that nearly dislocated my neck; I like a man that knows his own mind. Most of our folks make as much fuss about choosing, as if their throats had any taste in them, and they actilly knew the difference; but they

don't, that's a fact. New England rum takes the skin clean off, and they can't taste nothin' that's weaker. I'll go and speak for it to one of the gentlemen to the bar.—With that he swiggled his way thro' the crowd, to the counter, and says he, Major, says he, I guess you may let one of your aidy-conks bring us a pint of cocktail, but let it be letter A, No. 1, and strong enough to loosen the hinges of a feller's tongue.—Well, we sot down and chatted away till we finished our liquor, and now, says he, Slick, answer me a few questions, that's a good feller, for I am a free-trader now. I have got a'most an angeliferous craft, a rael screemer, and I'm the man that sez it. The way she walks her chalks ain't no matter. She is a rigilar fore-and-after. When I hoist the foresail she is mad, and when I run up the mainsail she goes ravin' distracted. I can beat her up the harbour, when there is rips, raps, and rainbows under her bow; ay, walk her like a lady right into the wind's eye. Chips! chips! and they know it a-bed. Heavens and airth! jist lookin' at her will take away the breath from them white-livered, catfish-mouthed, dipt-candle lookin' scoundrels the Brunswickers. She goes right on eend like a rampin' alligator. She'll go so quick she'll draw their wind out: go ahead! cock-a-doodle-doo! And he crowd rike a rael live rooster.—Go ahead, steam-boat—cock-a-doodle-doo! and he smashed my hat in, most ridikilous over my eyes, a-flappin' so with his hands, like wings. It was a caution to see, that's a fact. Now, said he, Slick, my bully, I think I see a smart chance of doin' a considerable stroke of business to Nova Scotia, in the smugglin' line.

Is it true the British have made Hudson in Nova Scotia, a free port? It is.

Is it true that from Parsboro' at the head of the Basin of Minas, up to Windsor, it is thirty-five miles? It is.

Is it true the tide runs out so, you can lay aground anywhar you darn please, on the mud-flats, with safety? It is.

Is it true you ain't bound to call at no custom-house till you get up to Windsor? It is.

Is it true they can't see you to Windsor till you come within two miles of it? It is.

Isn't Windsor almost clear across the province, no more than thirty-five miles from Halifax Basin? It is.

Then, says he, a-givin' me a most powerful slap on the thigh with his open hand, enough to make a beefsteak tender; then, said he, and he grinned like a red-hot gridiron, the crittur was so pleased, I defy all the Blue-noses, John Bulls, Brunswickers, and devils that ever was, to prevent smugglin' Old Nick is in the die if, in thirty-five miles of river and basin, you can't find an honest feller on one side or another of it, near whom you can lay aground by accident and run your goods. I am intarmined to fill that are country, called Nover Scotiar, with smuggled goods as full as a dog is full of fleas, ay, and as hard to be cotched, too, as them nimble-footed little gentlemen be. Ain't the British awful fools, too? said he; they do beat all: I actilly believe they are the biggest fools livin' this day, on the blessed airth. Well, says I, I won't say they are jist the biggest fools nother, for them are colony chaps are pretty much of a muchness with them, six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, and no great to choose nary way. But the next time, friend Wolfe, clinch the argument on your own thigh, that's a good soul, and not on mine, for I feel it tingle clean away down to the tip eends of my toes: and now I'll tell you somethin' you ain't axed yet, for you don't know all things, cute as you be. They used to have to the east, when I fust know'd it, an excise officer and a custom-house officer to each port; now, I hear it is talked of to have one man to do the work of both ('cause savin' is popular), and he will be kept so busy he won't have time to leave his home one etarnal minit, so there won't now be no custom-house at all in a manner, and that only for form's sake. It's a free-trade now, a'most, and we are a-goin' to have the whole supply afore long, see if we ain't; and one thing I have often remarked, Yankee trade brings Yankee notions. All we got to do is to be quiet. They call all change reform, them fellers; it's a sort o' party catch-word they larnt from the English, and all changes they make will help us and hurt them. The devil a hair I care, says Lucifer, what they do. I am no politician, and I hate politicks. I am no great hand at makin' laws; but one thing I *do* pride myself on: I never seed the law yet that could tie my hands, for I am a regular scroudger: I can slip them thro' any clauses you please. Build up four square walls of laws round me, and I'll whip thro' the keyhole. The way I'll run

goods into that are country is a caution to steam-boats and railroads, and them plaister diggin', shingle weavin', clam-feedin' Blue-noses, may do their prettiest, cuss 'em. I'm for free-trade, and them that want's a fleece for revenue must first catch the sheep, that's my maxim; and if he is cotched, why then he must jist submit to be sheared, that's all, for bein' such a born fool. But no one hadn't better go foolin' with me, for I've got a loadin' iron, "speechifier" by name, that never missed her man since Lucifer Wolfe owned her. She'll let daylight shine thro' some o' them Blue-noses, I know, so they can't tell a sneeze from a blow'd-up boat, she's so quick on the trigger. I'm a good-natured man, but it don't do to rise me, I tell you, for it's apt to make me sour in hot weather.

But come, said he, that cocktail and your news is considerable excitin', and has whetted my appetite properly; I guess I'll order supper. What shall it be, corn bread and common doin's, or wheat bread and chicken fixin's? But we must fust play for it. What do you say to a game at all-fours, blind-hookey, odd and even, wild cat and 'coon, or somethin' or another, jist to pass time? Come, I'll size your pile. Size my pile! says I, why, what the plague is that? I never heerd tell of that sayin' afore. Why, says he, shell out, and plank down a pile of dollars or doubloons, of any size you like, and I'll put down another of the same size. Come, what do you say? No, I thank you, says I, I never play. Will you wrestle, then? said he; and whose ever throw'd pays the shot for supper. No, says I, since I broke my leg a-ridin' a cussed Blue-nose hoss, I hante strength enough for that. Well, then, we are near about of a height, says he, I estimate, let's chalk on the wall, and whoever chalks lowest liquidates the bill. If it warn't for the plaguy rhumatiz I caught once to Nova Scotia, says I, a-sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial, says I; but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp.

I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could jist double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke: he fairly roared out, it tickled him so. Well, says he, I like that idea of the damp gall; it's capital that: it's a Jerusalem bright thought.

I'll air my wife, Miss Wolfe, before the fire to-night; I hope I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if I don't. I'll heat her red-hot, till she scorches the sheets. Lord! how she'll kick and squeel when I spread her out on the close-horse. How it will make her squinch her face, won't it? She never hollers unless she's hurt, does Miss Wolfe, for she is a lady every inch of her, and a credit to her broughter-up. A damp gall! Come, that's good! it accounts for some of 'em bein' so wretched cold. But, stop, said he, it's no use a-sittin' here as still as two rotten stumps in a fog. I'll tell you what we'll do; here's two oranges, do you take one, and I'll take the other, and let us take a shy among them glasses to the bar there, and knock some o' them to darned shivers, and whoever breaks the fewest shall pay for the smash and the supper too. Come, are you ready, my old coon? let's drive blue-blazes thro' 'em. No, says I, I'd be sure to lose, for I am the poorest shot in the world. Poorest shote, said he, you mean, for you have no soul in you. I believe you have fed on pumkins so long in Conne'ticut, you are jist about as soft, and as holler, and good-for-nothin', as they be: what ails you? You hante got no soul in you, man, at all. This won't do: we must have a throw for it. I don't valy the money a cent: it ain't that, but I like to spikilate in all things. I'll tell you what we'll do,—let's spit for it; and he drew his chair up even with mine. Now, says he, bring your head back in a line with the top rail, and let go; and whoever spits furthest without spatterin' wins. Well, says I, you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but I've gin up spittin' since I went down to Nova Scotia; I have, upon my soul, for nothin' riles them Blue-noses more. Spittin' would spile a trade there as quick as thunder does milk. I'm out of prac*tice*. They'll swaller anything, them fellers, they are such gulls, but they keep all they get: they won't let out, for they are as hard as the two sides of a grindstone. Well, then, what the plague will you do? said he. Why, says I, a-takin' up the candle, and a-yawnin' so wide and so deep you could hear the watch tickin' thro' my mouth, I guess I'll go to bed, says I, for I hadn't the leastest morsel of sleep in the world last night. Mr. Slick, says he, a-risin' up and a-clappin' both arms a-kimber, lookin' as fierce as a wild-cat, and jist crowin' like a cock agin, give me leaf to

tell you, Mr. Slick, says he, that you are no gentleman, and he showed his teeth as wicked as if he could grin a nigger white. I never said I was, said I, so we won't quarrel about that. But I'm not a-goin' to be baulked that way, said he; you'll find me jist a leetle the ugliest colt you ever undertook to brake; there is no back out in me, for I'm a snappin' turtle, so you'll fight or play, that's flat, and no two ways about it, so take your choice, for I feel most intierly wolfish and savagerous, and have half a mind to give you a tickler in the ribs that will make you feel monstrous amiable, and set you a-considerin', I tell you. Says I, friend Wolfe, for I seed there was a smart chance of a row, play I won't, so there is an eend of that matter, and as you are a-goin' to embark considerable capital in the smugglin' line, to Nova Scotia, (and I put my finger on my nose and winked, that there might be no mistake about what I meant,) I guess it would be jist about as well for us not to quarrel. So don't kick afore you are spurred, do you take? Lord, it laid his bristles in a minit that, for the crittur's feelin', like some people's respectability, was all in his pocket. Ah, said he, spoke like an honest man, that, and not like a cussed Yankee pedlar, and they ain't no better than an onsarcumcised Ingian, or a odoriferous nigger. There is some sense in that; give us your flipper, old boy; but let's have a drop of wet to drown it. I never sleep well unless words is either foughten out or washed out, and grog makes me feel as good-natured as a sooped eel. Lord, how glad I was to find it takin' that are turn, for I was actilly in a piled-up-agony, and the chilly ague began to crawl all over me. Only thinkin' of fightin' such a ring-tail roarer as that, nearly broke two of my ribs short off. What shall it be, said I? Apple toddy, said he. Apple toddy then let be, said I; and I ordered a pint o' the best, and so we slinged. Arter discussin' it out, we parted, on the best possible tarms, for ever I hope: *but cuss them bad shillin's, they are always a-comin' back to you*, there is no gettin' quit of them at no rate, for they won't take the mitten if you do try to cut them.

Such is the loose, good-for-nothin' loafers, cheats, smugglers, and outlaws, squire, the Blue-noses are a-goin' to have among them, by their beautiful free ports, for the trade won't pay regular marchants, and, unless I am much mistaken'd, when once these

"bad shillin's" are imported they'll find it no easy matter to drive them out of circulation agin. The advantage is all on our side. The reason why Windsor hasn't growd more of late years is, they have had a lot of poor little miserable coasters, that either didn't know the way, or was afraid to go beyond the American lines, so Windsor built Eastport. Now they have got bigger vessels, are makin' money hand over hand in airnest, and jist as they have got it to work right, they must have a reform free port, and give the carryin' trade to us. If it warn't that puppies can't see till they are nine days old, one would wonder they were so blind; but the wust of it is, they are plaguy apt, afore they do find their sight, to get their ears cropt and their tails cut. It reminds me of father and neighbour Outhouse Pipes. Father had a hundred acres lot in the rear of his farm, that was used as a partur, and a capital one it was too, well watered, well shaded, and well covered with beautiful white clover, and sweet grasses, and what not; but it cost considerable to keep up the fence round it. So, said he, one day to Outhouse Pipes, neighbour, says he, that partition fence costs a great deal of time, money, and trouble, every year, and poles is gittin' almighty scarce, I'm a-most afeerd we shall run out of wood afore long, suppose we pastur' in common, and let that fence down, the poles would do for other fences, and be quite handy. Well, says Pipes, quite careless like, so as not to let father see how pleased he was; well, says he, I was a-thinkin' myself it would be more neighbourly, and every bit and grain as good too. I don't care if I do. Well, what does Outhouse Pipes do, for his stock was more nor twice as large as father's, what does he do, but turns in all his cattle, hogs, and sheep, and father's pastur' being the best, they all in course went into his field, and when dry time in summer come, his tarnation lookin' cattle, cross bull, and breachy oxen, 'most worried all father's dairy cows to death, and finally druv 'em all out into the township barrens. There never was no findin' them when you wanted them, and in a little while they fell off in the milk, got thin and mangy, and looked like old scratch. Well, bimeby father got tired of this fun, and wanted Outhouse Pipes to fence again on the division line; says he, I guess you have eat sour grapes, and your son's teeth are on edge, ain't they? He said it warn't reasonable at all

to be so peskily whimsical and crotchical; that it was none of his seekin' to pastur' in common; that we had used up all his share of the poles, and didn't know where to get any more; and, arter five years' 'crastination, vexation, and trouble, father, to eend the dispute, went and put up the whole line himself, his own and neighbour Pipes' too. Cuss them cattle, Sam, says father, they have done me more nor a hundred pounds damage, but I guess, when a man has *a good field of his own, containin' all he wants in the way of feed, shelter, and water, he had better snug up his fences strong and tidy, and keep it to himself.* But father's trouble warn't eended so easy as he was athinkin' on Havin' once got a taste of the good grass, the nasty onruly brutes of Outhouse's were for everlastin'ly a-breakin' in and chasin' our beasts from one eend of the pasture to the other. As for father, poor old soul, he spent most of his time a-runnin' and a-hollerin' arter them stray critturs, and drivin' of them out. Well, if this don't beat the bugs, he'd say! What a spot o' work this is sar-*tain*ly. They are *like a bad shillin'* them breachy devils, you can't get rid of them at no rate. Put them out as often as you please, they are for everlastin'ly a-comin' back to you.

I am a-thinkin', said the Clockmaker, the Blue-noses will find that arter a while, usin' the trade in common with us is like father's pastur', their neighbours have two craft to their one to put in it, and bein' the strongest of the two, will gradually drive them off altogether, while shutting them out again is easier talked of than done, and that when actilly debarred, the onruly ones will occasionally break in and cause 'tarnal trouble and expense. *Changing one thing for another is not always reform, as they have found out to England, to their sorrow, in more things than one.* But them who change often and unnecessary, are apt sometimes to find to their cost, when it's too late, that they have incautiously got hold on "*a bad shillin'.*"

CHAPTER XII.

TRADING IN BED.

During one of our former journeys a circumstance occurred, that I did not understand at the time, but which Mr. Slick now

explained to me. On our return from Chester in Nova Scotia to Windsor, we stopped at a small house on the roadside, near a sawmill, for the purpose of feeding our horse, and in the course of a conversation which it appeared to me was designedly introduced, relative to the stream and the adjoining timber-land, Mr. Slick extolled the "water power" "mill privilege" betterments and convenience and value of the place in terms of such extravagant praise, that the owner proposed to sell it to him, an offer which was immediately accepted.

You see, said Mr. Slick to him, I ain't jist prepared to pay you right down on the nail in hard pewter, not expectin' any such trade, but "*I'll bond it;*" that is, do you bind yourself in a bond to give a title, upon my payin' you five hundred pounds within two years. If I pay it, why then the land is mine; and if I don't do so, why there is no harm done: you take, don't you?—Well, I don't know as I do, said Blue-nose (who appeared puzzled at this novel mode of selling property, in which the bond was to be given to the wrong man). Why don't you give me a bond, said he, for the purchase-money, and I'll give you a deed? I'll trust *you*, for you are good for more nor that.—Why, I'll tell you, said the Clockmaker. It's altogether for your advantage, and saves trouble and expense, you see. Accordin' to your plan, if I didn't pay my bond when it's due, why you'd lose the land: now this way, you don't part with the land till you get the money; for you hold on till you are paid and finger the cash. It's safer and better for *you*, and I must say I do like a fair deal. So now, do you take the pen and write the bond yourself to prevent mistakes, and I will tell you what to put into it. The bond was accordingly written, duly executed, and delivered, and we proceeded on our journey. As this transaction had taken place some time ago, and never again been referred to by Mr. Slick, it had nearly escaped my memory; but the opportunity having now occurred of making an advantageous use of it, he unfolded his object without reserve.

We are now, squire, said he, in the state of Maine, the headquarters of land spekilators, and I'll put off my Chester friend's bond to an advance. I never had no notion of buyin' that are feller's and. I don't want it no more nor my old waggon does a

fifth wheel. I've been spekilatin' on his capital. If I don't sell the bond, I lose nothin'; for I have paid nothin'; if I sell it, I gain all I can get for it. It is one of the best and prettiest modes of trading I know on; but the difficultest part is all to do yet, and that is to sell it. Anybody can put the leake into a Blue-nose, or a John Bull, for they are a primi*tive*, unsuspectin' sort of folks, not jist exactly up to snuff; but to walk into a down east-land jobber requires great skill, I tell you, and a very considerable knowledge of human natur' and of business. If your hook ain't well covered, and the bait well chose and suited to the season, they won't so much as look at it. If you pull at a nibble, you never get another one, for there is nothin' so bad as eagerness. A quick eye, a steady hand, and cool temper, is not do withoutable. Tantalise 'em, play 'em on and off, let 'em see the bait and smell it, then jist raise it a little out of sight till they have to look for it, and then let it float down stream for them to foller, and when they get to it, snub it short till they pass it, and have to turn back and make up agin' stream. They don't see so clear then for the drift stuff, air bubbles, and what not; and when you find them makin' right at it full split with their mouths open, slacken up a little, and jist as they snap at it, draw it forward an inch or so, and then rest a bit. The next grab they make they will take in the bait, hook, sinker, and all, and maybe a part of the line, then give it a back pull (not forrard, for that is blundersome, and may pull it out agin p'raps, but back) with a short turn of the wrist, and it whips the hook right into the jaw. O, it's beautiful play, that! it sharpens the wit, pints the eye teeth, and raises a man in the scale of intelligence. I never see a human yet, unless he was one of our free and enlightened citizens, that had the science—never, and I must say my hand is 'most out. I want pra*ctice;* for in them British provinces the folks are as simple as the partridges be, and they are so tame and so stupid, it's no fun a-goin' out a-gunnin' arter them, for you can shoot 'em like hens at a roost. Floorin' one of them afore the eyes of the others never starts the flock, it only mazes them. But stop, said he, tapping me on the shoulder, stop, squire, and look out o' that are winder. Do you see that are tall, limber-timbered, slinky-lookin' man with the blue cloak and two long black cords a-hangin' from it with

almighty big tassels a-danglin' to the eend of it like the lamp-rope there, a-carryin' part of the cloak folded on one arm like a Roman senator, and t'other arm a kimber, with his hat cockaded military like? well, that is General Conrad Corncob. He is the greatest spekilator in these parts. He made a hundred thousand dollar in eastern lands last year, and ten thousand to New Brunswick this season. He thinks no small beer of himself, that man, and boasts that he never put his foot in it in his life. If I don't lighten him of two thousand dollars afore to-morrow mornin', say my name is not Sam Slick. I'll walk right into him, tight as he is, I know. I'll bam he so he'll be a caution, I hope I may be shot if I won't. There is nothin' like fishin' for the leadin' trouts of the hole—no, nothin'; there is some fun in that, somethin' worth holdin' out the landin'-net for—beautiful spots of gold on them fellers—lick, it makes my mouth water. It's excitin'—it's dreadful pretty; it caps all, that's a fact. I shan't see you now agin till mornin', squire, for it's considerable well on in the evenin' now, when daylight's down, and I shouldn't wonder if I had "*to trade in bed*" afore I bring *him* to tarms, so good-night. I'll play 'possum with you in the mornin', and be ready to start with you as early as you please.

The following morning Mr. Slick put a small piece of paper in my hand, and said, with a smile of triumph on his face,—Read that, squire, if you please.—"To the cashier of the Bangor Bank. Sir, please to pay to Samuel Slick, Esq., two thousand dollars and ninety cents, and charge the same to yours, &c. Conrad Corncob, Lt. Genl."—I did him, said he, exultingly, I did him; but it was no easy matter, I tell you. I had to play him up and down stream more nor once, and shift the colour of the fly till I tempted him; but he is bagged for once, anyhow. It was a'most a-difficult piece of business; and I must say, tho' I say it that should't say it, that I don't think there is another man this blessed day in the States would have done it but myself, not one. But come, we must be a-movin'; and as we drive on, I'll tell you how it was.

Arter I left you, I seed him in a line with the stable; so I jist walks out and makes for the hoss-stalls, lookin' down in a hurry like, and seemin' chock full of bisness, and not lettin' on as if I know'd that he was there, for there is nothin' like a non-

committal, and he calls out,—Why, Slick, if that ain't you, as I am alive! why, how do you do, eh? who on airth would have expected to have seed you here.—So I looks up, 'mazed like, like a feller that's lost his road, and, says I,—Stranger, you have the advantage of me, I guess.—Possible, said he, not know me? oh, for ever!—Why, says I, I know your voice, and know your face, and *ought* to know your name; but——. —Well, if you think you *ought*, said he, you *shall*. Don't you mind Gineral Conrad Corncob, him that was kyurnal last war on full-pay? —Corncob? says I. Let me see, said I. Corncob—Corncob! —and then I scratched my head like a dog in sarch of a flea,— oh! ay! to be sure I do, and glad to see you too.—I thought, said he, Slick, you was down to Nova Scotia, a-tradin' among them tatur-headed Blue-noses; and d—n them fellers, they talk rather warlike about the boundary line. I shouldn't wonder if they'd like a war, the villains; for they'd find it a plaguy sight easier, I estimate, to come and grab our vessels than build them for themselves. Halifax always goes a-head by a war. Have you done anything out of the clock line down there lately? Is there any room there for a spec' in the land way on a large scale?—Well, I jist look'd up at him and eyed him hard in the face, without sayin' of a word for a space, dubersome like, as if it was a dangerous thing to let one's tongue run too fast, and then said, a-holdin' of my head down, as if I had concluded to keep dark,—Well, I must say, said I, I haven't done bad in clocks, that's sartain.—Fire and tow! have you done anything in the timber line? said he, for that is a rising property.— Well, I made as if I didn't hear him, so as to 'cite his curiosity, and, says I,—Gineral, that are boundary line will cause trouble yet, I reckon. You Maine folks have been talkin' a leetle too fast lately, a leetle too much bush. You wont frighten Blue-nose so easy as you are a-thinkin' on, I tell you.—Well, says he, we've talked and bragged so much lately about it, I'm tired and sick of the subject; but I see you have made a hit, I know you have, you are so infarnal costive. I've seed folks carry a heavy secret afore to-day.—What is it?—Governor Fairfield has been too rash, and talked too big, says I. We have suffered in the eyes of foreigners.—The devil take the eyes of foreigners, and Governor Fairfield, and the boundary too, says he. Fire

and tow! your spec', what is it? And he opened his cloak and put his arm inside of mine and walked on.—What's the tune, said he, two or three hundred thousand dollars, eh?—Well, says I, Gineral, there is no evadin' you, you are so everlastin' cute. I believe you could see a hole in a millstone if it was no bigger than the pint of a needle, providin' you picked it yourself. Who told you I had made a spec'? tell me how it leaked out. —Oh! says he, I knew it from your manner, I hope I may be shot if I didn't. Fire and tow! It tante no easy matter to blind me.—Well, then, says I, I *have* made a spec', Gineral, that's a fact, and such a spec', too, as ain't often made now-a-days nother. It's a top sawyer one, I do assure you; but I can't avail it. I am afraid this Britisher that's here will be the ruin of me yet; for he has made me promise to make tracks with him this summer, and I am 'most afeerd I shall lose the chance of gettin' up a company by it, and it's a pity, too, for there ain't such a location atween the poles hardly. I got it for half nothin', a mere song; it's grand, that's sartain. Now, says I, if you would give me a little advice how to work it, I'll give you some hints about property in Nova Scotia that will clear two hundred per cent.; but it's a long story, and walls have ears, so I will turn in with you, if Miss Corncob, your wife, ain't here, and we'll talk it over in bed. If we can agree, I will give you an agency that will be worth while.—Well, says he, do, for there is nothin' like "*tradin' a-bed*," and I will council you to the best of my abilities; but is it refuge or superfine, clear stuff, or only marchantable.—Oh! says I, there is no mistake, it's for myself, and not to put off agin; it's the rael solid thing, and not holler, or lackered, or plated, but jist ginu*wine*. If it was a b ım, there would be no need of advice, I reckon; but it's how to go the whole figur'

Well, arter walkin' about a trifle from the house, for a while, and talkin' about indifferent subjects, we took jist a dust of rael good mint julip, and turned into bed.—Says he, Slick, excuse me, but I must turn my back on you, for, as I chews a good deal, I'd have to spit across you in the night, which ain't very genteel, so I can't lay spoonbill fashion.—Now for the spec'. I seed his curosity was up, so not to appear in a hurry, I said, Gineral, says I, nothin' but bisness would ever make me sleep

with a man. I got frightened out of a year's growth once, by goin' to bed with a Britisher. It was second or third stage out of Buffalo, Canady way. When I arrived it was late to night and I had to dig thro' the woods considerable sharp to get there at all. The house was full, and every bed had two in it, all 'xcept one, and that an Englishman had, who carried on and swore so 'bout sleepin' two in a bed, that they gave him one all to himself, more to save the bother of havin' a quarrel with him than out of any love for him; for them English are the devil when travellin', they give so much trouble, and do what you will are never satisfied.—Exactly, said the Gineral, most commonly their manners are rude, overbearin', and tyrannical. They want their flints fixed for 'em as we did last war; but fire and tow! let's have your spec' afore we get a-noddin'; I shall go for it soon, for I am considerable sleepy, I tell you.—Well, says I, so they jist told me to take up with the Englishman, and I undressed in two-twos, outs with the candle, and into bed in no time. The crittur was a-lyin' with his back to me, a-snoring like a bull, and more nor once I had a-mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then I thought it would only eend in a fight, so I let him be. But jist as I was a-droppin' off to sleep, the crittur fell too and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on airth shall I do? shall I give him a slockdolager onder the ear and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him in return agin? I didn't actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees, jist lays hold of him by the shoulders and turned him over, with his face *to* me, and his back to the outside of the bed. Now, says I, kick away till you are tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothin' but the wall. Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it 's a pity, but as he didn't touch me no more, I dropped off a-sleep, and left him a-batterin' away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer. In the mornin' he was quiet enough; but oh, such an ugly ungainly lookin' beast I never seed. He had his mouth wide open, a-showin' of his snags of teeth like a hoss when he sneezes, and there was dry froth ou his nose and lips from snortin' so. His eyes was open

too, (for some men sleep with their peepers open, like the Dutch overseer of the niggers with the glass eye, in the sugar-house,) and they stared like the eyes of an owl, and had jist sich a glassy, filmy, onmeanin' look. His hands, like most Britishers, was as white as chalk, but the nails was blue, and so was his lips. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed, altogether he was a perfect pictur' of an ugly man. Hullo, shipmate, says I, how's your heels this mornin'? I guess you must have hurt 'em agin' that are wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance; but he was as sound as a top. With that, I throw'd down the clothes on *my* side, and was a-gittin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy; I turned round and took another survey of him, and then put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he warn't as dead as a herring. He was, I swear. It was an apperplexy fit he had, that made him kick so like mad. It made me quite sick; I didn't get that crittur's ugly mug out of my thoughts for one while, I know. It was horrid now, warn't it?—Well, fire and tow! it was horrid, that's a fact, said the Gineral, and if your bed-fellers are apt to be so confounded onlucky, I must say I'm 'most afeerd to go to bed with you. I don't like to hear about them things at night, they kinder skeer away sleep and set me a dreamin'; let 's hear about your Nova Scotia estate: what is it like?—We had a crowner's inquest on the body, says I, and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a vardict, "died of fright, a-sleepin' along with a Yankee." He did, upon my soul. Fact, I assure you.—Who the plague cares, says Corncob, what the great fat porter-drinkin' hog died of; do, for gracious' sake, let him be. Did you say your land was in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick? Come, gin' over foolin', that 's a good feller.—I seed he was very anxious to hear about the bond, so to tease him and pique him, says I, I had another curious adventure once with a man in bed.—What a devil of a long-winded feller you be, Slick, says he; why don't you come to the pinte at once? if you want advice, ax it; if not, let's go to sleep, for your stories are dismal. Fire and tow! I shall see that dead man in a night-mare yet.—Well, says I, this one will make you larf, anyhow, for it took a different turn from t'other one altogether. When I fust went

out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be ubject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night onder the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' Quaker, a terrible cross-grained cantankersome crittur as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin it as an ondocked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart agin, like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin' hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woke up in the night half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too), and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on to it like grim death to a dead nigger. It made me larf so, when the lights come in and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't. Well, the Gineral he haw-hawed right out, like thunder.—Why, Slick, said he, what a droll feller you be! that was a mistake done a-purpose, I know it was, for you was always full of the devil when a boy; but for gracious' sake let my nose alone, at any rate, for I hante much to spare, I tell *you*. Upon my word you ain't over safe to sleep with, are you? But, fire and tow! let 's go to land, as he feller said when the boat upset, let 's get to land. Let 's have bisness first, and jokes arterwards.—Well, there is reason even in roastin' an egg. I know'd I might push this too far, nd that it was time to stop afore he smelt a rat. So I jist egan at the beginnin', by tellin' him the land warn't for sale at no rate, but for a company, in shares, to be called "Chester

Lakes Mill Company,' and to be incorporated like other companies, so that they needn't pay their debts if they hadn't a mind to. Then I laid out afore him how grand the water powers was, and what noble timber there was all around on the queen's land that was to be had for takin', and the great lakes for raftin' of it, and Windsor river for shippin' of it, and Mahone Bay on t'other side for exportin' of it, and so on, and then offer'd him a bonus of four hundred dollars, and a commission of ten per cent. to sell shares. All the time I was a talkin' of this, I heerd old "fire and tow" a-workin' of the weed in great style, and when I got this far, he put out his hand and felt onder the pillar for his baccy. I seed he was a-beginnin' to nibble at the bait, and that he was fairly on the scent, and I calculated I should have him afore long, if nothin' didn't skeer him. Says he, why not sell out and out and have done with it? I think I could show you how to put it off.—Sell it, says I, catch me a-sellin' of it! why it's onfit for sale.—Onfit! says he, how so? I thought you said it was particular jam.—So it is, says I, and that's the reason it's onfit; it's the rael right down thing itself.—You know best, says he, but if I was to presume to offer an opinion to a man o' your judgment, I should say, sell. Companies is cumbrous, full of liabilities, and troublesome. Sales is short and snug, and they eend the bisness, so you can turn the money quick, and are ready for a fresh start.—Exactly, says I, when it's a bam sell by all means; but when it's got a bottom my rule, is to hold on.—Says he, look here, Slick.—What on airth is the use of lookin', says I, for it's as dark as Egypt; I can't see if I do look.—Fire and tow! said he, listen, if you can, for you are like a sheep's head, all jaw. I'll give you two thousand dollars at a word, for your bargain; what do you say now, go or no go? Say the word, bargain or no bargain!—I'll give you an answer in the mornin', Gineral, says I. I don't want to part with it, and I must sleep upon it. The fact is, selling shares to a company would bring more nor twice that are sum. Let me cypher over it a little, for I have got hold of a rael pitikilar smart chance, and the right eend of the rope too, and if I am too greedy to turn it at once, I know I shall repent it to my dying day.—No, said he, I like a man to be up to the notch, and stand to his lick-log; salt or no salt, say

the word, or it's no offer.—Dear, dear, said I, you put the leake into every one, a'most, Gineral; other men beat the bush, but you catch the bird; say ninety cents more, for I have made a vow I wouldn't look at two thousand dollars, and it's yourn. —Fire and tow! then, done, said he, and now I'll show you how I do business; and with that he jumps out of bed and lights a lucifer, and openin' of his desk, says he, write you a short assignment of that bond, Slick, and I will write the chequc; and in less than twenty minutes the bond was in his trunk, the cheque in my portmanter, and we was both in bed agin, back to back, as sociable as you please. Well, Gineral, says I, as you say business fust and jokes arterwards, now I'll tell you another story of two fellers sleepin' in one bed, a'most as good as t'other one.

The house they was a-sleepin' in took fire, and they jumps up in an all-fired hurry, and seein' one pair of trowsers atween them, half asleep and half awake as they was, each put a leg in it, and they rolled down stairs tied together kickin' and squeelin' like two pigs, and were half trod to death and a'most killed. I'll tell you how it was.—Do be quiet, says he; I believe in my soul you'd talk all night; and when I larf so much, I can't go to sleep arterwards, it sets me a coughin' so. Good-night, and he was off in a hand gallop of a snore in a little less than half no time.—Thinks I to myself, (half larfin' in my sleeve till I a'most snickered agin,) you are right, Gineral, bisuess fust, and jokes arterwards; that's jist exactly what you have been doin', only you don't know it. You'll find this night's work a capital joke some o' these days, or I am mistakened, that's all. You'd rather a-had the dead Englishman here alongside of you in bed than me, I know. You might a-got an odd kick from him, but I'll be hanged if you'd a-been *bit*. The crittur hadn't sense enough for that at no time. Oh! it was done pretty, that, squire; it made me feel good all over. It was what I call workmanlike. Bed is the place for doin' bisness in arter all. You ain't bound to hear all that's said in bed; and if you hesitate, and boggle a little, why it looks sleepy like, and not stupid. There ain't time too, for chafferin' and higglin' too long; and a funny story throw'd in for spice, keeps a feller in good humor. Then there ain't no fear of interruption or observation, and

nothin' to distract attention. Bundlin' or courtin in the new clearin's is done the same way. It's the best place for makin' a sarmon in too, or an oration, or any difficult piece of bisness; but as for dealin' and traffickin' that requires skill, depend on it, squire, if you are only wide awake and duly sober, there is nothin' like "*tradin' in bed.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

KNOWING THE SOUNDINGS, OR POLLY COFFIN'S SANDHOLE.

THE reckless speculation occasioned by an equally reckless issue of paper money, which has of late years appeared in the United States, has had a far more injurious operation than any one who has not carefully watched its progress and effects could possibly suppose. The first apparent change it produced was to raise the price of real and personal property far beyond their value, and to cause the unhappy delusion, that this feverish excitement was a healthy condition. That a great alteration had taken place was obvious to all; and those who were profiting by it, found it by no means a difficult task to make men believe it was the natural result of republican institutions, of a free trade, a fertile soil, and an intelligent spirit of enterprise. In this opinion they were unfortunately confirmed, by finding the liberal party among the English and the Colonists constantly repeating the same absurd theory, and contrasting the high prices of the United States with the sounder and more rational condition of Canada, as a proof of the superior advantages of elective governments over a monarchy. They all affected to be unable to attribute the difference in the price of land on the opposite sides of the boundary line to any other cause than the ballot, universal suffrage, and annual elections. The consequence of all this has been, that the Americans have suffered immense losses in their trade, while the colonists have suffered no less in their peace and happiness, by the introduction of wild theories of government by those whose rank and influence gave a mischievous weight to their opinions. In the States, however, the great pecuniary loss they have sustained is by far the least injury they have incurred from this unfortunate error. *They*

have suffered in their morals. A wild and unprincipled speculation like this has no pretension to be dignified by the name of trade or enterprise. It is one of the worst species of gambling, inasmuch as it originates in deception, and is contaminated with fraud throughout. The preceding sketch, which is *founded on fact*, shows with what care even clever and experienced men like General Corncob can be duped, when their caution is disarmed by the eagerness of speculation; and how readily a man like the Clockmaker can reconcile himself, by the aid of a little sophistry, to a fraudulent transaction.

Had you no compunction, said I, Mr. Slick, in palming off upon the General that worthless bond, and in taking from him so large a sum of money as two thousand dollars without giving him any equivalent whatever?—Compunction, said he, in great astonishment, why no, squire, why should I? This ain't tradin', it's spekilatin'. It makes all the difference in the world. For instance, I make a throw, you see, and he buys it. Well, if it wins he gets whatever we raffled for, and if it don't, he loses, that's all. Great gains cover many losses. If one land spekilation in ten turns out well, and is rael jam, it makes a man's nest. Oh, no! if it was trade, why honor bright! but it tante, it's spekilatin'; and you might as well call loo, or put, or all-fours, or any other game trade. It tante givin' valy for a thing, *it's buyin' a chance.* Now, there is no more harm done in settin' off a chance to advantage than in platin' a candlestick, or gildin' a frame. It's puffin', that's all, and that's done every day everywhere; so it is in smugglin'—do you suppose there is any harm in that? If you smuggle clever, you win; if you don't it's seized, and there is an eend on it; you lose the trick, but the game is not immoral.

It would be difficult to believe that so sensible a man as Mr. Slick could be the dupe of such shallow nonsense, if daily experience did not prove how much easier men can deceive themselves where their interest is concerned, than satisfy others, and how soon the morals of a country are damaged by this sort of national gambling. The explanation was disagreeable. I was reluctant to permit him to lower himself in my opinion, and I changed the conversation by a reference to colonial subjects. These were topics on which I admired to hear him talk, as his observa-

tions were generally correct, often original, and always amusing. —Yes, said he, I must say, without a morsel of vanity, I estimate I have picked up a few notions of men and things in a gineral way that every one can't boast of. Now, there's them colonies and colony chaps, Lord, I know their ins and outs better than they do themselves. Oh, dear! I wish I had the berth Lord Sir John Russell, Queen's Prime Minister for immigrants has, for jist one month. The way I'd show him how to handle the ribbons ain't no matter, I know. I'd larn him how to set on the box, how to hold the whip atween his teeth, and to yawk the reins with both hands, so as to make each hoss in the team feel he had a master that was none o' the scariest, and that wouldn't put up with no nonsense. A cross-grained, ongainly crittur wouldn't frighten me by layin' down and refusin' to draw, I tell you. I'd jist start the rest of the cattle into a handsome lope, and give him a drag over the gravel till I scratched his hide for him a considerable sum, and see how double quick he'd get tired of that fun, up on his pegs, and go as quiet as a lamb. Lord, I'd come down on him like a duck on a June bug; I'd make him wake snakes, and walk his chalks, as the western folks say, I know. Nothin' vexes an onruly beast like takin' no notice of him, but jist movin' on as if it was all the same to you what he did, as you know how to fix his flint. I have an idea that no man can be a good statesman that can't drive well. There's a great deal to be larned from hosses Natur' is natur', that is a fact; but the natur' of a hoss ain't human, that's all, and he can't talk; study *him*, therefore, and man comes easy arter that. There ain't no part of a hoss I don't know, stock, lock, or barrel. No man can't cheat me in a hoss. As for a John Bull, or a Blue-nose, I never seed one yet that I couldn't walk right into like a pumkin-pie. They are as soft as dough, them fellers. No, sir; a steady arm and a light hand is what is wanted, not givin' them their head one minit, and curbin' them the next, and 'most throwin' 'em down. That's no way to drive, but jist the way to spile their temper; but bein' afeerd on 'em is the devil, it ruins 'em right off. Oh, dear! if I was only alongside Lord Sir John on the state-box, I'd teach him in six lessons so that he could manage them by whisperin'; but you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as

to an Englishman, they are so infarnal sot in their ways. The first thing to know how to get safe into port is to study the soundings.

I mind a trick I played once on old "Tarnal Death," as we called Captain Ebenezer Fathom, the skipper I went to South Sea with. He know'd every inch of the American coast as well as he did of his own cabin; and whenever he throw'd the lead, and looked at what sort of bottom it showed, he know'd as well where he was as if he was in sight of land. He did beat all, that's a fact, and proper proud he was of it too, a-boastin' and a-crackin' of it for everlastingly. So, afore I goes aboard, off I slips to a sandpit on Polly Coffin's betterments, where they got sand for the Boston iron foundaries, and fills a bag with it and puts it away in my trunk. Well, we was gone the matter of three years on that are voyage afore we reached home; and as we neared the Nantuckit coast, Captain Ebenezer comes down to the cabin and turns in, and says he,—Sam, says he, we are in soundin's now, I calculate; run on till twelve o'clock, and then heave-to and throw the lead, for it is as dark as Comingo, and let me see what it fetches up, and, tarnal death! I'll tell you to the sixteenth part of an inch what part of the thirteen united univarsal worlds we be in.—What will you bet, says I, you do?—I'll bet you a pound of the best Varginy pigtail, says he; for I am out of baccy this week past, and have been chawing oakum until my jaws fairly stick together with the tar. Yesterday, when you turned in, I throw'd out a signal of distress, and brought a Britisher down on us five miles out of his way; but, cuss him, when he found out I only wanted a pig of tobacco, he swore like all vengeance, and hauled his wind right off. What tarnal gulls and fools they be, ain't they? Yes, I'll bet you a pound of the best.—Done, says I, I'll go my death on it you don't tell; for I never will believe no soul can steer by the lead, for sand is sand everywhere; and who can tell the difference?—Any fool, said he, with half an eye, in the pitchiest, inkyest, lampblackiest night that ever was created. I didn't get here into the cabin by jumpin' thro' the skylight, as national officers do, but worked my way in from before the mast. Tarnal death to me! a man that don't know soundin's when he sees it is fit for nothin' but to bait shark-hooks with. Soundin's, eh? why, I was born in soundin's, sarved

my time out in soundin's, and made a man of in soundin's, and a pretty superfine fool I must be if I don't know 'em. Come, make yourself scarce, for I am sleepy; and he was a-snorin' afore I was out of the cabin.—Well, at twelve o'clock we hove-to, and sure enough found sand at fifty fathom, as he said we would. What does I do but goes and takes another lead and dips it into the water to wet it, and then stirs it in the bag of sand I had stowed away in my trunk, and then goes and wakes up the skipper. Hollo, shipmate! says I, here's the lead: we have got a sandy bottom in fifty fathom, as you said. Exactly, says he, didn't I tell you so. I can feel my way all along the coast when it's so dark you can't hear yourself speak. I know every foot of it as well as if I made it myself. Give me the lead.—As soon as he took it and looked at it, he jumpt right up an eend in bed.—Hollo! said he, what the devil's this? give me my specs, that's a good feller, for I don't see as well as I used to did.—So I goes to the table and hands him his spectacles, and says I, I knew you couldn't tell no more than any one else by the lead. That are boast of yourn was a bam, and nothin' else. I'll trouble you for your pound of Varginy pigtail; jist enter it in the log, will you? —Heavens and airth! said he, a-mutterin' to himself, old Nantuck is sunk, an airthquake, by gum! What a dreadful piece of bisness this is!—He looked as white as chalk: his eyes started most out of his head, and his hair looked a hundred ways for Sunday. Lord, how frightened he looked, he was quite onfakilised.—Tarnal death to me! says he, bring the candle here agin; and then he wiped his eyes fust, and then his specs, and took another long look at it, as steady as if he was a drawin' a bead on it fine with his rifle.—After a space, he jumps right out of bed on the floor, and bawls out as loud as thunder to the hands on deck,—"'Bout ship, boys! said he, 'bout ship for your lives, as quick as wink! old Nantuck has gone for it as sure as rates, it has by Gosh! I hope I may die this blessed instant minit of time if that are lead hasn't gone right slap into old Aunt Polly Coffin's Sandhole. What a spot o' work this is! Poor old Nantuck!" and he was jist ready to cry a'most, he seemed so sorry.—Stop, says I, captain, I'm 'most afeerd I've made a mistake; I do believe I've gin you the wrong lead: look at this, a-handin' up to him and a-showin' of him the right one.—Ah!

says he, fust a-smilin' and then bustin' out in a hoss-laugh, you thought to catch me, Sammy, did you, my boy? but it's more nor you nor any livin' soul can. None o' you can put the leake into me where soundin's is consarned. I defy all creation to do that. Nothin' but an airthquake can do that. "Let her off two pints, and hold on that way till daylight." Nobody had better not go foolin' with me; and then he swung round and fixed for a nap, agin makin' a chucklin' noise, half grunt, half larf. Catch me, catch the devil, will you? Think I don't know the bar grit from Polly Coffin's Sandhole? Oh! of course I don't, I don't know nothin', nor never did; I never had no eyes nor no sense nother. Old folks never know nothin', and never will; so, tarnal death to you! teach your grandmother to clap ashes, and your daddy how to suck eggs, will you?

Now, squire, I know the soundin's of them are colonies as well as Captain Ebenezer did Nantucket bottom, and could put his royal highness Lord Sir John Russell up to a thing or two he don't know, that's a fact. He ought to go and see for himself, how else *can* he know whether folks are drawin' the wool over his eyes or no, or whether it's proper to 'bout ship or not? Do you think he could tell now, or any other British minister that ever stood in shoe-leather, from the days of old Captain Noah of the Ark whaler downwards, how many kinds of patriots there are in the colonies? no, not he. It's a question that would pose most men, unless they had sarved an apprenticeship to state teachin'. Well, there are jist five. Rebel patriots, mahogony patriots, spooney patriots, place patriots, and rael genu*ine* patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critturs at first sight; for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw. *A rebel patriot* is a gentleman that talks better than he fights, hante got much property in a gineral way, and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own hook, looks to his rifle for his support, and shoots his own game. If he got his due, he would get a gallus for his reward.—*A mahogony patriot* is a crittur that rides like a beggar a-horseback: you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a bit in the world, he is envi*o*us of all them that's above him, and if he can't get his legs onder the mahogony of his betters, is for takin' his

better's mahogony away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politicks and patriotism, a martyr to his vartue. This chap mistakes impedence for independence, and abuse for manliness: he is jist about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be sarved out in his own way: he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs.—*A spooney patriot* is a well-meanin', silly Billy, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems; who talks about reforms, codifyin', progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catchwords that he don't know the meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infarmary.—*A place patriot* is a rogue: he panders to popular prejudice, appeals to the passions of the mob, and tries to set them agin' their richer neighbours, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into the government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable, and good, and respectable. He is a philosopher in his religion, and a rascal in his philosophy. He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse.—*The true patriot* is one who is neither a sycophant to the Government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong, who regards what's right, as minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective. —Why, Mr. Slick, said I, in the most unfeigned astonishment, I never heard a republican hold such language before: why you are a Tory, if you only knew it. Are you merely talking for effect, or do you really mean what you say? for your picture of a true patriot is nothing more or less than the picture of a consistent Tory. Any person must see the resemblance to the Duke of Well———.—Why, squire, said he, interrupting me, you don't know our soundin's from Polly Coffin's Sandhole as well as I do, or you wouldn't ax that are question, at no rate. I am a Federalist when I am to home, tho' I somewhat guess you are a Consarvative; but a monarchist in a republic, and a republican in a monarchy is jist about on a par,—a pair of rebels that ought to be chained together, that they might have time to argue it

out. Our government suits us best, yourn suits you best; a good citizen stands by his own. I don't care who looks like the pictur' I drawed one of a true patriot, and you may give him what nick-name you please; but I hante done yet. I want to show you the soundin's of the colonial Tories, for mind, I ain't no party-man. I don't care a snap o' my finger who's up or who's down; I'm a *Yankee*, and my name is Sam Slick; at least they tell me so. Now, the colonial Tories, compacts, officials, divine succession men, cliques, or whatever they are,—for they have as many aliases as the Spanish pirate had that was hanged to Boston,—are about the best folks goin', to my mind, to trade with, and the nearest up to the notch; yet there are three sorts of them.

Whole hogs, who won't hear of no change, good or bad, right or wrong, at no rate. These critturs are of the donkey breed. They stick their head into the fence, and lash away with their heels right and left, till all is blue agin.—*Fashionable ones*, who don't care much about politicks, but join that side because the upper-crust folks and bettermost people are that way of thinkin': jackdaw birds, that borrow feathers to strut in. If the great men or the governor was a radical, these critturs would be radical too. *They take their colour from the object they look up to.*—Then there is *the moderate ones:* now extremes meet, and a moderate colonial compact chap and a true patriot are so near alike it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell 'em apart. I shouldn't like to let on that I said so; for, cuss 'em, if it hadn't a-been for them the patriots or reformers, winter afore last, would have throw'd Canady into our hands as slick as grease, and I wouldn't a-said to others what I have said to you for nothin' a'most. Now, if I was John Russell, (for them almighty long tails worn afore a man's name instead of behind it, always bother me, and it comes handier to me not to use them), if I was him, I'd jist slip off on the sly to the provinces without sayin' of a word, and travel as plain Mr. Russell, (and, I guess, nobody would take him for a lord unless he told 'em so, for he ain't overly tall, that's a fact,) and jist take the soundin's of these folks myself. He'd hear the truth then, for some patriot folks say *one thing to a governor* and *another to the world.* He'd know too, when influence *was character*, and when it was *trick*

When he returned again to home, to the state-house in Downin'-street, and a colonist brought him a lead to look at, he'd tell with half an eye, like Captain Ebenezer, whether it had sand on it from the *rael bottom* or *Polly Coffin's Sandhole.*

If them jawin' Jacks to Parliament had half the sense my poor old mother had, they'd know what to say when them patriot critturs come home with their long lockrums about grievances, with an everlastin' lyin' preface to it about loyalty. They'd say, as she used to did, poor old crittur, to me when I boasted what a good boy I was a-goin' to be: *Sam, she'd say, I'd a plaguy sight sooner see it than hear tell of it.* It puts me in mind of what an Ingian once said to a British governor afore our glorious revolution. He was a great hand was the Britisher (like some other folks I could tell you of) to humbug with talk, and was for reformin' everything a'most, and promised all sorts of things, and more too, that he did not mean; but all his speeches would *read both ways*, so that he could intarpret them as he liked; so, which ever way things eventuated, he was always right. *A rigilar politician that!* One day he called his red children together, as he called the Ingians, and made *them* a speech too. It was a beautiful speech, I tell you, all in bad English, that it might be understood better and sound Ingian-like. Bimeby, when he had done, up rises an old chief, a rael salt, and as cunnin' as a fox, for he was quite a case that feller, and, says he, Mr. Gubbernor.—Let my son speak, said the Governor, and his great father will open his ear and hear him, and he will keep his words in his heart; and he clapt his hand on his breast, and looked as spooney as a woman does on her first child.—Very good jaw that, Mister Gubbernor, said he; you speak 'um dam well; now, Mister Gubbernor, try and *actum* well, for that is more better.—That's exactly the language John Russell ought to hold to colony patriots when they boast of their loyalty; he should say, "actum well, for that's more better still." Whenever he does that, I shall think he knows "the rael soundin's from *Polly Coffin's Sandhole;*" won't you, squire?

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

HAVING travelled this day from Parnassus to Thebes,* a distance of thirty-five miles, we concluded to remain where we were, although there were some two or three hours of daylight yet to spare, and to resume our journey on the following morning. Thebes is a small town, nor does there appear to have been any grounds whatever for supposing that it could, by any possible contingency, ever attain the size or imitate the splendour of that whose name has been thought so appropriate as to be transferred to this little assemblage of wooden houses and log huts. The town appeared to have been abandoned by its inhabitants for some temporary purpose, for the houses, though all closed, bore marks of recent occupation. The shops and taverns were open, as if in readiness to receive the returning population, while the scaffolds, heaps of mortar, and unloaded waggons of timber, all exhibited signs of a hasty desertion of the workmen. The silence and melancholy that reigned through the streets constituted the only point of resemblance to its great prototype. So unusual an occurrence naturally excited my curiosity, and upon inquiring its cause, I was informed there was a gathering, of a religious bee, at a short distance, which was most numerously attended by people from a distance as well as the immediate neighbourhood; that there was a great "stir," and a preacher of more than common eloquence, called a "Corcornite," who was breaking up all the old congregations, and proselyting the whole country to his new notions.

It is a nervous fever, said my informant, the innkeeper, with an air of satirical severity. All nations have their peculiar excitements. The Chinese have their opium, the South Sea people their chew-chew, the Dutch their skidam, the Indians their tobacco, and the Irish their whiskey; but we have a combination of them all—we go ahead of most folks in that line. We have

* I have used these names, instead of the real ones, as well on account of avoiding local offence, as of their absurd adoption in the States.

rum, strong tea, baccy, politicks, and fanaticism. We are the most excitable and excited people in the world. One mistake, stranger, naturally leads to another. Them are Puritans that came out of your country to this, proscribed all amusements, all innocent festivities, all gaiety of the heart, and held that the more wretched and melancholy they were the more acceptable they would be to the Lord. They were no half-measure chaps them. When they began to dissent from the Church they went the whole figur' They gave up all the Church allowed, and retained all the Church disapproved. The Church prayed for the King; they beheaded him. The Church thought a cheerful countenance betokened a happy heart; the Puritans called it the face of a malignant, and so forth. Well, what was the consequence of all this? why, as pretty a set of hypocrites was begotten as you'd wish to see. I take your Cromwell to be jist a superfine sample of them, and the breed is tolerably pure yet; cold, canting, sour pharisees, who appropriate heaven to themselves, and quietly consign all the rest of the world to the devil. This feeling has tinged every one of the hundred thousand sects that have sprung up to oppose the old Church of Old England. I am a colonist by birth myself; I was brought up an Episcopalian, and so was my wife; but my children have all seceded. One is a Hixite, another a Universalist, a third a Unitarian, and a fourth a Socialist. Religion, instead of being a bond of union in my house, is the cause of discord, and doctrinal points are never-ending sources of dispute and disagreement. Christianity, sir, is fast giving place to philosophy, and we are relapsing into what these new lights call "rational thinkers," or, in plain English, Atheists. It makes me sick to think on it; but you had better go and see for yourself, and then tell me if such disgraceful work is religion. This fellow that is drawing such crowds after him, belongs not to any of the great sects of Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, or Papists, but is called a "Corcornite." His doctrine is simply this, that a state of future punishment exists, but exists only for those who do not embrace his creed,—a comfortable sort of faith, which, I fear, his sect is not the only one that propagates.

The meeting was held on the betterments of a new settler, near a bridge, to which several roads led, and which, from its

central situation, was easy of access from various parts of th country. Waggons, gigs, and cars without number, were sta tioned near the fences, and along the line of the forests, th horses belonging to each carriage being unharnessed and severall fastened by a halter to the axletree for security. Here and ther were tents and booths, giving the field the appearance of a mili tary encampment; and on the edge of the woods, and under th shade of the giants of the forest, were numerous conical wig wams, made after the fashion of the Indians, and resembling on of their summer fishing establishments. In the centre of th clearing was a large barn, which was filled by a mixed and mot tled multitude of people listening to the wild declamation of th preacher, whose voice was occasionally heard over the whole field as he screamed out his frightful denunciations. Groups of mei were scattered about the field, seated on the huge stumps whicl here and there dotted the surface of the ground, or perched or the upper rails of the wooden fence, discussing business or poli ticks, or canvassing the doctrines or merits of the preacher; whil others were indolently lounging about the refreshment booths whiling away the time with cigars and mint julip until they should be joined by their fair friends at the hour of intermission

After some difficulty, Mr. Slick and myself forced our way into the barn, and fortunately obtained standing-room on one of the seats, from which we had a view of the whole interior. One preacher had just ceased as we entered. He was succeeded by another, a tall, thin, and rather consumptive-looking man, who had a red silk pocket-handkerchief tied about his head, and wore no neckcloth. There was something quite appalling in his look. There was such a deep dejection in his countenance, such a settled melancholy, such a look of total abstraction and resigna tion to the endurance of some inevitable fate, that I was forcibly reminded of the appearance of an unfortunate criminal when led out for execution. Instantly all was hushed, every eye was upon him, and every ear in anxious solicitude to catch the almost in audible whispers that fell from his lips. Now and then a word was heard, and then a few unconnected ones, and shortly a few brief sentences or maxims. Presently his enunciation was clear and distinct, and it gradually increased in volume and rapidity until it became painfully loud, and then commenced gesticulation,

emphasis, and raving. It was one unceasing flow of words without pause or interruption, except for an occasional draught of water from a stone pitcher that was placed beside him. Even this, however, was insufficient to prevent exhaustion, and he removed his coat. He then commenced the great effort of his eloquence, a description of the tortures of the damned. It was a studied and frightful piece of declamation, in which he painted their wild demoniac shrieks, their blasphemous despair, their unquenched and unquenchable thirst,—the boiling, steaming lake of brimstone—their unwilling tenacity of existence, and increased sensibility of pain. When all the figures of speech and all his powers of imagination were exhausted, he finished the horrible picture by the introduction of fallen angels, who, with expanded wings, hovered for ever and ever over this awful abyss, whose business and pleasure was, as the boiling of the infernal caldron brought any of the accursed to the surface, with spears of heated glowing metal to thrust them deeper and further into the burning flood.

The groans, screams, and hysterical laughter of the female part of the audience was so frightful and appalling an accompaniment to this description, that my feelings became intensely painful, and I was about leaving the building, when his voice suddenly dropped from the unnatural pitch to which he had strained it, and sunk into a soft and seductive tone, in which, in the mildest and gentlest manner, he invited them to accompany him to Paradise, which he described, after the manner of the Mohammedans, as an abode furnished with all the delicacies and pleasures most suited to their senses and corporal enjoyments. He then represented the infernal regions as the doom of those who belonged not to the "band" of which he was the head, in the absence of its persecuted founder, "Corcoran," and invited his hearers to fellowship.

Enough, said I, to Mr. Slick; and more than enough. I am disgusted and horrified; let us go. I 'most wonder you staid so long, said he; it is awful hot here, and that crittur talked so of sulphur I've actilly got the taste of it in my mouth; my tongue is all warped and curled up like singed shoe-leather. I must have a brandy cocktail to cool it. But I've seen that feller afore; I know his voice and the cut of his jib as well as anything, but to call his name out to save my soul alive I can't.

They call him Concord Fisher, but that is not his raei name; that's a bam. Where on airth have I seen that goney, for seen him I have, by gum!

The following morning, he said, Who do you think that are preacher was, squire? I told you I know'd I had seed him afore. for I never forgot a face yet; tho' names are considerable slippery, and it ain't jist so easy to keep hold on such soapy things. It was that everlastin' skirmudgeon, Ahab Meldrum; it was, I swear. Last night, jist as I was a-turnin' in, who should slip into my room, but Ahab. Sam, says he, I seed you to the great "stir," and know'd you in a minit; you are jist the man I want to see, for I need your advice; but, for the love of Heaven give me some brandy and water, for I am e'en a'most dead,—and he gave a kind of tan-yard grin that went right straight to the heart. We have to preach tee-totalism here, for nothin' else will go down; but it's easier to preach than pra*ctise* that: give me some grog, or I shall die. It sarves you right, says I, for bein' such a 'tarnal hypocrite: why the devil don't you take your grog like a man, if you need it, above-boord, off-hand handsum, and let them that don't like it, lump it, that's my way; I don't approbate no nonsense. Well, I goes and gets some brandy and water, enough to make a night-cap for two, and, says I, swig away till you are tired, now, will you; you are safe with me; I won't blow you, you may depend. Well, I pitied the poor crittur too, for he looked as pale and as white about the gills as a scalded nigger; I actilly thought he would have fainted, he was so weak. Take a drop of it neat, says I, water only spiles it; and I poured him out a gill of the pure grit, which brought his color back and revived him a bit. When he come to, says I, Ahab, what onder the sun brought you here? what made you leave Alabama? You was gittin' on like a house a fire there, a soft-sawderin' the women there, with your new rule in grammar, that the feminine gender was more worthy than the masculine, and the masculine more better nor the neuter, and so forth. I hope you hante been illustratin', eh? no more Polly Bacons, I hope, eh? you was always a sly feller that way: what was it? Sam, says he, I've been a fool, and it sarves me right; I was doin' the smartest chance of preachin' there of any man in the state, and I throw'd it away like an ass. I am punished

enough, anyhow; spare me, for I am as weak as a child, and can't stand Jobeing. Spare me, that's a good crittur, and don't you bark agin' me, too, for it will drive me crazy; and he put his hand to his face and bohood right out. Why, you poor crittur, says I,—for a touch of old times come over me, when we was boys to school together, and I felt kinder sorry to see him that way, lookin' so streaked—why you poor crittur, says I, you've worn yourself out a-screachin' and a-screamin' that way, and yellin' like a ravin' distracted bed bug; let me mix you a pitcher of egg-nog, stiff enough to stick to your ribs as it goes down, and it will make a man of you agin' in two-twos. So away I goes and gets a lot of eggs and sugar, and some brandy, and mixes up a dose that would float a dollar a'most, and made him drink it: now, says I, for your rule in grammar; how did it work? Well, says he, it's no use concealin' anythin' from you, Sam; it didn't turn out well in the eend, that's a fact. People began to talk considerable hard and Lynchy about their galls comin' so often to a single man to tell their experience, and to wrastle with the spirit, and so on; and the old women began to whisper and look coonish, and, at last—for I don't want to go into pitikilars, for it ain't an overly pleasant subject—I got a notice to make myself scarce from Judge Lynch, and, as I know'd a little grain more about the matter than they did, and guessed the secret would soon be obleeged to be known, I felt my jig was up, and I jist took the hint and made tracks. Then I hooked on to the Corcornites, and here I am among them, I must say, rather takin' the lead. Folks actilly *do* say I take the rag off quite, all along up and down Maine and Varmont, and a piece beyond; but I can't stand it; I shall die; the excitement is too much for me. I have endured more already than a dead nigger in a doctor's shop could stand. Livin' so long in a hot climate, I hantc strength for it, and I am fairly used up and worn out. What do you think of Socialism? it seems as if it would go down, that. It's gittin' kinder fashionable. Owen writes me word he has been introduced to Court to England, of which he is proper proud, and a nation sight of people patronise it since, a complete swad of them. He says it will trip the heels of the church yet, let the Bishops do their prettiest, for Socialists have votes as well as other folks, and must be courted,

and are courted, and will be courted all through the piece. He seems quite up in the stirrups, and jist dares them to prosecute him. I have had liberal offers from the sect here, for whatever is the go to Europe will soon be the chalk here, and to tell you the truth, I feel most peskily inclined to close with them, for them rational religionists live like men, and ain't so everlastin' strait-laced in matters of the heart as others be, nother. In fact, they are jist about the most liberal sect I know on. Now, tell me candid, has it a bottom, or is it a bam? Will it stand, or will public opinion be too strong for it? for I don't want to embark on board a leaky ship; when I spikilate I like to have the chances in my favor. Well, Ahab, says I, you make me crawl like all over, to hear you talk so loose, so you do; what a devil of a feller you be, you are actilly bad enough to be nigger-in-law to old Scratch, you are so bad; you have tried every sect there is, a'most, and now you talk of turnin' infidel, as coolly as of turnin' into bed. Give up preachin', you ain't fit for it, nor never was, and more nor that, you hante strength for it. If you don't mind, you'll go for it yet. Go where you ain't known, and either go tradin' or go farmin' Too hard work, Sam, said he, too hard work; but Socialism strikes me as rather genteel, while the work is light, the pay good, and *religious liberty* great. Jist hand me the brandy tho', that's a good feller, please. I must take some clear, for that egg-nog is cold and heavy on the stomach,—and he drank off near about half a pint without winkin' No, said he, no ox-carts for me, Sammy, boy; no, nor baccy, nor cotton nother; they are low, very low, them. Concoran, the head of our sect is in jail. They are a-goin' to give him a birth in the states prison. It's all day with him now; and I must say it kinder sarves him right for not takin' up his killock, when he seed he was a-gitten into such an almighty frizzle of a fiz. What's the use of legs but to absquotilate with, like a jumpin' bull frog when traps are sot for you. What I want to know is, whether So—so—social—Socialism ca—an stand or no? Not much better than you can, I expect, says I, for he was blind drunk now, and as dumb as a wooden clock two years old, and I lifted him on the bed with all his runnin' riggin' on, and there he was this mornin' when I got up, a-snorin' like a sizeable buffalo. Oh, squire, said the Clockmaker, that are Ahab has

made me feel dreadful ugly, I tell you. Old times kinder touches the heart; I look on my old class-mates like brothers, and I don't feel sorter right when I see one on 'em actin' like old Scratch that way. *A bad man is bad enough, the Lord knows; but a bad minister beats the devil*, that's as plain as preachin'

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNBURIED ONE.

As we approached Boston, Mr. Slick said, Ah, squire! now you will see as pretty a city as we have this side of the water. There is a good many folks worth seein' here, and a good many curosities of natur' too. There's the State House, and Old Funnel, and Charleston College, and the Market-place, and the Wharf they give to the British steamer (an act of greater liberality p'raps than you'll find, I estimate, in the world), and ever so many things. Then there is Mount Auburn. Lord, the French may crack and boast as much as they please, about their "Pair o' Shaise," but it's no touch to it. Why, I never was so disappointed in anything in all my life, since I was broughten up, as that are Paris buryin' ground. *It looks for all the world like an old ruined town, where the houses are all gone, and the porches, and steps, and dog-kennels are left.* It hante no interest in it at all, except the names o' them that's buried there; but Mount Auburn is worth seein' for itself. It's actilly like pleasure ground, it's laid out so pretty, and is the grandest place for courtin' in I know on, it's so romantic. Many a woman that's lost one husband there, has found another in the same place. A widower has a fine chance of seein' widders there, and then nobody ever suspects them of courtin', bein' that they are both in black, but takes 'em for mourners, and don't intrude on 'em out of pity. I'll go a bet of one hundred dollars the women invented that place, for they beat all natur' for contrivances, so they do. Yes, squire, if you have a mind for a rich young widder, clap a crape weeper on your hat, and a white nose-rag in your hand, and go to Mount Auburn, and you'll see some heavenly splices there, I tell you, in some o' them are

shady walks, that will put all the dead in creation out of your head a'most. Them saller lookin', garlic eatin' French heifers you see to "Pair o' Shaise," may have better top gear, and better riggin' in gineral than our galls, and so they had ought, seein' that they think of nothin' else but dress; but can they show such lips, and cheeks, and complexions, that's all, or such clinker-built models? No, not them, nor any other women of any other nation in the univarsal world. If they can, it's some place that's not discovered yet, that's all I can say, and you must go a leetle further than the eend of the airth to find them, for they ain't this side of it. You must see Mount Auburn to-morrow, squire, that's a fact; but then, leave your heart to home, to the *Tre*mont, as folks do their watches when they go to the *thea*tre to London, or you will lose it as sure as you are born. O, there is a sartain somethin' about Boston that always makes an American feel kinder proud. It was the cradle of our cradle. The voice of our young eagle was first heard here, and at Bunker's Hill, which is near the town, it gave the British the first taste of its talons.

Newbury port's a rocky place,
And Salom's very sandy,
Charleston is a pretty town,
But Boston is the dandy.

I guess the English must feel most awful streaked when——

To divert him from a topic on which his national vanity always made him appear ridiculous, I observed, that I believed there was one opinion among strangers about Boston, who were always much pleased with the place, and its society, but that I was not myself fond *of cities as cities*. Long streets, and broad streets, said I, walls of brick and mortar, and stones, heaped on stones, have few charms for me. Even architectural beauty is, after all, but the effect of a judicious arrangement of poor materials. It is good of its kind, but not one of those things I most admire. It may have many component parts of beauty, it may combine lightness, strength, proportion, and so on. The general effect may be good, criticism may be satisfied, and the eye dwell on it with complacency. You may be willing to concede to it the usual terms of praise. You may say it is grand, or magnificent, or exquisite, or beautiful. You may laud the invention, the judgment, and skill of the architect; you may say, in short, that

your artificial and acquired taste for architectural beauty is gratified and content, (an admission, by the by, which it is very rare to hear,) but still it is but the work of the hodsman and mason. I do not mean to underrate its importance, because, as a great part of mankind must dwell in cities, and all must live in houses, few things are of greater consequence than the appearance of those cities and houses; and order, symmetry, and the general adaptatien of the parts to each other, and to the whole, are matters of deep interest to us all. I merely mean to say, that the most beautiful building is but a work of art, and that, as such, it gives me less pleasure than many other works of art, and that it falls so immeasurably short of the works of nature, of which I am a great admirer, I fear I do not derive all that pleasure from it that it is capable of affording. I like cities, therefore, not for themselves, but as a gregarious animal for the greater number of my own species they contain, and for the greater opportunity they afford me of meeting the *idem velle* and *idem nolle* people, among whom, only, we are told, by a very competent judge, is to be found true friendship. But, even in this case, I am not sure I do not lose in quality as much as I gain in quantity; for I fear that though there be more refinement in the citizen, there is less heart than in the countryman. Before you can impart its brightness to steel, you must harden its texture, and *the higher the pôlish the more indurated you will find the substance.* By this process it loses its pliability and acquires brittleness, and its strength is diminished in proportion to its beauty. It is a gay deceiver. It flatters your vanity by its devotion to yourself. Its smooth and brilliant service will reflect your image while present, but the very operation of refinement has destroyed its susceptibility of an impression. It is your own smile that is returned to you, but it refuses to retain it when you cease to look upon it. As a lover of nature, therefore, I love the country and the man that inhabits it. I find more of beauty in the one, and of generous impulses in the other, than I find in cities or in courtiers.

I reciprocate that idee, said the Clockmaker. Give me the folks that like "human natur'" and "soft-sawder." Them critturs in towns, in a gineral way, have most commonly cut their eye teeth, and you can't make nothin' of them. There is no

human natur' in them to work on; and as for soft-sawder, they are so used to it themselves, it seems to put 'em on their guard like. They jist button up their pockets, and wrinkle up their foreheads, and look on you with their eyes wide apart, on meanin' like, as if they warn't attendin', and bow you out. Nothin' makes me feel so onswoggled as one of them "I guess-you-may-go kind of stares;" it's horrid. But as for our country folks, Lord, you can walk right into 'em like nothin' I swear I could row a boat-load on 'em cross-handed right up agin the stream in no time. Boston is a fine town, that's sartain, tho' I won't jist altogether say it's better nor Edinboro', nor Dublin nother; but it's——.—Talking of Dublin, said I, reminds me of the singular story I overheard you telling some countryman in Nova Scotia of the remarkable state of preservation in which the dead bodies are found under St. Michan's Church, and especially the anecdote of the two Shears's; was that a fact, or one of your fanciful illustrations given for the sake of effect?—Fact, squire, I assure you, said he, and no mistake: I seed it with my own eyes no longer than two years agone. Gospel, every word of it.—You mentioned there was a female exhibited with them in the same perfect state: who was she?—Oh! she was a nun, said he; she had been there the matter of the Lord knows how many years a kickin' about, and noboby knew her name, or who her folks were, or where the plague she come from. All they know'd was she was a nun that wouldn't let no one see so much as the colour of her eyes while she lived, but made up bravely for it arter she was dead. If you had only a-heerd how it made the old sea-captain rave like a mad poet at the full of the moon, it would have made you laugh I know. I sot him a-goin' on purpose; for nothin' pleases me so much as to see an old feller try to jump Jim Crow in an oration. So, says I, captain, says I, that are nun warn't a bad lookin' heifer in her day nother, was she? a rael, right down, scrumptious-lookin' piece of farniture, and no mistake; but what in natur' was the use of her veilin' her face all her life to keep off the looks of sinful carnal man, if they won't veil her arter she is dead, and no one wants to look at her. Oh, dear! oh, dear! if she could only wake up now and see us two great he fellers a-standin' starin' at her full in the face, what an everlastin' hubbub she

would make, wouldn't she? If she wouldn't let go, and kick, and squeel, and carry on like ravin' distracted mad, it's a pity, that's all. I say, Miss Stranger, said I, a-turnin' to our female guide, and a-chuckin' her onder the chin, now what do you estimate is the first thing that are gall would do in that case—would she——? but the old ongainly heifer pretended to take a fit of the modest all at once, and jist turned towards the door, and by bringin' the lamp closer to her body, threw the corpses and that corner of the cellar into darkness, and then axin' us if we'd like to see the next vault, led us right up into the churchyard. When we got out into the air, says the old sea-captain, —I agree with you, Mr. Slack.—Slick, sir, if you please, is my name.—Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Clack, then.—No, nor Mr. Clack nother, says I; it's Slick—Sam Slick is my name! a-raisin' of my voice till the buildin' actilly gave an echo agin, for the crittur was as deaf as a shad. I am from Slickville, Onion county, Conne'ticut, United States of America.—Well, Mr. Slick.—Ah! now you have it, said I; you've got it to a T. —To a T! said he, (the old soft horn,) how is that? I really don't onderstand how you have a T in it at all.—Oh dear! said I, no more we have; it's nothin' but a sayin' of ourn, a kind of provarb; it's a cant phrase.—Ah! cant is it? said he, with a face a yard long: then you must permit me to obsarve, that you are one of the last men, judging from your remarks, that I should have supposed to have had anything about you approaching to cant; but I fully concur with you that the exhibition of this female is not decent. I should not have observed myself, unless you had called my attention to the corpse, that it was a female.—No, I suppose not, says I; and there's not one mite or morsel of cant in that, I suppose, at all. How innocent we are, not to know a hawk from a handsaw, ain't we?—Speak a little louder, said the old man, if you please, sir, for I have the misfortin' to be a leetle hard of hearin'.—I was sayin', sir, said I, that I don't know as I should nother, if that are woman that showed 'em to us hadn't a-said, beautiful crater, your honor, that same nun must have been in her day. The jontlemen all admire her very much entirely. They say she looks like a statue, she does.

Well, well, said the captain, kinder snappishly, whoever she

was, poor crittur! the exhibition is improper. She has the reputation of having been a nun, who, whatever may be the errors of their creed that induce them voluntarily to quit a world into which they are sent with certain social duties to perform, have at least the merit of a sincere devotion, and their motives are to be respected. As in life they are scrupulous in the observance of all the most minute proprieties of conduct, they, of all others, seem to have the greatest claim to be exempted from this degrading exposure after death. Decay, however, has now commenced, and will soon remove all trace of humanity. Corruption, according to that beautiful idea of Scripture, will assert it's claim of kindred, and the worm proclaim himself her brother. Alas! where now are the gay and thoughtless crowd that thronged to witness the georgeous and solemn spectacle of a young, beautiful, and innocent sister, assuming that veil that was to separate here from the world for ever? Where are the priests that officiated at the altar?—the sisterhood that rejoiced in receiving?—the relatives that grieved at surrendering this sacrifice? and they, too, whose voices pealed forth the hymn of praise, and poured out the tide of sacred song to the echoing aisles—where are they? All, all have passed away! and none, no, not one, is left of all that assembled crowd to disclose her lineage or her name. Their rolls have perished with them, and all that now remains is this unclaimed, unknown, nameless one. Poor thing! has indignant humanity asserted its rights? hath the vindictive world rejected thee, as thou rejected it? or why art thou here alone, unhonoured and unknown? Alas! is there no distinction between the gallows and the cloister? is it fitting that thou, whose life was a life of pennance and of prayer, whose pure mind communed only with heavenly objects, should now consort with convicted criminals, and that thy fair form should be laid with the headless trunks of traitors? Ah, me! thou hast returned, poor houseless thing! to thine own, and thine own knows thee no more! I have seen the grave open to receive its tenant, and the troubled sea its dead, and the green turf and the billowy wave fold them in its bosom, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. All have their resting-place, save thee! Ambition has its temple, and wealth its tomb, while even the poor are cared for; but thou, how is it, fair one, that thou alone

of all thy sex should be left the "unburied one?" the greedy sexton's show, and the vile scoffer's viler jest. Who art thou? History can find a place for treason and for crime; could it afford no space for self-denying virtue such as thine? Was there no pious hand to grave thy name on unpretending, monumental stone? none of all thy father's house to perform the last sad rites of affection—to restore to the earth what was earthy—to the dust, dust— and ashes to ashes? All, all are silent! and even tradition, garrulous as it is, has but one short word for thee—a nun!

Arter spinnin' this yarn, the old sea-captain turned off to examine the tombstones in the church-yard, and I mounted the car to the gate and drove off to the hotel. There was some feelin' and some sense too in what he said, tho' he did rant a few, warn't there? but as for his goin' to make believe he didn't know she was a woman, that is what I must say, now, I call a most superfine bam that. Old fellers always *think* young ones fools; but young fellers sometimes *know* old ones is fools. Now who'd a-thought, squire, he continued, that that are old boy would have flowed right off the handle that way for nothin' at all, at seein' that queer, parchment-coloured, wilted, old onfakilised nun. I think, myself, they might as well bury her; and if they'd ship her out to minister, I don't make no doubt he'd bury her hisself in Mount Auburn; or to brother Eldad, and he'd stick her up in a museum for a show, as they do mother Barchell at Surgeons' Hall to London; but as for her name, who the plague cares what it is? I am sure I don't. I wouldn't give a cent to know, would you? It sounded kinder pretty, that talk of his too. Lord! I wish sister Sall had a-been there; if she had a-been, he'd a-sot her a-boohooin' in no time, I know, for she is quite romantic is Sall, and a touch of the pathetic is what she does love dearly. Whenever she comes across a piece of dictionary like that are, she marks it with a pencil, and gets it by heart, and goes a-spoutin' of it about the house like mad. —Ain't that fine, Sam, says she? ain't it splendid? it's sublime, I declare; it's so feelin' and so true.—And if I won't go the whole figur' with her, she gets as mad as a hatter.—You hante got no soul in you at all, Sam, says she, I never seed such a crittur; I do not believe in my heart you think of nothin

but dollars and cents.—Well then, I say, says I, don't be so peskily ryled, Sally dear; but railly now, as I am a livin' sinner, I don't jist exactly onderstand it; and as you are more critieal than I be, jist pint out the beauties, that's a dear love, will you, and see if I don't admire it every mite and morsel as much as you do, and maybe a plaguy sight more. Well, I get her to set down and go over it all ever so slow, and explain it all as mud, and then she says,—Now do you see, Sam, ain't it horrid pretty?—Well, says I, it does sound grand like, that I must say —and then I seratch my head and look onfakilised—but how did you say that was, dear? says I, a-pintin' to the top line; I don't jist altogether mind how you explained that.—Why, you stupid erittur, you! she says, this way; and then she goes over it all agin word for word. Now do you onderstand, says she, you thick head, you? Ain't that beautiful? don't that pass?—Yes, says I, it does pass, that's a faet, for it passes all onderstandin'; but you wouldn't jist explain once more, would you, dear? and I looks up wieked and winks at her.—Well, now, it that ain't too bad, she says, Sam, I declare, to make game of me that way.—If I hadn't a-been as blind as a bat, I might have seed with half an eye you was a-bammin' of me the whole blessed time, so I might; but I'll never speak to you agin, now, see if I do; so there now, and away she goes out of the room a-poutin' like anythin' It's grand fun, that, and don't do a gall no harm nother, for there is nothin' like havin' a string to a kite, when it's a-gettin' away out of sight a'most, to bring it down agin. *Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all; now, don't you, squire.*

CHAPTER XVI.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

On our arrival at Boston we drove to the Tremont House, which is not only one of the first of its kind in the United States, but decidedly one of the best in the world. As our time was limited, we proceeded, as soon as we could, to visit the several objects of interest in the city and its neighbourhood, and

among the rest Bunker's Hill, where, Mr. Slick observed, "the British got a taste of what they afterwards got a belly-full." The hill was surmounted by an unfinished monument, which, he said it was intended should exceed in height the monument in the city of London, as the Yankies went a-head of the English in everything.

As his father had been present at the battle, it was natural the Clockmaker should feel a pride in it; for by proving our army to be both mortal and fallible, it had a great effect on the subsequent events of the war. In his exultation, however, he seemed to forget that he was talking to a British subject, who, if he now had any feeling on the subject, could only have wished that the prudence of the general had equalled the bravery of the King's troops. As Bunker's Hill was the scene of a victory won by British soldiers under the most difficult and trying circumstances, I was pleased to see the erection of this monument, as it is a tribute to their valour which they have justly merited. Why the Americans should have thought of putting it there I am at a loss to know, when there are many other places where their gallantry was not only equally conspicuous, but crowned with signal success. In this case, however, they have not merely selected a spot where they were defeated, but one which is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other on this continent for that indomitable spirit and reckless courage that distinguishes the English.

On an examination of the ground it would appear that a slight detour would have enabled the troops to have routed the rebel army with great ease and but little loss, and at the same time effectually to have cut off their retreat. Instead of adopting this obvious mode of attack, the troops were ordered to charge up the steep ascent of this hill, upon an enemy securely protected by their entrenchments, a service which they performed under a most murderous fire, which, from the nature of the ground, they were unable to return with any effect. This successful effort is as deserving of commendation as the conduct of the officer in command is of reprehension, in thus wantonly sacrificing his men, out of mere bravado, in the attainment of an object which could be followed by none of the usual consequences of a victory. A monument to perpetuate the recol-

lection of this gallant feat of those intrepid men, by whomsoever erected, is a most desirable thing, and it is to be hoped that means will not be long wanting to complete it in the same handsome style in which it is begun.

On our return to the hotel, as we passed the bar, Mr. Slick, according to his usual custom, stopped to take some refreshment, and when he joined me again, he said,—Squire, do you know Peter Barr to Quaco, where we stopt one night? Well, he is Bar by name and Bar by natur', for he is the waiter to a-most excellent one, the Reneficacious House. I reckon he is the most gentlemanlike man in all New Brunswick. He sar-*tain*-ly is a polished man that; his manners are about the best I ever fell in with. It does one good to see him enter a room, he does it so pretty; in fact I call him as near about a finished gentleman as I know on, don't you, now?

I said I had seen the person he alluded to, but it was not customary to call servants finished gentlemen, and that I had never heard the term applied in that manner before; that he was no doubt a very attentive and civil waiter, and I believe an honest and excellent servant, but that finished manners referred to a very different state of society from that of the attendants on a bar-room.

Ah, said he, now there peeps out the pride of the Englishman and the effect of your *po*litical institutions. Now with us we are all equal, and in course the polish extends very considerable thro' all the different grades of society, espccially among them that live on the sea-board.

How, said I, can you have different grades if you are all equal? I do not exactly comprehend that.—No, said he, the fact *is* you do *not* understand us. Now, take my gradc; it's what you call a clock pedlar in the scorny way you British talk of things, merely because my trade extends over the whole country; but take my grade (I won't speak of myself, because "praise to the face is open disgrace.") Well, I estimate they are as gentlemanlike men as you will find in the world, and the best drest too, for we all wear finer cloth in a gineral way than the British do, and our plunder is commonly more costly than theirn: this arises, you see, from our bein' on a footin' with princes and nobles, and received at all foreign courts as natur s

noblemen, free and enlightened citizens of the greatest empire on the face of the airth. Now, I could go where despisable colonists couldn't go. If I went to France I should go to our Embassador and say, Embassador, I've come to see the ins and outs of Paris; and a nasty, dirty, tawdry place it is, it ain't to be named on the same day with Philadelphia, New York, or any of our first shop cities; but as I *am* here, I'd like to see some o' their big bugs,—show us their king, he kept school once to our country, but we kinder thought he didn't speak as good French as the New Orleans folks; I wonder if he has improved any. Well, he'd take me and introduce me to the palace without any more to do about it, and king and me would be as thick as two thieves, a-talkin' over his old scholars, frog soup, and what not of the ups and downs of refugee life. *Embassador* darsn't refuse *me,* or we'd recall him for not supportin' the honor of the nation. *King* darsn't refuse *him,* or we'd go to war with him for insultin' the Union—fact, I assure you Creation! If he was to dare to refuse, he'd see our hair rise like a fightin' cat's back. We wouldn't pine and whine about it as the English do at gittin' their flag insulted by the French and us great folks, and then show their spunk on them outlandish petticoated Chinese, like a coward that first refuses a challenge and then comes home and licks his wife to prove he ain't afeerd; no, not we indeed, we'd declare perpetual non-intercourse with France, as the only dignified course, and they might keep their silks and champaigne for them as wants them, we can manufacture both of them as good as they can. Now this gives us a great advantage over the na*tives* of Europe, and makes it work so that any man of my grade (I don't speak of the upper-crust folks, because them that eat their pork and greens with silver forks are the same all the world over, all they have to larn is how to spend their money ginteely, but of my class, that has to larn fust how to make it and then how to keep it,) is ginerally allowed to be as much of a gentleman as you'll see sin any rank in Europe, partikilarly when he sets out to do the thing in best style. Of course, when people are at their work they must have their workin' dress on, but when they ondertake to put on their bettermost clothes and go the whole figur', I want to know where you'll see a better drest

man than one of my craft, take him by and large, from his hat clean away down to his pump-shoes; or a man more ready when his dander is up to take offence at nothin' a'most, and fight or go to a first-rate hotel and pay five dollars a bottle for his wine. Country folks will be country folks, and can't be expected to be otherwise, seein' that they don't go out of the bush, and can't know what they don't see; but a tradin' man, that roams from one eend of the States to t'other eend of the provinces, a-carryin' his own wares in his own waggon, and a-vendin' of 'em himself from house to house, becomes a polished man in spite of his teeth, and larns to despise spittin' on carpets afore company or whitlin' his nails with a penknife, as much as count this or lord that. There is a nateral dignity about them, arising from the dignity of freedom. So there is about the Ingians; minister used to say, there was an ease and elegance of motion about an Ingian that nothin' could give a white man but constant intercourse with the best society, and was seldom equalled and never surpassed even at courts. The crittur is onconstrained. They go on the *nil admirari* system, he used to say (for, poor old man, he was always introducin' neck-and-crop some fag-eend of a Latin line or another, his head was chock-full and runnin' over with larnin'). The meanin' of that is, they don't go starin' and gapin' about the streets with their eyes and mouths wide open, like musketeer-hawks, as if they never seed anything afore. Now, that's the way with us. No man ever heerd me praise any thing out of my own country that took the shine off of anything *we* had.

I've often heerd the ladies say to England,—Why, Mr. Slick, nothin' seems to astonish you here: you don't seem to praise anything; you have no curosity about you. What do you think of that noble structur', St. Paul's Church?—Pretty well, said I, jist as if we had a thousand such; but it's gloomy and not so big as I expected.—But Westminster Abbey, says they, don't that surprise you? for you have no abbeys in America, and we think that must appear to you very wonderful.—Well, says I, quite cool, like a corneysewer, it's costly, but onconvenient, for a large congregation. The finish is rather grim-crack, and so is its farnitur', and them old tattered banners in the chapel look for all the world like old rags we tie to sticks in

the corn-fields to Slickville to frighten away the crows. They ain't fit for a meetin'-house like that are; and if they must have flags hung up in it, as we do them we took from your frigates in a ball-room, they might as well have new ones.—Oh! says they, did you ever? Then, says they, the delightful parks round the noblemen's seats, ain't they very beautiful? you must be astonished at them, we think. Were you not struck on entering them with——.—Struck! says I; oh yes! and most delightfully skeered too. I am a narvous man, and sometimes sing out afore I am hit. Few people is so skittish and shy so bad as I do. Struck, indeed! No, Miss, I warn't struck. I'd like to see the best lord that ever trod in shoe-leather strike me for enterin' his park, or so much even as to lay the weight of his finger on me. I 'd soon let him know there was a warrant out arter him. Heavens and airth! I 'd chaw him right up like mincemeat, titles, stars, garters, and all. I 'd knock him to the north eend of creation in less time than a cat takes to lick her paw. *Struck!* why the very thorts of it sets my blood all in a gallopin' boil. I don't think he 'd take the trouble to do it a second time; for I 'd make him cut dirt as if he heerd a whole team of thunderbolts arter him. *Me* struck, and *him* alive to brag of it! Well, I sorter guess not. No one never struck me, Miss, since I first sot foot in England, nor for many a long day afore nother. That pleasure is to come yet. Strikin' a stranger ain't thort friendly with us, and I didn't think it was the fashion here.—Why, Mr. Slick, says they, hante you got that word "struck" in the States? it means astonished, strongly affected.—Oh yes! says I, to be sure, "struck up all of a heap;" it 's common when used in jinein' hand that way, but never stands alone except for a blow. The truth is, I know'd well enough what she meant when she said it, but I answered that way jist to give her a high idea of my courage; for I suppose she thought honour was only found in Europe, and mainly among officers, the bulk of whose business is to fight when they can't help it. Then, says I, to answer your question, Miss, I have seed a nateral park, says I, to home, stretchin' clean away across from the Atlantic right slap thro' to the Pacific Ocean all filled with deer, and so big, these English parks of dwarf trees look like a second growth of sprouts on the edge of a potato

diggin in a new clearin', or a shelter grove in a pastur' Then. says I, your lakes is about as big as our duck-ponds, and your rivers the bigness of a siseable creek when there is no freshets.—But, says they, we know natur' is on a large scale in America, and your rivers and trees exceed in magnitude anything of the kind in Europe; but look at the beautiful English landscape, the rich verdure, the high cultivation, the lawns, the shrubberies, the meadows, and the groves, so interspersed as to produce the greatest and best effect.—If the sun ever shined on it, said I, it would be scrumptious enough, I do suppose; but it 's heavy, melancholy, and dull; it wants light in the landscape, and you hante water to give it, nor sun nother.—We are sorry, says they, England has nothin' to please you.—Haven't you tho', says I,—for it don't do to run down everything either, especially to the ladies,—so, says I, haven't you tho' Oh! says I, the ladies, I must say, are quite equal to ourn. It was a whapper that, tho', but they didn't know no better; and who has a better right to lie than them that pays taxes? It wouldn't be patriotic to say they were superior, and not perlite nor true, nother, to say inferior, but they *are* equal, says I, that 's a fact; and that 's no poor compliment, I can tell you, for our ladies lick! but I say nothin'.

Now that 's what I call about right, squire. To go wanderin' and starein' about and admirin' of everything, shows a man has nothin' to home worth braggin' of or boastin' about, or hasn't seed nothin' of the world. It would make Europeans vain, and, cuss them, they are vain enough and proud enough already, especially the English; besides, it tainte good breedin', and ain't patriotic. I like to sustain the national character abroad, and give foreigners a proper idea of our enlightenment and freedom. Bein' stumpt is a sure mark of a fool. The only folks among us that 's ever nonplushed, is them just caught in the woods, and some o' them, I will say, are as ignorant as a Britisher; but then it 's only them as never seed nothin' but bears and Ingians. I mind once a gall we hired as a house help. They was agued out of the west was her family, and them that the Ingians left the fever was doin' for; so they cut and runs and come to Slickville. Well, she stared and pawed at everything a'most, and actilly was the most ongenteelest

crittur ever was broughten out from among the rattlesnakes. Father axed her one day at dinner to hand him some bread.—Did you baul for anything, old man? says she, or was it the old woman that yelled? for yau and granny Slick speak so much alike, I can't tell, unless I see your jaus a-movein', which it is.—I asked for some bread, says father.—Well, what does she do but ups with the head of the loaf, and stretchin' out her arms, takes aim and let's fly right at him; and, if he hadn't a-been pretty ac*tive* in fendin' off, it would have hit him right in the face, and takin' his nose off so clean he wouldn't have missed it till he went to blow it.—Why, Suckey, says he, what on airth do you mean by that are! why don't you hand it?—Hand it? said she; I never heerd of such a way as that. Father always says pitch, and when we want a thing we always shy it. How onder the sun could yau onload a cart of bricks if you didn't pitch and catch? why it would take a month of Sundays. If people always carried everything that everybody wanted, they might be a-carryin' to all etarnity. Didn't I pitch the loaf fair for yaur breadbasket? where the plague would yau have it, eh?—Then she was always axin' what a thing cost.—Is that solid silver? said she, a-lookin' at one of our spoons.—To be sure, said I, rael genu*wine*, and worth five dollars.—Well, I want to know, said she: yau don't. Half a dollar would buy a spoon, and four dollars and a half two lambs. Why yaur silver spoons are a rael airthquake; what a power of money they do swaller up!—Then she got hold of the gilt pictur'-frame I had minister's likeness in.—Dear, dear, said she, how grand! Now, is that all solid gold and no bam? why it would buy Deacon Hiram Grumble's overshot sawmill at little big Snipe Swamp; it would, I vow, timber-ranges and all. Why it would be a forten to a poor gall like me. I 'd gin all I have in the world for that, or ever shall have: but, then, all I have is a featherbed, a side-saddle, a yearlin' colt, and a rifle. Now declare solemn, that 's a good soul, Sam, is that all solid, clear gold, without cheatin', or only pinchback, like the earrings that stingy beast Pardon Brag gave sister Ambrosia when he was snuffin' ashes with her afore they was married?—Why, you foolish crittur, no, said I, it ain't. Who ever heerd tell of a gold frame.—Ay, ay, my young coon, said she, or a silver spoon

either. I'll take my davy it 's only pewter, and good enough too. I guessed yau only said so to appear grand.—She knowed no better, poor crittur, for she was raised to the swamps to the west among the owls and catamounts, and warn't much more nor half-baked at no time nother. We couldn't make nothin' of her, her independence was so great, and her ways so countrified. When she come, she had but one frock, and when she washed it at night, she laid a-bed all day for it to dry; she did, upon my soul.

One time we had a tea-squall to our house, and Susan handed about the tea. Well she got thro' this well enough; but what does she do arterwards but goes round among the company with the sugar-bowl in one hand, and the cream-jug in the other sayin',—How are yau off, yau stranger with the factory-coat, for sugar? and old woman with the yaller petticoat, shall I milk yau, and so on? When she came to me I couldn't hold in no longer, and I bust out a-larfin.—"Kiss my foot, will you, said she, "Mr. Sam, and mind what I tell yau, if yau go for to cut any of your high shines with me, I'll fetch yau a kick in yaur western eend that will give yau the dry gripes for a week, dod drot my old shoes if I don't, for yau are a bigger fool than I took yau to be." She felt equal to any of the company, and so she was, *po*litically speaking, and nothin' darnted her. It tante more nor half convenient always, but it's the effect of our glorious institutions. She felt conscious she might be the mother of a president of our great nation, and it infused a spirit in her above her grade. In fact, no one, male or female, can forget that fact, that their child mought be an Albert Gotha for eight years. As for me, he said, I never was abashed before any man since I was knee high to a goose; I hope I may be skinned if I was. I do actilly believe, if your Queen was to ax me to dine with her, I should feel no more taken aback nor if it was Phœbe Hopewell. The fixin's of the table mought be a little grain different from what I had ever heern on, seein' that she is so much richer than I be; and havin' lords to wait behind cheers at dinner would seem, at first, strange, I do suppose, but I should jist cut my eye round like wink, and see how others did, like a well-bred man, and then right and left and down the middle, as they did, as onconsarned as if I had been used to it all my life.

Afore you go, I'll pint out to you some smart men in the same grade as myself, travellin' clock venders, or in the tin line, who are men of great refinement in dress, and considerable taste in hoss flesh, and parfect gentlemen, who pride themselves on having the handsomest gall, the best trottin' beast, and the dearest coats in the city, and wouldn't let no man say boo to them for nothin'. Let a British duke ax one o' them to a party without fust callin' and gittin' introduced, as one of them did to another citizen of ourn not long ago, and see if he wouldn't make him a caution to behold. I'd trouble an old gouty lord to go a-hobblin' up stairs afore 'em, a purpose to keep 'em back, and mortify 'em, 'cause they were Americans. I guess they'd give him a lift with the tip eend of their toe that would help him to mend his pace, that's all. What your idea of a gentleman is, I don't know, but I suppose nothin' onder an airl is one in your eyes; but my idea of a gentleman is jist this, one who is rich enough, willin' enough, and knowin' enough, when the thing has to be done in first-rate style, to go the full figur', and to do the thing ginteel. That's what I call a gentleman.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOOKING UP.

The Clockmaker had an extensive and accurate knowledge of human nature. The wandering life he had led, and the nature of his business, which sent him into every man's house, afforded him a favourable opportunity of studying character, a knowledge of which was the foundation of his success in life. Like most clever men, however, he prided himself less upon what he did, than what he did not, know, and was more ambitious of being considered a man of fashionable manners, than a skilful mechanic, an expert salesman, or a shrewd, intelligent man. It was one of his weak points, and the more remarkable in him, for it was natural to suppose that his quick perception of the ridiculous, and his power of humour, would have enabled him to see the absurdity of such a pretension quicker than most men. Admitting the truth of his assertion, that all men, women, and

children, are open to the influence of his universal and infallible soft-sawder, I have no doubt that a dose of it skilfully applied to him on this point, would have proved the accuraey of the remark, by showing that he was no more exempt from its operation than the thousands of dupes whose eaution he had disarmed, and whose favour he had won by it himself.

Yes, squire, he continued, it's a great advantage we possess, is manners. It enables us to visit the log-huts of the down east settler, and the palace of the nobles on free and easy tarms, to peddle in the one, and do first ehop in the other. I rather pride myself on my manners, for I have seed more of the world than most men. That, you see, has provided me with small-talk for the women, and you might as well be without small change in tradin' as small-talk in courtin' the galls. There is nothin' a'most pleases womenkind like hearin' men talk glib to them, unless it be to hear the sound of their own tongues. Then, I larnt psalmody to singin' school, and havin' naturally a good voiee, can do base to the nines, and sing eomplete. Beautiful tunes some o' them meetin' house ones are too. There is old Russia; now that's one you never get tired of; and Washington's march is another, and so is Jim Crow Zionised. Lookin' on the same musick book with the ladies brings heads together, and if you don't put your hands on their shoulder or their waists you can't see straight, or stand steady to read. Many a mateh has been made afore now in the night singin' schools. There is where I got my first lesson in manners, tho' father was always a-preaching up of manners to me too. Father, you know, was one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill. He was a sargeant at that glorious battle, and arterwards rose in Slickville to be a kurnel in the militia. He had quite a military air about him, had the old man, and was as straight as a poker at seventy, and carried his head as erect as the cap of a gate post. He always used to say, march,—halt,—right wheel,—left wheel,—quick step, and so on, to his hosses, to the last. He used to say you could always tell a military man by his walk, his talk, and his manners. In his walk he was stately, for it looked hero like; in his talk, he swore a few, for it was the way of the camp; and in his manners, he was humble servant to the ladies, and haughty to the men, because one you fought for, and the other you fought

with. Poor old man, he was always a-dingin' this lesson into my ears. *Always look up, Sam; look up in manners, and look up in politicks.* In manners, said he, a man that looks down ain't safe at all. It's a sure sign of roguery and treachery. Such a crittur will either lie, cheat, or steal, or do some bad thing or another, you may depend. Never trust a man that don't hold up and look you in the face; such a crittur knows his heart is bad, and is afeerd you see into it thro' them are winders, his eyes. Have nothin' to do with him on no account. Look at Lawyer Slyware: well, he is the most pious lawyer and the most extortionate man in all Slickville. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in that feller's mouth, and yet, when he is onder the protection of the court, there ain't anything too bad for him to lay his tongue to in abusin' folks, and where money is consarned, he is mean and onreasonable. Some folks say his piety is jist a cloak, and nothin' more, to hide his claws; how that is, I won't say; but this I know, he looks down, and looks sideways, or any way but right up like a man at you full in the face, and such corn-crackers as that, let them be who they may, arn't over safe in the dark, or in the woods, I know. You recollect old Southey Crowe, don't you? Well, I'll tell you a story about him. He was one of those down-lookin' skunks I was a-speakin' of, and a more endless villain, p'raps, there ain't this blessed day atween the poles than he was; but you musn't let on to any one about it that I said so, for he has left some children behind him that are well to do in the world, and different guess chaps from him altogether, and it would be a sin and a shame to hurt their feelin's by a revival; but it's true as gospel for all that.

When minister was first located here, to Slickville, he thought his hoss was the most everlastin' eater he ever seed, for he used to eat more nor any two hosses in all the town, and, says he, to me, one day, *kuyr*nel, says he, what's good for a hoss that has an onnateral appetite, do you know? says he, for my hoss eats near a ton of hay a month.—It's worms, says I; nothin' will make a hoss eat like the botts.—Well, what's good for botts, said he?—Well, says I, chopped hoss-hair in their oats ain't a bad thing, nor a little tobacco, nother; but I'll look at him and see what it is, for I never heerd tell of a hoss eatin' at that rate, at no time. Well, the next mornin' I goes out to the stable along with

minister, to see the hoss, and there had fallen a little chance of snow in the night, and there was the tracks of a man quite plain, where he had carried off hay, and the seed and dust of the clover was scattered all about after him. Minister, says I, there's the botts sure enough; they have carried off the hay by wholesale, but they've tookt it afore the hoss got it tho', and no mistake: look at them are tracks.—Dear, dear, said he, only to think of the wickedness of this world; who on airth could that be that was so vile?—Southey Crowe, said I; I'll put my head agin' a cent it's him, for in a gineral way, I suspect them rascals *that look down always*. These are dark nights now, I guess, for it's in the old of the moon, and jist the time for rogues to be up and doin' I'll keep watch for you, to-night, and see who he is. I'll catch him, the villain, see if I don't.—Well, don't use your sword, nor your pistols nother, *kuyr*nel, said he; don't apprehend him, nor slay him, or hurt him, but jist admonish, for I'd rather lose hay, hoss, and all, than not to forgive the poor sinner, and reclaim him. Oh, how my heart rejoices over a repentin' sinner!—Minister, says I, for I felt my pride touched at his talkin' that way of an officer's sword, as if it was nothin' but a constable's thief sticker, and had half a mind to let the hay go to old Scratch, for all me;—Minister, said I, in a dignified manner to him, my sword, sir, has been draw'd in my country's cause, and it shall never be disgraced by a meaner one. It is consecrated to everlastin' fame, and not to be defiled by the crop and gizzard of a scoundrel.—Well, at night, I takes my lantern, the same I had to dress by in the wars, and goes and off shoes, and hides away in a vacant hoss-stall near the door, and I had hardly got all snugged away in the hoss litter, and done swearin' at the parfume of it, (for it ain't pretty to sleep in,) when, who should come in but Southey Crowe. Well, he ups into the loft in little less than half no time, and pitches down a considerable of a lock of hay, and then ties it up in a bundle fit for carriage, and slips it over his shoulder like a knapsack, so as to have his hands free to balance with in runnin', and to help him climb the fences. Well, as soon as he was ready he goes to the door, and opens it; but his bundle was a little grain too wide, and stuck a bit, and jist then, I out candle, and sets fire to his load in several places. As soon as he sees the light, he gives a jerk, forces the bundle

thro, the doorway, and runs like old Nick himself, as fast as he could cut dirt, for dear life, and fancyin' there was some one a-pursuin' of him; he never stopped to look behind him, but jist streaked it off like a greased thunderbolt. At last, the poor crittur was singed in airnest, and 'most suffocated, and he yelled and screamed most awful; he was a caution to hear; and the faster he ran, the faster the flame burned, till at last the cord give way, and down fell the burnin' bundle. A few days arterwards he came to minister, and confessed that he was the man, and said Heaven had sent down fire to burn the hay on him as a warnin' to him of the punishment to come for robbin' a minister. Well, what does minister do, the old goose, but ups and tells him human means was used, as it was my lantern. He said he didn't want to encourage superstition by pious frauds, and I don't know what all. It made me hoppin' mad to see him act so like an old fool. Well, what was the consequence of all this nonsense? Why, Southey got over his fright, seein' the Devil had no hand in it, and went right at stealin' agin. He was one of them fellers *that always look down*, was Southey. Cuss 'em, there is no trustin' any of them.

Then he used to say, always *look up in politicks*, Sam. Now we have two kinds of politicians, the *Federalists* and the *Democrats*. The *Federalists look up*, and are for a vigorous executive, for republican institutions such as Washington left us, for the state-tax for religion, and for enforcin' law and order —what you may call consarvitives, p'raps; and *they* appeal to men of sense and judgment, and property, to the humane, liberal and enlightened upper classes, and they want to see the reins of Government in the hands of such folks, because then we have some security things will be well administered. Then we have *the Democrats*, fellers that *look down;* who try to set the poor agin the rich, who talk of our best men with contempt, and hold 'em up as enemies to their country; who say the Federalists are aristocrats, tyrants, and despots, and appeal to the prejudices and passions of the ignorant, and try to inflame them; who use the word *Reform* as a catchword to weaken the hands of the Government, to make everything elective, and to take all power of good from the venerable senate (whose voice they call an aristocratic whisper), under pretence of restraining their power

for evil. These are mob politicians. They first incite and discontent the mob, and then say the people must have a change of officers; and when they get into office, they sacrifice everybody and everything to keep in. This comes *o' lookin' down.*

These party leaders call the mob *their tail*, and they know the use of a tail too as well as neighbour Dearborne's rats did. Neighbour Dearborne used to wonder how it was all his casks of molasses had jist five inches draw'd off, exactly, and no more, out of each cask. His store was well locked, and well barred, and fastened up all tight and snug every day, and he was fairly stumpt to know how the thieves got in, and why they stole no more than jist five inches out of each; so what does he do but goes and gets up on the roof of the store, and watches thro' the skylight. Well, he watched and watched for ever so long, all to no purpose, and he was jist about givin' it up as a bad job, when he thought he seed somethin' a-movin', and he looked, and what do you think he *did* see? Why, a few, great, big, overgrow'd rats come crawlin' along the tops of the casks, and they jist dipt their tails thro' the bungs unto the 'lasses, and then turned to and licked 'em off clean. They did, upon my soul!

This is jist the way in politicks. Democrat or liberal leaders make the same use of their followers, *their* tail. *They make use of them to get a dip into the good things, but they lick all up so clean themselves nothin' was ever seen to stick to the tail.* See, too, what a condition religion is got into among these *down-lookin' gentry.* The Bible has got turned out of the common schools all thro' Slickville, because it offends the *scruples of them who never read it, and don't know what it contains.* To be religious is out of fashion now, it ain't liberal. It ain't enough with these demagogues to let every man worship his own way, but you must lock up the Bible from schools for fear it will teach little children to be bigots. Now, Sam, minister would say, see here: these same critturs, all over the world, belie their own politicks in their own conduct. Let one of our democrat-movement men go to England, or any place where there are birds of the same feather, and ask credit for goods, and take a certificate of character from the patriots, demagogues, and devils to home, and see what his reception will be. Sorry, sir, but have more orders than we can execute; don't know these people that

have sartified your character; may be very good men, but don't know them. Busy, sir,—good mornin' But let a man *look up*, and take a recommendation from the first pot-hooks on the crane; from the Governor and select men, and the judges, and minister, and me, the honourable Colonel Slick, commander-in-chief of the militia forces (a name well known in military circles), and see what they'll say.—Ah! this damned Yankee, (they *will* swear a few, for they are as cross as a bear with a sore head since the lickin' we give them last war,) *he* comes well sartified, most respectable testi-*mo*-nies, all upper-crust folks. High characters all. We can trust *him*, he'll do: t'other feller's papers were *rather* suspicious; this one's will pass muster.—And yet, Sam, our democrat liberals tell the poor ignorant voters that these men whose *sartificates will pass all the world over, all the same as if they was onder oath, ain't to be trusted in politicks at home.* Fie on them, they know better, and I wish with all my heart they were shipt clean out o' the State down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place.

I fixed one feller's flint that came a canvassin' the other day for a democrat candidate, most properly. Says he, *Kuy*rnel, says he, did you hear the news, that infarnal scoundrel Coke, the mayor, is nominated for governor; he is a cussed Federalist that, he is *no friend to his country;* I wouldn't vote for him for a hogreeve.

Upright magistrate, warnt't he? says I.—Why, yes, to give the devil his due, I must say he was.

Brings his family up well, don't he?—Well enough.

Good neighbour, ain't he?—Why, yes; but what's that to do with it? he ain't *no friend to his country.*

Not a bad landlord, is he? I never heerd of his distressin' his tenants, did you?—Why, no, I can't say I did; but what's all that when it's fried?

A good deal of money passed thro' his hands, did you ever hear of any complaints?—I made no inquiries. I dare say if there was, he hushed them up.

A great friend to intarnal improvements, ain't he—railroads and them sort of things?—And well he may be, he owns a good deal of land in the state and it will benefit it. The devil thank him!

Sees a good deal of company to his house; was you ever there?—Why no, says he, your Federalists are too proud for that; but I wouldn't go if he was to ask me; I despise him, for he is *no friend to his country.*

Ah! says I, the cat's out of the bag now. This is mahogany patriotism; but who is your candidate?—Well, he is no aristocrat, no federalist, no tyrant, but a rael right down reformer and democrat. He *is a friend to his country* and no mistake. It's Gabriel Hedgehog.

Him, said I, that there was so much talk about cheatin' folks in his weights?—That was never proved, said he; let them prove that.

Exactly, says I, your objection to Coke is, that you never got so far as his front door yet; and mine to Gabriel Hedgehog, that I wouldn't trust him inside of mine at no rate. The Federalist, it appears, is an upright, honourable, kind, and benevolent man, discharging all his public and private duties like a good man and a good member of society. You say he is a friend to internal improvement because he owns much land; for the same reason, if for no higher or better one, he will be a friend to his country. *He has got somethin' to fight for, that chap, besides his pay as a member and his share of the plunder.* I always *look up in politicks.* Them are the sort of men to govern us. Your man's honesty is rather doubtful, to say the least of it, and you and him want to level the mayor, and all others above you, down to your own level, do you? Now, I don't want to cut no one down, but to raise up (we had cuttin' down enough, gracious knows, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, in cuttin' down the British). Now, I know, it's easier to cut others down than to raise yourselves, but it tante so honorable. Do you and Hedgehog turn to and earn the same reputation the mayor has, and as soon as you have, and are so much respected and beloved as he is, I'll vote for either or both of you, for my maxim always is *to look up in politicks.*

Now, says I, friend,—attention—eyes right—left shoulders forward—march! and I walked him out of the house in double quick time; I did by gum! Yes, Sam, always look up,—*Look up in manners* and *look up in politicks.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OLD MINISTER.

As we approached Slickville, the native town of the Clockmaker, he began to manifest great impatience and an extraordinary degree of excitement. He urged on old Clay to the top of his speed, who, notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon him, and the occasional aid of a steam-boat whenever there was one running in the direction of our route, looked much thinner for this prodigious journey than when we left Halifax. Come, old Tee-total, said he, you are a-goin' home now, and no mistake. Hold up your old oatmill, and see if you can snuff the stable at minister's, if the smell of these inion fields don't pyson your nose. Show the folks you ain't forgot *how* to go. The weather, squire, you see, has been considerable juicy here lately, and to judge by the mud some smart grists of rain has fell, which has made the roads soapy and violent slippery; but if he can't trot he can slide, you'll find, and if he can't slide he can skate, and if he breaks thro' he can swim, but he can go somehow or another, or somehow else. He is all sorts of a hoss, and the best live one that ever cut dirt this side of the big pond, or t'other side other; and if any man will show me a hoss that can keep it up as he has done in the wild wicked trot clean away from Kent's Lodge in Nova Scotia, to Slickville, Conne'ticut, and eend it with such a pace as that are, I'll give him old Clay for nothin', as a span for him. Go it, you old coon, you—go it! and make tracks like dry dust in a thunder storm. There now, that's it, I guess! hit or miss, right or wrong, tit or no tit, that's the tatur! O squire, he *is* a hoss, is old Clay, every inch of him! Start him agin for five hundred miles, and you'll find he is jist the boy that *can* do it. He'd make as short work of it as a whole battalion does of a pint of whiskey at a ginera. trainin' If you want to see another beast like him in this world, put your spectacles on, and look as sharp as you darn please, for I reckon he is too far off to see with the naked eye, at least I could never see him

But old Clay was not permitted to retain this furious rate long, for recognition now became so frequent between Mr. Slick and his old friends, the people of Slickville, that the last mile, as he said, "tho' the shortest one of the whole bilin', took the longest to do it in by a jug full." The reception he met with on his return to his native land was a pleasing evidence of the estimation in which he was held by those who best knew him. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was greeted by his countrymen. An invitation to a public dinner, presented by a deputation of the select men, as a token of their approbation of his "Sayings and Doings," was, however, so unexpected an honour on his part that his feelings nearly overpowered him. Perhaps it was fortunate that it had that effect, for it enabled him to make a suitable reply, which, under any other circumstances, his exuberant spirits and extravagant phraseology would have disqualified him from doing. He said he was aware he owed this honour more to their personal regard for him than his own merits; but tho' he could not flatter himself he was entitled to so gratifying a distinction, it should certainly stimulate him to endeavour to render himself so. In our subsequent travels he often referred to this voluntary tribute of regard and respect of his countrymen in terms of great satisfaction and pride. He said there were but three days in his life that he could call rael tip-top ones; one was when he was elected into the House of Representatives, and made sure he was to be President of the United States; the second when, after finding his mistake, he ceased to be a member, and escaped out of the menagerie; and the third, when he found himself thus publicly honoured in his native land.

The reception he everywhere met with was most kind and flattering; but Mr. Hopewell, the ex-minister of the parish, embraced him with all the warmth and affection of a father. He pressed him most cordially and affectionately to his bosom, called him his good friend, his kind-hearted boy, his dear and dutiful son. They were both affected to tears. He thanked him for having brought me to his house, to which he welcomed me in the most hospitable manner, and did me the favour to say, that he had looked forward with much pleasure to this opportunity of making my acquaintance.

The appearance of this venerable old man was most striking. In stature he exceeded the ordinary standard, and though not corpulent, he was sufficiently stout to prevent an air of awkwardness attaching to his height. Notwithstanding his very great age, his voice was firm, and his gait erect. His hair was of the most snowy whiteness, and his countenance, though furrowed with age and care, gave evidence of great intelligence and extraordinary benevolence. His manner, though somewhat formal, like that of a gentleman of the old school, was remarkably kind and prepossessing, and the general effect of his bearing was well calculated to command respect and conciliate affection. Those persons who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people, know but little of them or their domestic circles. To form a correct opinion of a people it is necessary to see them at home, to witness their family reunions, the social intercourse of friends, and, to use Mr. Slick's favourite phrase, "to be behind the scenes." Whoever has been so favoured as to be admitted on these intimate terms in New England, has always come away most favourably impressed with what he has seen, and has learned, that in the thousand happy homes that are there, there are many, very many, thousands of kind, and good, and affectionate hearts in them, to make them so. The temperature of Mr. Slick's mind was warm, and his spirits buoyant, and, therefore, though overcome for a time by various emotions, on the present occasion, his natural gaiety soon returned, and the appearance of Mr. Hopewell's sister, a maiden lady "of a certain age," who resided with him, and superintended his household, afforded him an opportunity of indemnifying himself.

Is that aunt Hetty, sir? said he, addressing himself to "the minister" with much gravity. Why yes, Sam, to be sure it is. Is she so much altered that you do not know her? Ah, me! we are both altered—both older than we were, and sadder too, Sam, since you left us. Altered? I guess she is, said Mr. Slick; I wouldn't a-know'd her nowhere. Why, aunt Hetty! how do you do? What on airth have you done with yourself to look so young? Why, you look ten years younger. Well, if that don't pass! Well, you ain't altered then, Sam, said she, shaking him heartily by the hand, not one mite or morsel; you are jist as full

of nonsense as ever; do behave, now, that's a good feller. Ah! he continued, I wish I could alter as you do, and that are rose-bush of yourn onder the parlour winder; both on you bloom afresh every month. Lord, if I could only manage as you do, grow younger every year, I should be as smart as a two-year-old soon: then, lowering his voice, he said, "Brought you a beau, aunty,—that's the squire, there,—ain't he a beauty without paint, that? The sarvant maid stole his stays last night, but when he has 'em on, he ain't a bad figure, I tell you. The only thing against your taking such a fat figure, is, that you'd have to lace them stays every mornin' for him, and that's no joke, is it? Now, *Sam*, said she, (colouring at the very idea of a gentleman's toilet,) do behave, that's a dear! The intire stranger will hear you, I am sure he will, and it will make me feel kinder foolish to have you runnin' on that way: ha' done, now, that's a dear! Sit your cap up for him, aunty, he said, without heeding her; he is a Blue-nose to be sure, but rub a silver-skinned inion on it, and it will draw out the colour, and make him look like a Christian. He is as soft as dough, that chap, and your eyes are so keen they will cut right into him, like a carvin'-knife into a pumkin pie. Lord, he'll never know he has lost his heart, till he puts his ear to it like a watch, and finds it's done tickin' Give me your presarves, tho', aunty, when you marry; your quinces, and damsons, and jellies, and what not, for you won't want *them* no more. Nothin' ever tastes sweet arter lips. O, dear! one smack o' them is worth——. Do get along, said Miss Hetty, extricating, at last, her hand from his, and effecting her escape to her brother. What a plague you be!

It was a happy meeting, and at dinner, Mr. Slick's sallies awakened many a long-forgotten smile on the face of his old friend, the minister. It is delightful to witness the effect of a young and joyous heart upon one that has become torpid with age, or chilled with the coldness and neglect of the world; to see it winning it back to cheerfulness, warming it again into animated existence, beguiling it of its load of care, until it brightens into reflecting on its surface the new and gay images that are thus thrown upon it.

After the cloth was removed, the conversation accidentally took a more serious turn. So you are going to England, Sam,

are you, said Mr. Hopewell? Yes, minister, replied the Clock-maker, I am a-goin' with the squire, here. 'Spose you go with us. You are a gentleman at large now you got nothin' to do, and it will do you good; it will give you a new lease of life, I am a-thinkin'. The allusion to his having nothing to do was, to say the least of it, thoughtless and ill-timed. Yes, Sam, said he, evidently much distressed, you say truly, I *have* nothin' to do; but whose fault is that? Is it mine or my parishioners'? When my flock all turned Unitarians, and put another man in my pulpit, and told me they hadn't no further occasion for me or my services, was it the flock that wandered, or the shepherd that slept? It is an awful question, that, Sam, and one that must be answered some day or another, as sure as you are born. I try to make myself believe it is my fault, and I pray that it may be so considered, and that I may be accepted as a sacrifice for them; for willingly would I lay down my life for them, the poor deluded critturs. Then, sometimes I try to think it warn't the fault of either me or my flock, but the fault of them are good-for-nothin' philosophers, Jefferson, Franklin, and them new-school people, that fixed our constitution, and forgot to make Christianity the corner-stone. O, what an awful affliction it is for a country, when its rulers are not attached to the Church of God! If poor dear old Gineral Washington had a-had his way, it would have been different, and he told me so with tears in his eyes. Joshua, says he, for him and me was very intimate: Joshua, says he, the people ascribe all the praise of our glorious revolution to their own valor and to me, beeause I am one of themselves, and are a-going to build a great city for a capital, and call it after me, Washington; but for *Him*, Joshua, said he, a-pintin' up to the skies with one hand, and devoutly oneoverin' his head with the other, but for Him who upheld us in the hour of battle and in the day of trouble—for Him, to whom all honor, and praise, and glory is due, what have we done? why, carefully excluded the power to endow Christianity from every constitution of every state in the Union. Our language is at once impious and blasphemous. We say the Lord is better able to take charge of his clergy than we are, and we have no doubt he will. Let him see to them, and will see to ourselves. Them that want religion can pay for it. The state wants none, for it is

an incorporeal affair, without a body to be punished or a soul to be saved. Now, Joshua, said he, you will live to see it, but I won't—for I feel as if they was a-goin' to make an idol of *me*, to worship, and it kills me—you will see the nateral consequence of all this in a few years. We shall run away from the practice of religion into theory. We shall have more sects than the vanity of man ever yet invented, and more enthusiasm and less piety, and more pretension and less morals, than any civilised nation on the face of the airth. Instead of the well-regulated, even pulsation, that shows a healthy state of religion, it will be a feverish excitement or helpless debility. The body will sometimes appear dead, as when in a trance; a glass over the lips will hardly detect respiration; it will seem as if the vital spark was extinct. Then it will have fits of idiotcy, stupid, vacant, and drivelling; then excitement will inspire zeal, genius, and eloquence, and while you stand lost in admiration of its powers, its beauty, and sublimity, you will be startled by its wildness, its eccentric flashes, its incoherences; and before you can make up your mind that it has lost its balance, you will be shocked by its insanity, its horrible frantic raving madness.

Joshua, said he, we ought to have established *a* Church, fixed upon some *one*, and called it a *national* one. Not having done so, nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence, which we do not deserve and therefore cannot hope for, can save this great country from becoming a dependency of Rome. Popery, that is now only a speck in these States no bigger than a man's hand, will speedily spread into a great cloud, and cover this land so no ray of light can penetrate it: nay, it is a giant, and it will enter into a divided house and expel the unworthy occupants. We tolerate Papists, because we believe they will inherit heaven equally with us; but when their turn comes, will they tolerate us whom they hold to be Heretics? O, that we had held fast to the Church that we had! the Church of our forefathers—the Church of England. It is a pure, noble, apostolic structure, the holiest and the best since the days of the Apostles; but we have not, and the consequence is too melancholy and too awful to contemplate. Was it for this, said he, I drew my sword in my country's cause? and he pulled the blade half out. Had I known what I now know,—and he drove it back with such force. I

fairly thought it would have come out of t'other eend,—it should have rusted in its scabbard first, it should, indeed, Hopewell. Now, Joshua, said he,—and he oncovered his head agin, for he was a religious man was Washington, and never took the Lord's name in vain,—recollect these words: "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shewing mercy unto thousands of *them that love me.*" May the promise be ours; but, oh! far, far be the denunciation from us and our posterity! Franklin, Joshua, has a great deal to answer for. Success has made him flippant and self-sufficient, and, like all self-taught men, he thinks he knows more than he does, and more than anybody else. If he had more religion and less philosophy, as he calls scepticism, it would be better for him and us too. He is always a-sayin' to me, *leave religion alone*, Gineral: leave it to *the voluntary principle;* the *supply* will always keep pace with the *demand.* It is the *maxim of a pedlar*, Joshua, and onworthy of a statesman or a Christian; for in religion, unlike other things, the demand seldom or *never precedes*, but almost *invariably follows* and increases with the supply. "An ignorant man knoweth not this, neither doth a fool understand it." I wish he could see with his own eyes the effects of his liberality, Joshua, it would sober his exultation, and teach him a sad and humiliating lesson. Let him come with me into Virginia and see the ruins of that great and good establishment that ministered to us in our youth as our nursing mother,—let him examine the ninety-five parishes of the State, and he will find twenty-three extinct, and thirty-four destitute, the pastors expelled by want, or violence, or death.

His philosophy will be gratified too, I suppose, by seeing the numerous proselytes he has made to his enlightened opinions. In breaking up the Church, these *rational* religionists have adopted his maxims of frugality, and abstained from destroying that which *might be useful.* The baptismal fonts have been preserved as convenient for watering horses, and the sacred cup has been retained as a relic of the olden time, to grace the convivial board. There is no bigotry here, Joshua, no narrow prejudice, for reformers are always men of enlarged minds. They have done their work like men. They have applied the property of the

Church to seeular purposes, and *covered their iniquity under the cant of educating the poor*, forgetting the while that a *knowledge of God is the foundation of all wisdom.* They have extinguished the cry of the Church being in danger by extinguishing the Church itself. *When reformers talk of religious freedom as a popular topic, depend upon it they mean to dispense with religion altogether.* What the end will be I know not, for the issues are with Him from whom all good things do come; but I do still indulge the hope all is not yet lost. Though the tree be cut down, the roots are left; and the sun by day and the dew by night may mature them, and new shoots may spring up, and grow luxuriantly, and afford shelter in due season to them that are weary and heavy-laden: and even if the roots should be killed, the venerable parentstock on the other side of the water, from which ours is an offset, is still in full vigour: and new layers may yet be laid by pious hands, which, under the blessing of Heaven, shall replace our loss. Yes, even I, though lately in arms against the English, may say, long may the maternal Church live and flourish! and may the axe of the spoiler never be laid upon it by sacrilegious hands; for I warred with their King, and not against their God, who is my God also.

Washington was right, Sam, continued Mr. Hopewell. We ought to have an establishment and national temples for worship; for He has said, who is truth itself, "where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee." Somehow, I fear his name is not legibly recorded here; but whose fault was this desertion of my flock, mine or them philosophers that made the constitution?

I availed myself here of a slight pause in the conversation to give it another turn, for the excitement was too much for a man of his great years and sensibility. So I said that I perfectly agreed with General Washington, of whom I entertained as exalted an opinion as he did; but that the circumstances of the times were such, and the prejudices against everything English so strong, it would have been utterly impossible for the framers of the constitution to have done otherwise than they did: but, said I, with reference to your visiting England, since steam navigation has been introduced, the voyage has been stripped of all its discomforts, and half its duration; and I am confident the

trip would be as beneficial to your health as your company would be instructive and agreeable to us. Have you ever been there?—Often, said he: oh, yes! I know, or rather knew, dear Old England well—very well; and I had a great many friends and correspondents there, among the bishops many dear very dear and learned friends; but alas! they are gone now,—and he took his spectacles off and wiped them with his handkerchief, for a tear had dimmed the glasses,—gone to receive the reward they have earned as good and faithful stewards. Let me see, said he, when was I there last? Oh! my memory fails me. I'll jist step into my study and get my journal; but I fear it was to give vent to feelings that were overpowering him. When he had gone, Mr. Slick said,—Ain't he a'most a-beautiful talker, that, squire, even when he is a little wanderin' in his mind, as he is now? There is nothin' he don't know. He is jist a walkin' dictionary. He not only knows how to spell every word, but he knows its meanin', and its root as he calls it, and what nation made it first. He knows Hebrew better nor any Jew you ever see, for he knows it so well he can read it backward. He says it's the right way; but that's only his modesty, for I've tried English backward and I can't make no hand of it. Oh! he'd wear a slate out in no time, he writes so much on things he thinks on. He is a peg too low now. I'll jist give him a dose of soft-sawder, for old or young, men or women, high or low, every palate likes that. I'll put him up if I can another note or so; but he is so crotchied, and flies off the handle so, you hardly know where to touch him. The most curious thing about him is the way he acts about the stars. He has gin 'em all names, and talks of 'em as if they were humans; he does, upon my soul. There is his Mars, and Venus, and Saturn, and Big Bear, and Little Bear, and the Lord knows what all. I mind once I put him into a'most an allfired passion when he was talkin' about 'em. I never see him in such a rage before or since, for he didn't speak for the matter of three minutes. When he is mad, he jist walks up and down the room and counts a hundred to himself, and that cools him, for he says it's better to have nothin' to say than sunthin' to repent of. Well, this time, I guess, he counted two hundred, for it was longer than common afore he had added it all up and sun-

totalised it. I'll tell you how it was. Him and me was a-sittin talkin' over nothin' at all, jist as we are now, when all at once he gets up and goes to the winder, and presently sings out,— "Sam, says he, put your hat on, my boy, and let's go and see Venus dip to-night;" but here he comes. I'll tell you that are story some other time, for here comes *the Old Minister*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARREL WITHOUT HOOPS.

Such is the charm of manner, that it often happens that what we hear with pleasure we afterwards read with diminished satisfaction. I cannot now give the words of the Minister, for the memory seldom retains more than the substance, and I am quite aware how much these conversations lose in repeating. He was, as Mr. Slick observed, "the best talker I ever heard," and I regretted that my time was so limited I had it not in my power to enjoy more of his society at this place, although I am not altogether without hopes that as I have enlisted "aunt Hetty" on my side, I have succeeded in persuading him to accompany us to England How delightful it would be to hear his observations on the aspect of affairs there, to hear him contrast the present with the past, and listen to his conjectures about the future. With such a thorough knowledge of man, and such an extensive experience as he has had of the operation of various forms of government, his predictions would appear almost prophetic. When he returned from his study Mr. Slick rose and left the room in search of amusement in the village, and I availed myself of the opportunity to ascertain his opinions respecting the adjoining colonies, for the constant interruption he receeived from the Clockmaker had a tendency to make his conversation too desultory for one whose object was instruction. I therefore lost no time in asking him what changes he thought would be desirable to improve the condition of the people in British America and perpetuate the connexion with England.

Ah, sir, said he, that word change is "the incantation that calls fools into a circle." It is the riddle that perplexes British

statesmen, and the rock on which they are constantly making shipwreck. They are like our friend Samuel, who changes his abode so often that removal has become necessary to his very existence. A desire for political change, like a fondness for travel, grows with the indulgence. What *you want in the colonies is tranquillity, not change.—Quod petis hic est.* You may change constitutions for ever, but you cannot change man. He is still unaltered under every vicissitude, the same restless, discontented, dissatisfied animal. Even in this pure unmixed democracy of ours he is as loud in his complaints as under the strictest despotism, nay, louder, for the more he is indulged the more intractable he becomes. The object of statesmen, therefore, should be, not to study what changes should be conceded, but the causes that lead men to desire change. The restlessness in the colonies proceeds not from grievances, for, with the exception of a total absence of patronage, they do not exist; but it is caused by an uneasiness of position, arising from a want of room to move in. There is no field for ambition, no room for the exercise of distinguished talent in the provinces. The colonists, when comparing their situation with that of their more fortunate brethren in England, find all honour monopolised at home, and employment, preferments, and titles liberally bestowed on men frequently inferior in intellect and ability to themselves, and this invidious distinction sinks deeper into the heart than they are willing to acknowledge themselves. Men seldom avow the real motives of their actions. A littleness of feeling is often in reality the source of conduct that claims to spring from a virtue. A slight, an insult, or a disappointment, jealousy, envy, or personal dislike, often find a convenient shelter in agitation, and a more respectable name in patriotism. A man who quits his church in temper would have you believe he has scruples of conscience, which he requires you to respect; and he who rebels in the hope of amending his fortune ascribes his conduct to an ardent love of country, and a devotion to the cause of freedom. Grievances are convenient masks under which to hide our real objects. The great question then is, what induces men in the provinces to resort to them as pretexts. The cause now, as in 1777, is the absence of all patronage, the impossibility there is for talent to rise—want of room—of that employment that is required for

ability of a certain description; at least, this is the cause with those who have the power to influence,—to lead—to direct public opinion. I allude only to these men, for the leaders are the workmen and the multitude their tools. It is difficult to make an Englishman comprehend this. Our successful rebellion, one would have supposed, would not easily have been forgotten; but, unfortunately, it was a lesson not at all understood.

This was so novel a view of the subject, and the assertion that all the recent complaints were fictitious, was so different from what I had apprehended to be the case, that I could not resist asking him if there were no real grievances in 1777, when his countrymen took up arms against us?

No, sir, said he, none; none of any magnitude except the attempt to tax for the purpose of revenue, which was wrong, very wrong, indeed; *but if that which was put forth as the main one, had been the real cause, when it ceased, the rebellion would have ceased also.* But there was another, a secret and unavowed, the more powerful cause, *the want of patronage.* I will explain this to you. Statesmen have always been prone to consider the colonies as a field reserved for the support of their dependants, and they are, unfortunately, so distant from the parent state that the rays of royal favour do not easily penetrate so far. Noisy applicants, mercenary voters, and importunate suitors at home, engross the attention and monopolise the favour of those in power, and provincial merit is left to languish for want of encouragement. The provincials hear of coronation honours, of flattering distinctions, and of marks of royal favour; but, alas! they participate not in them. A few of the petty local officers, which they pay themselves out of their little revenue, have long since been held their due, and, within these few years, I hear the reformers have generously promised not to deprive them of this valuable patronage in any case where it is not required for others. Beyond this honourable parish rank no man can rise, and we look in vain for the name of a colonist, whatever his loyalty, his talent, or his services may be, out of the limits of his own country. The colonial clergy are excluded from the dignities of the Church of England, the lawyers from the preferments of the bar, and the medical men from practising out of their own country, while the professions in the

colonies are open to all who migrate thither. The avenues to the army and navy, and all the departments of the imperial service are *practically* closed to them. Notwithstanding the intimate knowledge they possess on colonial subjects, who of their leading men are ever selected to govern other provinces? A captain in the navy, a colonel in the army, a London merchant, or an unprovided natural son, any person, in short, from whose previous education constitutional law has been wholly excluded, is thought better qualified, or more eligible, for these important duties than a colonist, while that department that manages and directs all these dependencies, seldom contains one individual that has ever been out of Great Britain. A peerage generally awaits a Governor-General, but indifference or neglect rewards those through whose intelligence and ability he is alone enabled to discharge his duties. The same remedy for this contemptuous neglect occurs to all men, in all ages. When the delegate from the Gabii consulted Tarquin, he took him into his garden, and drawing his sword cut off the heads of the tallest poppies. The hint was not lost, and the patricians soon severally disappeared. When our agent in France mentioned the difficulties that subsisted between us and Britain, the king significantly pointed to a piece of ordnance, and observed it was an able negotiator, and the meaning was too obvious to be disregarded. When Papineau, more recently, asked advice of the reformers in England, he was told, "Keep the glorious example of the United States constantly in view;" and an insurrection soon followed, to destroy what his friend called "the baneful domination."

The consequence of this oversight or neglect, as our revolution and the late disturbances in Canada but too plainly evince, is, that ambition, disappointed of its legitimate exercise, is apt, in its despair, to attempt the enlargement of its sphere by the use of the sword. Washington, it is well known, felt the chilling influence of this policy. Having attained early in life to great influence by the favour of his countrymen, not only without the aid but against the neglect of the Commander-in-chief, he saw a regular, and sometimes not a very judicious advancement, in the military operations of America, of every man who had the good fortune not to be a colonist. He felt that his

country was converted into one of the great stages at which these favoured travellers rested for a time to reap the reward of their exile, and resume their journey up the ascent of life, while all those who permanently resided here were doomed to be stationary spectators of this mortifying spectacle. Conscious of his own powers, he smarted under this treatment, and he who became too powerful for a subject, might, under a wiser and kinder policy, have been transferred to a higher and more honourable position in another colony. Progressive advancement, to which his talents, and at one time his services, gave him a far better claim than most governors can exhibit, would have deprived him of the motive, the means, and the temptation to seek in patriotism what was denied to merit and loyalty. History affords us some recent instances, in which the administration in the parent state have relieved themselves of "an inconvenient friend," by giving him an appointment abroad. Ambitious men who attain to this inconvenient eminence in the colonies, might, with equal advantage to the country and themselves, be transferred to a more extended and safer sphere of action in other parts of the empire. No man now pretends to deny, that it was the want of some such safety-valve that caused the explosion in these old colonies that now form the United States. Patriotism then, as in all ages, covered a multitude of sins, and he who preferred, like a Washington, a Jefferson, or an Adams, the command of armies, the presidential chair of a great nation, and the patronage and other attributes of royalty, to the rank of a retired planter, a practising provincial barrister, or an humble representative in a local legislature, easily became a convert to the doctrine that a stamp act was illegal, and a tax on tea an intolerable oppression. When loyalty, like chastity, is considered, as it now is, to be its own great reward, and agitation is decorated with so many brilliant prizes, it is not to be wondered at if men constantly endeavour to persuade themselves that every refusal of a request is both an arbitrary and unjust exercise of power, that denial justifies resistance, and that resistance is a virtue. Instead of conceding to popular clamour changes that are dangerous, it is safer and wiser to give ambition a new direction, and to show that the government has the disposition to patronise, as well as the

power to punish. It is unjust to the Queen, and unkind to the Colonists, to exhibit the image of their Sovereign in no other attitude than that of an avenging despot exacting obedience, and enforcing dependence. Royalty has other qualities that appeal to the hearts of subjects, but parliamentary influence is too selfish and too busy to permit statesmen to regard colonists in any other light than the humble tenantry of the distant possessions of the empire. Grievances (except the unavowed one I have just mentioned, which is the prolific parent of all that bear the name of patriots,) fortunately do not exist; but ambitious men, like hypochondriacs, when real evils are wanting, often supply their place with imaginary ones. Provincialism and nationality are different degrees of the same thing, and both take their rise in the same feeling, love of country, while no colony is so poor or so small as not to engender it. The public or distinguished men of a province are public property, and the people feel an interest in them in an inverse ratio, perhaps, to their own individual want of importance. To those who have the distribution of this patronage, it must be gratifying to know, that when this is the case, *an act of justice* will always appear *an act of grace.*

Here we is agin, said Mr. Slick, who now entered the room. How am you was, how is you been, as Tousand Teyvils said to the Dutch Governor. Well, minister, did you find the date? When was it you was in England last? Nothing could be more provoking than this interruption, for the subject we were talking upon was one of great interest to a colonist, and no opportunity occurred of reverting to it afterwards. The change of the topic, however, was not more sudden than the change of Mr. Hopewell's manner and style of speaking, for he adopted at once the familiar and idiomatic language to which Mr. Slick was more accustomed, as one better suited to the level of his understanding.—It was in '85, said Mr. Hopewell; I havn't been to England since, and that's fifty-five years ago. It is a long time that, isn't it? How many changes have taken place since! I don't suppose I should know it agin now.—Why minister, said Mr. Slick, you put me in mind of the Prophet.—Yes, yes, Sam, said he, I dare say I do, for you are always a-thinkin' on profit and loss. Natur' jist fitted you for a trader. Dollars and cents

is always uppermost on your mind.—O, dear he replied, I didn't mean that at all, I mean him that got on Pisgah. You have attained such a height as it mought be in years, you can see a great way behind, and ever so far ahead. You have told us what's 'fore us in our great republic, now tell us what's afore England. First of all, said he, I'll tell you what's afore you, my son, and that is, if you talk in that are loose way to Britain, about sacred things and persons, you won't be admitted into no decent man's house at all, and I wouldn't admit you into mine if I didn't know your tongue was the worsest part of you, and that it neither spoke for the head or heart, but jist for itself. As for the English empire, Sam, it's the greatest the world ever seed. The sun never sets on it. The banner of England floats on every breeze and on every sea. So many parts and pieces require good management and great skill to bind together, for it tante a whole of itself, like a single stick-mast, but a spliced one, composed of numerous pieces and joints. Now, the most beautiful thing of the kind, not political, but mechanical, is a barrel. I defy any one but a rael cooper to make one so as to hold water, indeed, it tante every cooper can do it, for there are bunglin' coopers as well as bunglin' statesmen. Now, see how many staves there are in a barrel,—(do you mean a barrel organ, said the Clockmaker, for some o' them grind some very tidy staves, of times, I tell you.—Pooh! said Mr. Hopewell)—how well they all fit, how tight they all come together, how firm and secure the hoops keep them in their places. Well, when it's right done, it don't leak one drop, and you can stand it upon eend, or lay it down on its side, and roll it over and over, and still it seems as if it were all solid wood. Not only that, but put it into a vessel, and clap a thousand of them right a-top of one another, and they won't squash in, but bear any weight you choose to put on them. But, he continued, but, sir, cut the hoops and where is your barrel?—(where is the liquor? you should say, said Mr. Slick, for that is always worth a great deal more than the barrel by a long chalk, and while you are a-talkin' about cooperin', I will jist go and tap that are cask of prime old East Ingy Madeira Captain Ned Sparm gave you.—Do, said Mr. Hopewell; I am sorry I didn't think of it afore; but don't shake it, Sam, or you'll ryle it.) Well, sir, where is your bar-

rel? why, a heap of old iron hoops and wooden staves. Now, in time, the heat of the sun, and rollin' about, and what not, shrinks a cask, as a matter of course, and the hoops all loosen, and you must drive them up occasionally, to keep all tight and snug. A little attention this way, and it will last for ever a'most. Now, somehow or another, the British appear to me of late years to revarse this rule, and instead of tightening the hoops of their great body politick, as they ought to do, they loosen them, and if they continue to do so much longer, that great empire will tumble to pieces as sure as we are a-talkin' here.

Now, one of the great bonds of society is religion—a national establishment of religion,—one that provides, at the expense of the State, for the religious education of the poor,—one that inculcates good morals with sound doctrines,—one that teaches folks to honour the King, at the same time that it commands them to fear God,—one that preaches humility to the rich, deference to the poor, and exacts from both an obedience to the laws,—one that seeks the light it disperses to others from that sacred source, the Bible; and so far from being ashamed of it, from excluding it from schools, says to all, "Search the Scriptures,"—one, in short, that makes people at once good men, good Christians, and good subjects. They have got this to England, and they are happy enough to have it in the Colonies. It's interwoven into the State so beautiful, and yet so skilful, that while the *Church is not political, the State is not religious.* There is nothin' like their Liturgy in any language, nor never will be agin; and all good men may be made better for their Book of Prayer,—a book every Protestant ought to revere,—for them that compiled it laid down their lives for it. *It was written in the blood of the Martyrs*, and not like some others I could tell you of, *in the blood of its miserable victims.* Now, when I see ten protestant bishops cut off at one fell swoop from Ireland, where they are so much needed, I say *you are loosenin' the hoops.* When I see aid withdrawn from the Colonial Church, their temporalities interfered with, and an attempt made to take away the charter from its college to Windsor, Nova Scotia,—when I hear that the loyal colonists say (I hope the report ain't true) that they are discouraged, agitators boast they are patronised, and rebels runnin' about with pardons in their hands,—when I

hear there ain't difference enough made between truly good conservative subjects and factious demagogues, *I say you are loosenin' the hoops:* and when I hear all talk and no cider, as the sayin' is, said Mr. Slick, who just then returned with some of the old wine from the cellar, I say it's dry work; so here's to you, minister, and let me advise you to moisten them are staves, your ribs, or *your* hoops will off, I tell you. Put a pint of that are good old stuff under your waistcoat every day, and see how beautiful your skin will fit at the eend of a month. You might beat a tattoo on it like a drum.—You give your tongue a little too much licence, Sam, said Mr. Hopewell; but, squire, he is a sort of privileged man here, and I don't mind him. Help yourself, if you please, sir. Here's a pleasant voyage to you, sir. As I was a-sayin', when I hear it said to the bench of bishops "put your house in order, for your days are numbered," I say you are more than loosenin' the hoops, you are *stavin' in the cask.* There are some things I don't onderstand, and some things I hear I don't believe. I am no politician; but I should like to go to England, if I warn't too old, to see into the actual state of things. How is it there is *hoop loose* to Newfoundland, another to the West Ingies, and half-a-dozen to Canada, another to the East, and one in almost every colony? How is it there is chartism and socialism in England, secret associations in Ireland, rebellion in your Provinces, and agitation everywhere? *The hoops want tightenin'.* The leaders of all these teams are runnin' wild because the reins are held too loose, and because they think the state-coachmen are afeerd on 'em. I hear they now talk of *responsible government* in the Colonies; is that true, sir?—I replied it had some advocates, and it was natural it should. All men like power; and, as it would place the govern*ors* in subjection to the govern*ed*, it was too agreeable a privilege not to be desired by popular leaders.—That, said he, (and few men livin' know more nor I do about colonies, for I was born in one, and saw it grow and ripen into an independent state,) *that* is the last bond of union between Great Britain and her colonies. Let her sever that bond, and she will find she resembles—***the barrel without hoops.***

CHAPTER XX.

FACING A WOMAN.

This was the day fixed for our departure, and I must say I never felt so much regret at leaving any family I had known for so short a time as I experienced on the present occasion. Mr. Slick, I am inclined to think, was aware of my feelings, and to prevent the formality of bidding adieu, commenced a rhodomontade conversation with aunt Hetty. As soon as we rose from the breakfast-table, he led her to one of the windows and said, with a solemnity that was quite ludicrous,—He is very ill, very ill indeed; he looks as sick as death in the primer: I guess it's gone goose with him.

Who is ill? said aunt Hetty, in great alarm.—He is up a tree; his flint is fixed, you may depend.—Who, Sam? tell me, dear, who it is.—And he so far from home; ain't it horrid? and pysoned, too, and that in minister's house.—Lord, Sam, how you frighten a body! who is pysoned?—The squire, aunty: don't you see how pale he looks.—Pysoned, O for ever! Well, I want to know. Lawful heart alive, how could he be pysoned? O Sam! I'll tell you: I've got it now. How stupid it was of me not to ask him if he could eat them; it's them presarved strawberries,—yes, yes, it's the strawberries. They do pyson some folks. There was sister Woodbridge's son's wife's youngest darter that she had by the first marriage, Prudence. Well, Prudence never could eat them: they always brought on ——. —Oh! it's worse nor that, aunty; it ain't strawberries, tho' I know they ain't good eatin' for them that don't like them. It's ——. —And a mustard emetic was the onliest thing in natur' to relieve her. It made her ——. —Oh! it tante them, it's love: you've killed him.—Me, Sam! why how you talk! what on airth do you mean?—You've killed him as dead as a herring. I told you your eyes would cut right into him, for he was as soft as a pig fed on beech-nuts and raw potatoes; but you wouldn't believe me. Oh! you've done the job for him: he told me so hisself, Says he, Mr. Slick, (for he always calls me Mr. he is

so formal,) says he, Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet, and what a neck, and what a——. —Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.—Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. he says of all the affectionate sisters and charming women he ever seed, you do beat all.—Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that's a fact; but, dear o' me, only to think times is altered.—Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he,—for a woman of her great age, aunt Hetty is ——. —Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.—No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said great beauty: she is very unaffected.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.—Says he, her grey hairs suit her complexion.—Well, I don't thank him for his impedence, nor you nother for repeatin' it.—No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes: grey was his colour.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very pretty man, and a very polite man too; and I don't see the blue nosc you spoke of, nother.—And says he, if I could muster courage, I would propose——. —But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear! I am in such a fluster, I shall faint.—I shall propose for her to——. —Oh! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up; and there is poor Joshua——. —I should propose for her to accompany her brother——. —Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us,—but, poor soul! he couldn't travel, I don't think.—To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse.—Oh, dear! is that all? How mighty narvous he is. I guess the crittur is pysoned sure enough, but then it's with affectation.—Come, aunty, a kiss at partin'. We are off, good-by'e; but that was an awful big hole you made in his heart too. You broke the pane clean out and only left the sash. He's a caution to behold. Good-by'e! And away we went from Slickville.

During our morning's drive the probability of a war with England was talked of, and in the course of conversation Mr. Slick said, with a grave face,—Squire, you say we Yankees

boast too much; and it ain't improbable we do, seein' that we have whipped the Ingians, the French, the British, the Spaniards, the Algerines, the Malays, and every created crittur a'most that dared to stand afore us, and try his hand at it. So much success is e'en a'most enough to turn folks' heads, and make 'em a little consaited, ain't it? Now give me your candid opinion, I won't be the leastest morsel offended, if you do give it agin' us; but speak onresarved, Who do you think is the bravest people, the Yankees or the British? I should like to hear your mind upon it. They are the same people, I said, differing as little, perhaps, from each other as the inhabitants of any two counties in England, and it is deeply to be deplored that two such gallant nations, having a common origin and a common language, and so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity and mutual interest, should ever imbrue their hands in each other's blood. A war between people thus peculiarly related is an unnatural spectacle, that no rational man can contemplate without horror. In the event of any future contest the issue will be as heretofore, sometimes in favour of one and sometimes of the other. Superior discipline will decide some engagements and numbers others, while accidental circumstances will turn the scale in many a well-fought field. If you ask me, therefore, which I conceive to be the braver people of the two, I should unquestionably say neither can claim pre-eminence. All people of the same stock, living in a similar climate, and having nearly the same diet and habits, must, as a matter of course, possess animal courage as nearly as possible in the same degree. I say habits, because we know that in individuals habits have a great deal to do with it. For instance, a soldier will exhibit great fear if ordered to reef a topsail, and a sailor if mounted on the —— Well, well, said he, p'raps you are right; but boastin' does some good too. Only get people to think they can do a thing and they can do it. The British boasted that one Englishman could whip three Frenchmen, and it warn't without its effect in the wars, as Buonaparte know'd to his cost. Now, our folks boast that one Yankee can walk into three Englishmen; and somehow or another, I kinder guess they will—try to do it at any rate. For my part, I am pretty much like father, and he used to say he never was afeerd of anything on the face of the airth but a woman. Did I ever

tell you the story of father's courtship? No, I replied, never; your stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and your memory so good you never fall into the common error of great talkers, of telling your stories a second time. I should like to hear it. Well, said he, it ain't an easy story to tell, for father always told it with variations, accordin' to what he had on board at the time, for it was only on the anniversary of his weddin' he used to tell it, and as there was considerable brag about father, he used to introduce new flourishes every time, what our singin' master in sacred melody, Doldrum Dykins, used to call grace notes. Sam, he'd say, I have been married this day,—let me see, how many years is it? Do you recollect, Polly, dear? Why, says mother, I can't say rightly, for I never kept a tally, but it's a considerable some tho', I estimate. (She never would answer that question, poor dear old soul! for women don't like to count arter that if they can help it, that's a fact.) Well, says father, it's either eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, I forget which. It's no such thing, says mother, quite snappishly; Sam is only twenty-one last Thanksgiving-day, and he was born jist nine months and one day arter we was married, so there now. (Father gives me a wink, as much as to say, that's woman now, Sam, all over, ain't it?) Well, your mother was eighteen when we was married, and twenty-one years and nine months and one day added to that makes her near hand to fort——. Never mind what it makes, says mother, but go on with your story, whatever it is, and sumtotalize it. You are like Doldrum Dykins, he sings the words of each varse over three times. Well, said he, this *I will* say, a younger-lookin', bloominer woman of her age there ain't this day in all Slickville, no, nor in Conne'ticut nother. Why, Mr. Slick, says mother, layin' down her knittin' and fixin' her cap, how you do talk! Fact, upon my soul, Polly! said he; but, Sam, said he, if you'd a-seed her when I first know'd her, she was a most super-superior gall and worth lookin' at, I tell you. She was a whole team and a horse to spare, a rael screamer, that's a fact. She was a-most a beautiful piece of woman-flesh, fine corn-fed, and showed her keep. Light on the foot as a fox, cheeks as fair as a peach and hard as an apple, lips like cherries—Lick! you wouldn't see such a gall if you was to sarch all the factories to Lowell, for

she looked as if she could e'en a most jump over her own shadow, she was so tarnal wirey. Heavins! how springy she was to a wrastle, when we was first married. She always throw'd me three or four times at first hand runnin'; in course I was stronger and it ginerally eended in my throwin' her at last; but then that was nateral, seein' she was the weakest. Oh! she was a rael doll! she was the dandy, that's a fact. Well, I want to know, said mother, did you ever? a-tryin' to look cross, but as pleased as anything, and her eyes fairly twinklin' agin to hear the old man's soft sawder: Why the man is tipsy to talk that way afore the boy; do, for gracious sake! behave, or I'll go right out; and then turnin' to me and fillin' my glass, do drink, dear, says she, you seem kinder dull. Well, she was the only created crittur, says he, I ever seed I was darnted afore. You got bravely over it anyhow, says mother. Courtin', says he, Sam, is about the hardest work I know on; fightin' is nothin' to it. Facin' ball, grape, or bullet, or baganut, as we did at Bunker's Hill, is easy when a man is used to it, but face-in' a woman is—it's the devil, that's a fact. When I first seed her she filled my eye chock full; her pints were all good; short back, good rate to the shoulder, neat pastern, full about the ——. There you go agin, says mother; I don't thank you one bit for talkin' of me as if I was a filly, and I won't stay to hear it, so there now: I believe, in my soul, you are onfakilized. Well, I reconnoitred and reconnoitred for ever so long, a-considerin' how I was to lay siege to her,—stormin' a battery or escaladin' a redoubt is nothin' to it, I have done it fifty times. Fifty times! says mother, lookin' arch to him, for she was kinder sorted wrathy at bein' talked of as a horse. Well, says father, forty times at any rate. Forty times! says mother; that's a powerful number. Well, d—n it! twenty times then, and more too. Twenty times! said she; did our folks storm twenty batteries all together? Why, tarnation! says father, I suppose at last you'll say I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, or Mud Creek, or the battle atween the outposts at Peach Orchard——? Or chargin' Elder Solomon Longstaff's sheep, says mother. Well, by the tarnal! says father, who hopped with rage like a ravin' distracted parched pea; if that bean't pitikilar I am a pumkin, and the pigs may do their prettiest with me. Didn't I tell you, Sam, nothin' could come up to a woman? Except a filly, says

mother; now don't compare me to a hoss, and talk of pints that ain't to be thought of, much less talked of, and I won't jibe you about your campaigns, for one thing is sartain, no man ever doubted your courage, and Gineral Gates told me so himself. Polly, says the Gineral, if you take Sargeant Slick, you take a hero. Well, says father, quite mollified by that are title of hero, Gates was a good judge, and a good feller too. Fill your glass, Sam, for I always calculate to be merry on this night; and, Polly dear, you must take a drop too: if we do get warm sometimes, makin' up seems all the sweeter for it.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I studied every sort of way how I should begin: so at last, thinks I, a faint heart never won a fair lady; so one Sabbath-day I brushed up my regimentals and hung old Bunker by my side, and ironed out my hat anew, and washed the feather in milk till it looked as well as one jist boughten, and off I goes to meetin'. Well, I won't say I heerd much of the sarmon, because I didn't; but I know it was a little the longest I ever sot out; and when we was dismissed, I was e'en a'most sorry it was over, I was so discomboborated, and I breathed as short as if I had a-been chasin' of the British all day; but at last I moved out with the crowd, and movin' sot me all to rights agin. So I marches up to Polly Styles,—that was your mother that is,—mornin', says I, Miss Styles, and I gave her a salute. Why, Slick, says she, how you talk! you never did no such a thing; jist as if I would let you salute me before all the folks that way. I did tho', upon my soul, says father. I'll take my Bible-oath, says mother, there is not a word of truth in it. Why, Polly, says father, how can you say so? I brought both feet to the first position this way (and he got upon the floor and indicated), then I came to attention this way (and he stood up as stiff as a poker, he held his arms down by his side quite straight, and his head as erect as a flagstaff), then I brought up my right arm with a graceful sweep, and without bendin' the body or movin' the head the least mite or morsel in the world, I brought the back of my hand against the front of my regimental hat (and he indicated again). Oh! says mother, that salute, indeed! I detract, I recollect you did. *That* salute! says father: why what salute did *you* mean? Why, says mother, colorin' up, I thought you meant that—that—that—never mind

what I meant. Oh, ho! says father, I take, I take; talk of a salute, and a woman can't think of anything else but a kiss. It's the first thing they think of in the mornin' and the last at night. Go on with your story, and cut it short, if you please, says mother, for it's gettin' rather tedious. Mornin', says I, Miss Styles, how do you do? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says she, how be you? Considerable, says I. When that was done, the froth was gone, and the beer flat; I couldn't think of another word to say for mindin' of her, and how beautiful she was, and I walked on as silent as if I was at the head of my guard. At last says your mother, Is that splendid regimental you have on, Mr. Slick, the same you wore at Bunker's Hill? Oh, dear! what a load that word took off my heart; it gave me somethin' to say, tho' none of the clearest. Yes, Miss, says I, it is; and it was a glorious day for this great republic,—it was the cradle of our liberty. Well done, Slick! says her father, as he rode by jist at that moment; you are gittin' on bravely, talkin' of cradles already. Well, that knocked me all up of a heap, and sot your mother a-colorin' as red as anything. I hardly know what I said arter that, and used one word for another like a fool. We had twenty thousand as fine gallant young galls there, says I, that day as ever I laid eyes on. Twenty thousand! said Polly, do tell! Why, what on airth was they a-doin' of there? In arms, says I, a-strugglin' for their liberty. And did they get away? said she, a-laugin' Poor things! said I, many of them, whose bosoms beat high with ardor, were levelled there that day, I guess. Why, Mr. Slick, said she, how you talk! Yes, says I, nine of them from Charlestown accompanied me there, and we spent the night afore the ingagement in the trenches without a blankit to cover us. They had little to do to be there at such hours with you, said Polly. Little to do! said I; you wouldn't have said so, Miss, if you had a-been there. You'd a-found that lyin' exposed ——. I don't want to hear no more about it, said she; let's join mother, and I'll axe her about it. Do, said I, and she'll tell you they fell on a bed of glory. Mother, says Polly, Sargeant Slick says there were twenty thousand galls at Bunker's Hill; did you ever heer tell of it afore? Men, says I. No, galls, said she. No, men, says I. Twenty thousand galls, they all repeated; and then they

laughed ready to kill themselves, and said, what onder the sun could put such a crotchet as that are into your head? Miss, says I, if I did say so——. Oh! you did, said she, and you know it. If I did say so, it was a mistake; but *that* put it into my head that put everything else out. And what was that, said she? Why, as pretty a gall, said I, as——. Oh! then, said she, they was all galls in the trenches, after all? I won't hear no more about them at no rate. Good-bye! Well, there I stood lookin' like a fool, and feelin' a proper sight bigger fool than I looked. Dear heart! says mother, gittin' up and goin' behind him, and pattin' him on the cheek,—did she make a fool of him then? and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and then filling up his tumbler, said—go on, dear. Well, it was some time, said father, afore I recovered that misstep; and whenever I looked at her arterwards she larfed, and that confused me more; so that I began to think at last it would be jist about as well for me to give it up as a bad bargain, when one Sabbath-day I observed all the Styles's a-comein' to meetin' except Polly, who staid to home; so I waits till they all goes in, and then cuts off hot foot for the river, and knocks at the door of the house, tho' I actilly believe my heart beat the loudest of the two. Well, when I goes in, there sot Polly Styles that was, your mother that is, by the fire a-readin' of a book. Goin' to meetin'? says I. I guess not, said she, are you? I guess not, said I. Then there was a pause. We both looked into the fire. I don't know what she was a-thinkin' on; but I know what I was, and that was what to say next. Polly, said I. Did you speak? said she. I—I—I—it stuck in my throat. Oh! said she, I thought you spoke. Then we sot and looked into the coals again. At last she said, What couple was that was called last Lord's day? I don't mind, said I; but I know who I wish it was. Who? said she. Why me and somebody else. Then why don't you and somebody else get called then? said she. I—I—I—it stuck again in my throat. If I hadn't a-been so bothered advisin' of myself, I could have got it out, I do suppose; but jist as I was a-goin' to speak, I couldn't think of any words; but now's your time, it's a grand chance. Arter a while, says she, Father will be to home soon, I am a thinkin'; meetin' must be near out now. Likes as not, says

I. Presently up jumps Polly, and says, Entertainin' this, ain't it? s'posen' you read me a sarmon, it will give us somethin' to talk about. And afore I could say a word agin' it, she put a book into my hand, and said, Begin, and threw herself down on the settle. Well, I hadn't read a page hardly afore she was asleep, and then I laid down the book, and says I to myself, says I, what shall I do next? and I had jist got a speech ready for her, when she woke up, and rubbin' her eyes, said, I am 'most afeerd I gave you a chance of a forfeit by nappin' arter that fashion; but, as luck would have it, you was too busy eading. I'll take care not to do so agin. Go on, if you please, sir. Well, I began to read a second time, and hadn't gone on above a few minutes afore a little wee snore showed me she was asleep agin. Now, says I to myself, arter such an invitation as she gin about the gloves, I am darned if I don't try for the forfeit while she is aslcep. I didn't give no such invitation at all about the gloves, says mother: don't believe one word of it; it's jist an invention of his own. Men like to boast, and your father is the greatest bragger livin' out of the twenty thousand galls that was at Bunker's Hill. Polly, says father, it's nateral to deny it, but it's true for all that.—Well, says I to myself, says I, suppose it was the devil or a Britisher that was there, Sargeant Slick, what would you do? Why, says I to myself for answer, I would jist shut my eyes and rush right at it; and with that I plucked up courage and run right at the settee full split. Oh, dear! the settee warn't strong enough.—Lawful heart! says mother, what a fib! did you ever? well, I never did hear the beat of that; it's all made out of whole cloth, I declare.—The settee warn't strong enough, said father. It broke down with an awful smash, your mother, Polly Styles that was, kickin' and screamin' till all was blue agin. Her comb broke and out came her hair, and she looked as wild as a hawk. Gloves! says I. You shan't, says she. I will, says I. In arms a-strugglin' for their liberty, says her father, who jist then come in from meetin'. Polly squeeled like a rat in a trap, and cut and run out of the room full chisel.—Dear, dear, said mother, what will he say next, I wonder.—And then the old man and me stood facein' one another like two cats in a garret.

An accident, says I; so I perceeve, says he.—Nothin' but

lookin' for a pair of gloves, says I.—As you and the nine galls did at the trenches at Bunker's Hill, said he, for the blankit.—Now friend Styles, said I.—Now friend Slick, said he.—It warn't my fault, says I.—Certainly not, says he; a pretty gall at home, family out; used to twenty thousand galls in war, it's nateral to make love in peace: do you take?—Well, says I, it does look awkward, I confess.—Very, says he. Well, Slick, says he, the long and short of the matter is, you must either marry or fight.—Says I, friend Styles, as for fightin', Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard are enough for any one man, in all conscience; but I'll marry as soon as you please, and the sooner the better.—So I should think, said he.—No, no, neighbour Styles, said I, you don't do me justice, you don't indeed; I never had the courage to put the question yet.—Well, if that don't cap all! says mother; that beats the bugs; it does fairly take the rag off.—A man, says Mr. Styles, that has nine ladies in the trenches with him all night, in arms a-strugglin' for liberty, without a blankit to cover them, to talk of not havin' courage to put the question, is rather too good. Will you marry?—I will, says I, and only jist too happy to ——. —You shall be called then this blessed arternoon, said he, so stay dine, son Slick.—Well, to make a long story short, the thing turned out better than I expected, and we were spliced in little better than half no time. That was the first and last kiss I ever had afore we was married, Polly was so everlastin' coy; but arterwards she nev——. —Not one word more, says mother, to your peril, not one word more, and she got up and shook her knittin' at him quite spunky. Most o' that are story was an invention of your own, jist a mere brag, and I won't hear no more. I don't mind a joke when we are alone, but I won't hear nothin' said afore that are boy that lessens his respect for his mother the leastest grain, so there now.—Well, well, says father, have it your own way, Polly, dear; I have had my say, and I wouldn't ryle you for the world, for this I will say, a'most an excellent wife, dependable friend, and whiskin' housekeeper you have made to me, that's sartain. No man don't want no better, that's a fact. She hadn't no *ear for musick*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never seed as much

dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston galls may boast of its spinnetts, and their *gy*ters and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for musick;* but give me the gall, I say, that *has an eye for dirt*, for she is the gall for my money. But to eventuate my story—when the weddin' was over, Mr Syles, that was your grandfather that is, come up to me, and tappin' me on the shoulder, says he, Slick. says he, everybody knew you was a hero in the field, but I actilly did not think you was such a devil among the galls. Nine of them in the trenches at one time, in arms, a-strugglin' for their liberty, and so on. You must give over them pranks now you are married. This is all very well as a joke, says father; but Sam, my son, says he, them that have seed sarvice, and I flatter myself I have seed as much as most men, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, et sarterar, as the Boston merchants say; veterans I mean,—will tell you, that to face an inimy is nothin,' but it is better to face the devil than to *face——a woman.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACHE.

This being the last day at my disposal at New York, I went on board the Great Western and secured a passage for myself and Mr. Slick; and, as there were still several vacant berths, had the gratification to find there was room for my worthy friend Mr. Hopewell, if he should incline to accompany us, and arrive in time to embark. I then sauntered up through the Broadway to a coach-stand, and drove to the several residences of my kind and agreeable friends to bid them adieu. New York is decidedly the first city of the western world, and is alike distinguished for the beauty of its situation and the hospitality of its inhabitants. I left it not without great regret, and shall always retain the most pleasing recollection of it. In this respect, I understand I am by no means singular, as no stranger, bringing proper introductions, is ever permitted to feel he is alone in a foreign land. Soon after I returned to the

hotel Mr. Slick entered, with a face filled with importanee,—Squire, said he, I have jist received a letter that will astonish you, and if you was to guess from July to etarnity you wouldn't hit on what it's about. I must say I am pleased, and that's a fact; but what puzzles me is, who sot it a-goin'. Now, tell me candid, have you been writin' to the British embassador about me since you eame?—No, I replied, I have not the honour of his aequaintanee. I never saw him, and never had any communication with him on any subject whatever.—Well, it passes then, said he, that's sartain: I havn't axed no one nother, and yet folks don't often get things crammed down their throats that way without sayin' by your leave, stranger. I hante got no interest; I am like the poor crittur at the pool, I hante got no one to put me in, and another feller always steps in afore me. If Martin Van has done this hisself he must have had some mo-*tive*, for he hante got these things to throw away; he wants all the offiees he has got as sops to his voters. Patriotism is infarnal hungry, and as savage as old Scratch if it tante fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full. I wonder whether he is arter the vote of Slickville, or whether he is only doin' the patron to have sunthin' to brag on. I'd like to know this, for I am not in the habit of barkin' up the wrong tree if I can find the right one. Well, well, it don't matter much, arter all, what he meant, so as he does what's right and pretty. The berth is jist the dandy, that's a fact. It will jist suit me to a T. I have had my own misgivin's about goin' with you, squire, I tell, for the British are so infarnal proud that clockmakin' sounds everlastin' nosey to them, and I don't calculate in a gineral way to let any man look scorney to me, much less talk so; now this fixes the thing jist about right, and gives it the finishin' toueh. It's grand! I've got an appointment, and I must say, I feel kinder proud of it, as I never axed for it. It's about the most honorable thing Martin Van ever did since he became public. Tit or no tit, that's the tatur! and I'll maintain it too. I'll jist read you a letter from Salter Fisher, an envoy or sunthin' or another of that kind in the Secretary of State's office. I believe he is the gentleman that carries their notes and messages.

PRIVATE.

MY DEAR SLICK,

Herewith I have the honor to enclose you your commission as an *attaché* to our legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Buckin'ham, with an official letter announcin' the President's nomination and Senate's vote of concurrence. Martin ordered these to be put into the mail, but I have taken the chance to slip this into the paper-cover. It is the policy of our Government to encourage n*ative* authors and reward merit; and it makes me feel good to find your productions have made the name of this great and growin' republic better known among Europeans, and we expect a considerable some, that this appointment will enable you to exalt it still further, and that the name of Slick will be associated with that of our sages and heroes in after ages. This commission will place you on a footin' with the princes and nobles of England, give you a free ticket of admission to the palace, and enable you to study human natur' under new phases, associations, and developements; that is, if thare is any natur' left in such critturs. With such opportunities, the President expects you will not fail to sustain the honor of the nation on all occasions, demanding and enforcing your true place in society, at the top of the pot, and our exalted rank at foreign courts as the greatest, freest, and most onlightened nation now existin'. It would be advisable, if a favourable opportunity offers, to draw the attention of the Queen to the subject of her authors and travellers,—carelessly like, as if it weren't done a purpose, for it don't comport with dignity to appear too sens*itive*, but jist merely to regret the prac-*tice* of hirein' authors to abuse us in order to damp the admiration of Europeans of our glorious institutions.

We have every reason to believe that Captain Hall received five thousand pounds for this purpose, and Mrs. Trollope the same sum; that Miss Martineau is promised a royal garter, (it's a pity she warn't hanged with it,) and Captain Marryatt to be made a Knight of the Royal Baths. This conduct is onworthy a great people like the English, and unjust and insultin' to us; and you might suggest to her Royal Highness that this mean, low-lived, dirty conduct will defeat itself, and that nothin' short

of kickin' out her ministry will be accepted as an apology by the American people. You might say to her ladyship, that the city articles in the Times newspaper are very offensive to us, and that tho' individually we despise such low blackguardisms, yet collectively the honor of the nation demands satisfaction. That her Government pays for their insartion there can be no doubt; and the paltry trick of Mr. Melburne bribin' opposition papers to let 'em in, is an artifice that man cover the rascallity to ignorant British, but can't draw the wool over our eyes. If you have no opportunity to say this to her, tell Albert Gotha, her bridegroom, to tell her plainly, if she don't look sharp, we'll retaliate and *hunt red foxes for her* in Canada, as we did two winters ago.

Caution is necessary in conversation, in speakin' of our army, navy, and resources of war, for the ministers will pump you if they can. Boastin' without crackin' is the true course. For instance, if war is talked of, regret the smallness of our navy; for, if they had to contend with France and England at the same time, the issue would be extremely doubtful. That is a clear intimation we could lick either, and ain't afraid of both, and yet don't say so. So, in speakin' of the army, deprecate a war, and say marchin' one hundred and fifty thousand men into Canada would interfere with intarnal improvements by raising the price of labor. It is this species of delicate brag that best becomes a high functionary.

It is not to be doubted you will return as you go, a republican at heart, and that future honours await you. Your name is now well and favourably known, and, what is better, is popular, as you may infer, when I tell you that the very pen with which this is wrote is a "Sam Slick pen." The highest gift in the hands of man, the presidential chair, should now and henceforth be the object of your ambition. We look forward with much gratification to your delineation of English character, their exclusiveness, their self-sufficiency, their strong-hold of slavery—the factories, their overfed clergy, overpaid officials and antiquated institutions, their defenceless condition, half-manned navy, and radical army, their proud and dissolute aristocracy, their turbulent and factious commons, and brutally ignorant peasantry. I estimate when they hear of your appointment they

will feel considerable streaked, for they must know you won't spare them.

While you are visitin' among the gentry and nobility, you might keep a journal on the sly, and send it out by the steamers to some leadin' papers, which would be killin' two birds with one stone, livin' free of cost and makin' money out of them at the same time. Where you can, give the real names in full; where it ain't safe, for fear of a scuffle, say Duke A——, Lord B——, Lady C——, and occasionally the Q—— told me. It sounds well this, and shows your standin' is high and is peak-aunt. Anecdotes of high life sell well if they are racy. Then collect them together into a book onder some takein' onpretending title, as "Mems of a mum," or scrawlin's afore bed-time, or some such name. The proceeds will enable you to cut a better dash to court; only don't tell 'em you are a-doin of it to England. No man entertains a spy if he can help it. "A word to the wise—— will always suffice——." This will pave the way well for your progress to the presidential chair. While on this subject, it might not be amiss to hint a change of party might occasion a change of office-holders; and that tho' too strong to require any aid for ourselves, we hope for your family ticket in Slickville and its vicinity to enable us to keep you in your present honorable position. Without this berth, you would find the first circles as stiff as an ongreased mast; this appointment will ile that beautiful, and make you slide as easy as on well-slushed ways. Avail it. Sustain the honor of the nation, and paint the name of Sam Slick indelibly on the dial-plate of Fame, that the finger of Time may point it out to admirin' posterity, to all etarnity.

Yours to command,

SALTER FISHER.

P.S.—I will give you a wrinkle on your horn that's worth havin'. Should our great gun be absent and you left in London, recollect we do as the British do, give no instructions we can help; write what must be wrote so it will *read any way*, and leave subordinates to incur all responsibility of actin' and readin'. Meet 'em in their own way by referrin' all home, and puttin' the saddle on the right horse in spite of him. Let the shafter do his own work. Do you take?—S. F.

As soon as the Clockmaker had read this epistle, he observed in a half soliloquising, half conversational tone, "**An Attaché.**" Well, it's a station of great dignity too, ain't it? It makes me feel kinder narvous and whimble-cropt, for I have got to sustain a new character, and act a new part in the play of life. To dine at the palace with kings, queens, and princes; what a pretty how-d'ye-do that is, ain't it? Won't it be tall feedin' at Queen's table, that's all; and I am a rael whale at ducks and green peas. Lord, I am afeerd I shall feel plaguy awkward too, with a court dress on. I once seed a colony chap rigged out in a suit he hired of a Jew, for le*vee* day, and I am teetotally extinctified if he didn't look for all the world like the baboon that rides the pony to the circus. He was small potatoes and few in a hill, that feller, I tell you. He looked as mean as a crittur with one eye knocked out and t'other a-squint. He scemed scared at himself, as the bull did when he got opposite the lookin' glass. Heavens and airth! if the dogs had only seed him, they'd a-gin' him a chase for it, I know; the way they'd a-foxed him and a-larned him fleas ain't lobsters, would have been a caution to monkeys to hold up their tails afore they shut-to the door arter them. A crittur with a good nose would put up some tarnal queer birds in the long stubble at St. Jimses, that's a fact. Yes, I am afeerd I shall feel monstrous onconvenient, and as if I warn't jist made to measure. Carryin a sword so as to keep it from stickin' atween your legs and throwin' you down, ain't no easy matter nother, but practice makes parfect, I do suppose. Well, I vow, our noble institutions do open avenues to ambition and merit to the humblest citizens too, don't they? Now, tell me candid, squire, don't it make your mouth water? How would you like Mr. Melburne to take you by the seat of your trowsers with one hand, and the scruff of your neck with the other, and give you a chuck up stairs that way, for nothin', for he is jist the boy that can do it? but catch him at it, that's all; no indeed, not he, for breeches ain't petticoats, nor never was, except in Turkey and Egypt, and when kissin' goes by favour, who would look at a dispisable colonist. Well, Martin Van has done that to me, and he *is* a gentleman every inch of him, and eats his bread buttered on both sides.

Only to think, now, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, should be a

member of our legation to the greatest nation in the world next to us. Lord, how it would make poor dear old mother stare, if she could only lift herself up out of the grave, and open her eyes. It would make her scratch her head and sniker, *I* know; for only thinkin' of it kinder gives me, the peadoddles myself. What on airth do they talk about, I wonder, when they get together to the palace, them great folks and big bugs. Clocks, I do suppose, must be sunk, and hosses and tradin' in the small way too; it wouldn't convene with dignity that sort o' gab. One good thing, I've seed a considerable of the world in my time, and don't feel overly daunted by no man. Politics I do know in a gineral way as well as most men; colonies and colony chaps, too, I know better than any crittur I'd meet, and no mistake. Pictur' likeness is a thing I won't turn my back on to no one, nor bronzin', nor gildin, nother, for that's part of the clock bisness. Agriculture I was brought up to, and gunnin' and trappin' I was used to since I was a boy. Poetry is the worst; if the galls to the palace begin in that line I'm throwed out as sure as a gun, for I shall hang fire, or only burn primin', for I hante even got two fingers of a charge in me, and that's damaged powder too: I never could bear it. I never see a poet yet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse; or a she poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockin's look as if they wanted darnin', for it's all cry and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs. History I do know a little of, for I larned Woodbridge's Epitome to school, and the Bible, and the history of our revolution I know by heart, from Paradise to Lexin'ton, and from Bunker's Hill to Independence. But I do suppose I must rub up a little on the passage. Musick, I don't fear much, for I rather pride myself on my ear and my voice; and psalmody I larned to singin' schools; so operas and theatres will soon set me right on that. But dancin' is what I can take the shine off most folks in. I was reckoned the supplest boy in all Slickville. Many's the time I have danced "Possum up a gum tree" at a quiltin' frolic or huskin' party, with a tumbler full of cider on my head, and never spilt a drop;—I have upon my soul. He then got up and executed several evolutions on the floor which would have puzzled an opera-dancer to imitate, and then said with an air of great self-satisfaction,—Show me any Lord to

England that could do that, and I'll give him leave to brag, that's all. Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissing of them. I've done it to Phœbe Hopewell afore her father's face and he never know'd it, tho, he was lookin' on the whole blessed time—I hope I may be shot if I hante. She actilly did love them waltzes, the wickedest I ever did see. Lick! there is some fun in that are, ain't they? It ain't often they get a smack from rael right-down good genuwine Yankee lips, sweet fed on corn and molasses, I know. If they only like them half as well as dear little Phœbe did, I'm a made man, that's all. The only thing in dancin', like boatin', is to keep a straight keel. That's the rael secret. P'raps the best way arter all is, I believe, at first to play mum, say little and hear everything, and then do jist like other folks. Yes, that's the plan; for liquor that's well corked is always the best up. "*An Attaché!*" well that sounds dreadful pretty, too, don't it? Then, as for dress, I guess I'll wait till I reach London, that my coat may be the rael go, and up to the notch; but the button I'll get now for't would look shockin' hansum, and more like the rael thing. Yes, I'll jist step into the chamber and slick up my hair with a taller candle, and put my bettermost coat into a silk pocket handkerchief, and take it down to Hellgo and Funk the tailors, (I knowed 'em to Boston,) and get the legation button put on, for it will command respect on board the Great Western. I larned that from brother Josiah; he always travels with several trunks; he says it brings the best rooms and best attendance at inns always, for they think you must be somebody to have so much luggage. He told me as a fact, they paid carriage very well. "*An Attaché!!*"

Well, it's funny, too, ain't it? It sounds rael jam that. I must say I feel kinder obleeged to Mr. Van Burin for this good turn he has done me. I always thought he was very much of the gentleman in his manners, and the likeliest man in the States, and now I swear by him. Yes, loco-foco as he is, I go the whole figur' for Martin Van, that's a fact. Hit or miss, rough or tumble, claw or mudscraper, I'm his man; I'll go in for him up to the handle, and so will all us Slickville folks, for in elections we pull like inions all on one string, and stick to our man like burrs to sheep's wool. And now, squire, said he, jumping up,

and takin me by the hand; and now, my friend, shake flippers along with me, and congratulate me. When I return from the tailor's I shall be a new man. You then will meet the Honourable Samuel Slick, an "*Attaché*" to our Legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Victoria's Gotha. And him you will have as a feller passenger. You had sense enough not to be ashamed of me when I was a hoein' my way as a tradin' man, and I won't go for to cut *yon* now, tho' you are nothin' but a down East Provincial. All I ask of you is, keep dark about the clocks; we'll sink them, if you please; for by gum you've *seen the last of Sam Slick the Clockmaker*. And now, squire, I am your humble servant to command.

THE ATTACHÉ.

THE END.

Woodfall and Kinder, Printers, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

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